

NOTES OF A TOUR
THROUGH
TURKEY, GREECE, EGYPT,
AND
ARABIA PETRÆA,
TO
THE HOLY LAND:

INCLUDING
A VISIT TO ATHENS, SPARTA, DELPHI, CAIRO, THEBÆ;
MOUNT SINAI. PETRÆA. &c.

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P R E F A C E .

A portion of the contents of this volume originally appeared in the United States Gazette, under the title of "Memoranda of a Tour in the East." The intervals of the narrative have been filled up, so that it now presents a continuous tour through Greece, Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and a part of Turkey. At the request of friends, it has been prepared for the press. It is now submitted with great deference to the public eye. The occasional minuteness of detail indulged in, may be of some utility to the traveller who pursues the same route, and it may enable the reader to form a better opinion of the Egyptian monuments than could be conveyed by a mere record of impressions. The elegant work of Mr. Stephens, and the learned and elaborate Travels of Professor Robinson, would seem sufficient to occupy the public attention upon the East; but the route pursued in the present narrative, and the manner of description, being different, it is to be hoped it will command some degree of the public favour.

The "Biblical Researches" of Professor Robinson contain the most complete and accurate description of the Peninsula of Sinai and the Desert of Arabia Petrea, that has yet been given to the world; and though it lacks in freshness and spirit of narrative, I take pleasure in recommending it to the general reader, as a book of great interest on the scriptural regions of the East.

No particular merit is assumed for this humble volume, beyond that of being a faithful description of what came under the eye of the author in his travels in the East.

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NOTES OF A TOUR

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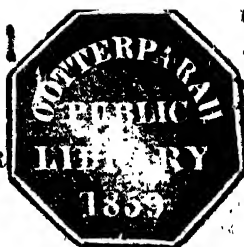
TURKEY, GREECE, EGYPT, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Leave Naples for Constantinople.—Bay of Naples.—Straits of Messina.—Eolian Islands.—Mount Aëna.—Progress of the voyage.—The coast of Greece.—Cetigo.—Gulf of Argos.—Cape Colouna.—Plain of Troy.—Island of Tenedos.

HAD been at Naples several weeks, waiting an opportunity of embarking for some port in the East. As the Neapolitan government did not, at that time, permit the French steamers to touch at Naples on their voyages to and from Europe, Greece, and the Turkish possessions, no other resource was left but to take passage in a sailing vessel. I embarked in a Scotch brig, bound for Odessa, but which was to touch at Constantinople. My companion was fortunately a compatriot of New Orleans. We left Naples in April.

We set sail late in the afternoon. A fine breeze bore us out of the harbour, but abandoned us just as we were passing the shores of Capri. We were too much interested in the delightful prospect that spread around us to regret the loss of the wind. The whole Bay of Naples lay before us, with its magnificent panorama of shores lined with cities, villages, buried in vineyards and olive groves, islands which seemed to float upon the waters, and Vesuvius towering sublimely above all, and lighting up the darkening picture, upon which the moon had but just risen, with occasional flashes of volcanic fire. As the moon travelled up the heavens, her soft and mellow light shone with most charming effect upon the scene. We lay motionless on the sea, which was as smooth as a wood-embowed lake on a summer's eve. Numbers of fishing boats lay between us and the shore. The flambeaux upon their bows, and the lights of the vessels scattered over the



bay gave an air of still life to the waters. The distant city was faintly indicated by the long line of light which spread along the shore, and the noise of carriages and human voices, that came offened to us by the distance. We could but dimly trace the outline of the islands, which lay sleeping in the moonlight excepting Capri, whose rugged and precipitous shore lay upon our weather bow. An American corvette had hauled into the harbour as we were leaving. As the breeze freshened up and bore us away, the evening *recette* was announced on board the corvette by the band playing "Hail Columbia." We bade adieu to the shores of Europe with the patriotic strain of our own country resounding in our ears, reminding us of our far distant homes, and native land. Before midnight we had lost sight of the Bay of Naples, and were out upon the open sea.

April 20—Continued winds all day. At night in sight of the *Astoria* Islands perfectly calm and soft and mild, and the night clear and light. We hoped to reach the Straits of Messina to-morrow. Italy and Sicily both in sight at sunset.

April 21 Winds light and baffling, passed the volcanic island of Stromboli. It is a small island, about six miles in extent, and rises from the water like a cone. On the west side, a few feet below the top of the peak, is the crater. It was pouring forth an immense volume of smoke, and occasionally, as we passed, stones and flames could be seen issuing from the crater. Within the space of a few hours, and in many patches of ground on the south side, the island appeared much elevated and uninhabited. Stromboli is one of the most active volcanoes in the world, being almost always in a state of eruption. Occasionally its eruptions are on the grandest scale. The *Astoria* Islands, of which Stromboli is the north-eastermost, is a group of seven small islands, all of which seem to have one continued volcanoes. Lipari, the largest, has about three thousand inhabitants. They lie close together, and present a very picturesque appearance, with their steep sides, conical summits, and rugged rocks. With the ancients they constituted the fabled kingdom of *Æolus*, god of the winds.

"His vates rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempe statesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinculis et carcere fixat."

We lay becalmed nearly all day in the midst of this kingdom of the winds.

April 22 Early this morning in sight of the Straits of Messina. Boarded by some Italian pilots, who very modestly

asked fifteen dollars to conduct us through the straits. The weather was calm, and the sea placid as a lake; but, in consequence of their extravagant representations of Scylla and Charybdis, the captain accepted their Mentorship at a fourth of said sum. The coast, on the Italian side, is rugged and mountainous; on the Sicilian, low and sandy. A large town stands on the Sicilian side, in front of the celebrated whirlpool of Charybdis, which is now little else than a strong eddy. On the opposite shore is the old castle and town of Scylla. This strait was full of terrors to the ancient mariners, who well expressed their fears by what afterwards became a proverb:

“Incidet in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.”

These famous whirlpools are no longer formidable; vessels pass safely through the straits in all seasons, though the current is very rapid, from the compression of the sea into such a narrow channel. In the most narrow parts, the straits are not more than a mile and a half wide. We passed rapidly through, getting a good breeze as we entered the channel. We had a full view of Messina, which lies seven or eight miles below, upon the Sicilian coast. It lies at the foot of a long range of hills, and it is well situated for commerce and salubrity. A broad, magnificent bay expands before it, and the position of the city is remarkably fine. Messina has been the theatre of terrible calamities, having once lost forty thousand of its inhabitants by the plague, and at another time nearly one half of the town was destroyed by an earthquake. Nearly opposite lies Reggio, a well-built town, with about four thousand inhabitants. It has also suffered dreadfully from earthquakes, having been several times entirely ruined. Indeed, the whole of the coast, from the mouth of the straits on both sides down to Messina and Reggio, is one of the most earthquake places in the world. A thousand persons were once destroyed on the Calabrian side. They had retreated to the shore on the first shock of an earthquake, and were engulfed by a reflux of the sea. It is supposed that Italy and Sicily were disrupted by an earthquake, and it is possible that they may be reunited by the same means.

Mount *Ætna* was distinctly visible, though at a great distance. Its lofty peak, covered with eternal snows, was seen rising above the wreath of clouds which encircled it. The hills of Italy and Sicily were covered with vineyards and olive groves, and wherever the eye rested, it reposed upon the white walls of towers and convents, gleaming from the midst of

green trees, streamlets dashing down with impetuous violence from the mountains, flocks and herds grazing on the hill sides, and towns and hamlets scattered along the shores and hills. A more rich and picturesque country I have never seen than that which borders the Straits of Messina.

April 23.—Light breezes; the vessel making slow and almost insensible progress, until arriving off the mouth of the Adriatic. Here we were met by a heavy gale, which urged us on with great rapidity.

April 24.—The gale of yesterday still blowing with increased force, the vessel making nine knots an hour. Last night was rough and tempestuous, and about midnight a storm of rain and hail, accompanied with heavy thunder and lightning, crossed our path. The hail fell in an incessant shower for about fifteen minutes, and rattled upon the deck like a storm of lead. Some of the hailstones were half an inch in thickness. The night was intensely dark, the wind raging like a hurricane, and amid the darkness and roar of the elements, the lightning flashing vividly, added to the terrors of the gale. Suspicious sails on our lee bow: towards night, rumours of pirates. To-morrow we hope to see the shores of Greece.

• *April 25.*—This morning the shores of Greece in sight. The first land seen lay near Navarino. The gale gradually abated until we passed Cape Matapan, the southernmost point of the Morea, when it subsided into a calm. We have thus made the passage from Italy to Greece in a day and a half. Passed all day on deck, read *Childe Harold*, and gazed for hours upon the coast of Greece, revolving over her ever-changing destinies. Degraded and fallen from her high condition, she is yet worthy of our warmest sympathies and affections. The parent of civilization—the land of Homer, Plato, and Leonidas—the birth-place of the arts—the cherished home of liberty and letters,—she cannot but be regarded with the deepest emotion by every one who can appreciate the immense benefits she has conferred upon the human race. I, a pilgrim from a world whose existence was unknown to her, come to tread her sacred soil, and pour out my homage at the altars where her children, two thousand years ago, worshipped. May her ruins inspire me with the wisdom that her experience should teach!

“Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past;
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thy annals and immortal tongue

Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young,
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore."

April 26.—Strong head winds. Vessel beating to and fro all day off the southernmost coast of the Morea—sea running high.

April 27.—Vessel making rapid progress under a favourable wind. At noon, off the island of Cerigo, the Cythera of the ancients. Venus was said to have been born in the sea which washes the shore of Cythera. The island was dedicated to the goddess of love, and once contained a magnificent temple, erected by her worshippers, the ruins of which are still to be seen near the town of Napsali. The coasts of this island, as of almost all the Grecian islands, are steep and rocky. Pleasant plains, and soft and verdant valleys, were to be seen through the gaps and openings of the hills, sprinkled over with white houses and neat hamlets. Cerigo is now one of the Ionian islands, and, like the rest of the confederacy, is under the protection of Great Britain. Instead of a *protector*, they have found a *master*, but one which governs them with a lenient sway, and which has introduced among them the benefits of civilization, and the privileges of British freedom. Fine sunset; horizon radiant with a taint of gold; above, a bright field of blue, and upon the north-east a tall, peaked island, with its head covered with a mass of dark and picturesque clouds. The night cloudless, and high in the firmament a bright full moon, surrounded by a host of glittering stars; among others, Venus hanging over the island of Cythera, and beaming placidly upon the place of her nativity. Nothing can be more delightful than sailing in these warm seas, beneath sunny skies, and nights illuminated by the mellow light of the moon, which here seems to shine with a double lustre—every day introducing us to some new scene of classic history.

April 28.—We are now in the Archipelago. The vessel waited along by gentle winds, the coast and islands of Greece constantly in sight, and numerous vessels scattered over the sea. This morning off the Gulf of Argos. The waters of this gulf bore the first vessel made by man. Hence Jason set out on his Argonautic expedition for the recovery of the Golden Fleece. He was a bold sailor, this Captain Jason, to risk the perils of the *Ægean*, the *Propontis*, and the *Euxine*, without chart or compass, though the success of his voyage must, in

part, be ascribed to the enchantress Medea, whose beauty and witchery seemed to have had equal influence over men and the invisible powers of the air.

April 29.—Becalmed all day in the narrow strait between the islands of Andros and Negropont. Yesterday night passed "far Colonna's height." We run close upon the promontory and had a distinct view of those majestic columns which survive the ruins of the temple that once stood upon "Sunium's marbled steep." The stillness of the night, the calm upon the sea, and the soft light of the moon, whose rays fell upon these wrecks of ancient grandeur, investing them with a hue of inexpressible beauty, made a most impressive scene. Upon that beetling crag, Plato was wont to retire with his disciples, and, with all that is sublime in nature before them, to teach the divine truths of philosophy. Thither, it is said, the heroes and sages of Greece withdrew from the distracting turbulence of Athens, in the contemplation of the sublimity of nature, and in the sanctity of solitude, to nourish and invigorate their souls with lofty and profound meditation. Our gaze long rested upon this interesting spot, and it was not until the horizon was whitened with the rays of the morning, that we lost sight of it.

April 30.—Head winds: vessel making little progress. More than twenty sail in sight. The weather warm and balmy.

May 2.—Off Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos. It was here that Ariou, that famous charmer of dolphins, was born. The shores of the island are high and mountainous, but the interior abounds in rich vallies, which produce oil and wine.

May 3.—Between the islands of Lemnos and Tenedos. It was upon the former that Vulcan descended after his nine days falling from heaven, from which Jupiter kicked him out. Here he set up a smithery, and became so famous for ingenuity, that Jupiter requested him to make a woman. He presented Jupiter with a handsome piece of handywork, who was named Pandora, because she was invested with all possible accomplishments by the divinities of the time. Venus gave her the most attractive of charms,—beauty; Apollo, a musical voice; Mercury, an eloquent tongue; Minerva, wisdom; and the Graces decked her out with all that could captivate and charm. This Vulcan was certainly a most cunning artificer. He carried on his business on a large scale, using volcanic for his forges. His apprentices, the Cyclops, who, to this day, are the fabricators of thunderbolts, established their forge in Mount Aëna, and they shake all Sicily to its

centic, when they at length set in motion. Tenedos lies over against the field of Troy, and is yet famous for good wine, as in the days of Homer.

Magnificent view at sunset. Mount Ida in sight and the whole plain of Troy. The night cloudy and dark. The channel between the islands is very dangerous, being full of shoals and rocks. The captain anxious, studying his charts and sailing book. A sloop-of-war in sight, numerous vessels around us, threading their way through the shoals; constant hailings passing between the vessels in almost all the tongues of Europe. To-morrow we shall descend upon the Plain of Troy.

CHAPTER II

The Scamander - The Plain of Troy - A pastoral scene - Ruins of modern and ancient Troy - Head winds and calms - View from the Dardanelles - A travelling harem - The Sultan - Abydos and Scutari - Lord Byron and his landing - Ports on the Dardanelles - Constantinople - Arrival at Constantinople - Its interior - American legation - Pera - The Golden Horn - Caiques - The slave-market - Greek yat.

May 1.—This morning, we arrived off the mouth of the Dardanelles, but a strong head wind springing up, we were driven back, and came to anchor off the Plain of Troy, near the main land, and a little above Tenedos. In the afternoon we manned the jolly-boat, and went ashore, to examine the sight of Troy and its celebrated plain. We landed near a fire upon the beach, around which were seated some Arabs cross-legged, smoking. They eyed us with imperturbable gravity for some time, and then turned to smoking and chewing the cud of thought, perfectly regardless of our presence. Not liking their sinister looks, and particularly the bright edge of their long knives stuck in their belts, we bent our way over the plain, until we met a patriarchal-looking Arab, with whom some cunning Greeks were bargaining for a sheep. He was surrounded with sheep and goats, of which, a young girl veiled, was tending the one with a long crook, and a ragged

imp of a boy, shouting Turkish, the other. I could not but admire the quiet demeanour of the Turk, resisting with the most polite, yet fixed gravity, the attempt of the Greeks to cheat him. The Greeks were eager, quick, and full of cunning; but were not acute enough to overreach the old Turk. After having gone off some distance towards the beach, they returned, and bought the sheep at the Turk's price, notwithstanding their protestation against his exorbitant demands. At a distance stood the young shepherdess, with her herd of sheep, and around the Turk were some Italian sailors, and several Greek young men, whose graceful forms, and fine heads, immediately brought to mind the classically-moulded limbs and features of the Belvidere Apollo. The Turk was attired in a long flowing cotton robe, and around his head was bound an ample turban, which materially dignified a head and countenance, to which a long white beard gave an air of patriarchal venerability. Being the first Ottoman I had yet seen, I was much struck with the costume of the East, and no less with the imposing and majestic air it gives to the human form.

Around us stretched the Plain of Troy, dotted over with herds of cattle and sheep, and here and there a dromedary. A few old Turks, with turban, robes, and long beards, were guiding some oxen, yoked in the primitive plough of bough, with which the early patriarchs tilled the earth. The whole scene was pastoral, and purely oriental, and at once brought to mind the descriptions of Oriental life in the Scriptures. The field of Troy is an immense plain, of semi-circular form, embraced on the north by a range of mountains, of which Mount Ida is an isolated peak. It is bounded on the south by the sea, which there makes a bold sweep inland. Troy lays near the mountains, on an elevation, about four miles from the sea, and before it expanded the plain, on which took place the famous encounters between the Greeks and Trojans, immortalised in the verse of Homer. The extent of the plain, its great space and evenness of surface, afforded a fine field for military evolutions. Troy, being built on an eminence, was visible from all parts of the plain, and was as much exposed to the besiegers, as they to it. It was, therefore, as favourable for attack as defence, a circumstance which, in the military era of its sieges, was, no doubt, one of the chief causes of the unusual prolongation of the war, and of the great number of distinguished chiefs which it brought into action.

The traveller who visits the Trojan Plain, if he wishes to derive any satisfaction from its examination, or to indulge his

classic enthusiasm, must not involve himself in the controversy which has arisen on the 'Trojan Question.' He must adopt the conjectures of some antiquarian as a guide, or he must take Homer in hand, and adjust the sites to the topography of the poet. Taking Le Chevalier as our Mentor, we crossed the plain until we reached the heights of Bournarbashi, which, he contends, is the veritable site of ancient Troy. We saw several mounds, which were erected for sepulchral purposes, and an immense deal of shapeless ruins. Here also is the fountain in which Helen was wont to lave her delicate limbs.

From Bournarbashi we had a view of the Hellespont, the Archipelago, and the whole plain, and, at a considerable distance, the ruins of Alexandria Troas, founded by the Macedonian conqueror, and which was said to have rivalled the city of Priam in extent and magnificence. The ruins of Alexandria Troas cover an immense space; and the ruin, misnamed the Palace of Priam, is a kind of landmark, which, from its lofty position, is seen to a great distance at sea. Little now remains of Ilium except masses of stones and marbles. Blocks of marble, fragments of tombs and edifices, are found scattered over the plain. In crossing the Scamander, which has now dwindled into a muddy brook. Near the beach is an immense tumulus, or barrow, thrown up, it is supposed, by the Greeks, for the interment of their slain. Near to Cape Sigæum is the tomb of Achilles, which is one of the highest points upon the plain. The plain is marked by many tumuli, to which the names of Patroclus, Ajax, and other of the names of the Greek chieftains, have been assigned. Our visit to the Plain of Troy was as unsatisfactory as it appears to have been to Byron:

High barrows, without marble or a name,
A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted plain;
And Ida in the distance still the same,
And old Scamander (if 'tis he) remain;
The situation seems still formed for fame—
A hundred thousand men might fight again
With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's wall
The quiet sheep feeds and the tortoise crawls.

DOX JUAN.

The plain is covered with olive groves and wild shrubbery. It was with some difficulty that we could find our way back, through this labyrinthine thicket, to the beach. We met several shepherds, who had brought down their flocks from the mountains, to feed upon the spring herbage in the plain. They were clothed in sheep skins, and had a most unprepos-

sessing appearance. They certainly did not resemble that prince of shepherds, if poets tell the truth, who, tending his flocks on Mount Ida, was called upon to act as umpire between the contending claims of Heaven's loveliest goddesses. Paris got Mrs. Menelaus, the fairest woman of her time, but he set the world in arms. Upon the principle of

‘None but the brave deserve the fair,’

he was utterly undeserving the prize he obtained, for, upon the field of Troy, he proved himself an arrant coward, and never had the spirit to face the gallant Greeks who came to avenge the wrongs of their countrywoman.

May 8.—Here have we been for the last three days, the mere sport of the wind. We are in the midst of a large fleet of merchantmen, all bound up the Dardanelles. Among us also is the Tyne, an English sloop of war. It is amusing to watch the movements of the different vessels. With the first puff of wind, off will start the Greeks, who lay at anchor with spread sails. If the wind chances to breeze up, the anchors of the other vessels will be weighed, the canvass unfurled, and they will just begin to move, when lo, and behold, the wind chaps round, or it falls a dead calm. The Greeks, meanwhile, have got off the mouth of the Dardanelles, and just at the unlucky moment when they begin to feel the force of the impetuous current that rushes down the straits, the wind falls, and they drift off several miles before they can recover their lost ground. Our captain, who is too well acquainted with the fickle temper of the winds to believe much in their promises, is always the last to start. If the breeze continues long, the sloop of war, as the ‘Sisters of Peterhead’ always lead the way. The sloop of war has, to-day, stole a march on us; her boats were put out last night, and she was brought into the chops of the Dardanelles, where, meeting a wind this morning, she has got up to the old castles of Europe and Asia, and what with the professions of courtesy that are passing between them, the hills of Asia and Europe are echoing with the roar of their cannon.

May 9.—We are now at anchor under the lee of the Turkish fort on the European side of the mouth of the Dardanelles. Here are upwards of one hundred vessels wind-bound like ourselves—British, Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Italians, French, Maltese, and a sprinkling of all tongues and nations.

May 10.—Ashore all day yesterday, rambling over the hills on the European extremity of the Dardanelles. Upon the summit of this high promontory is a Turkish fort, whose white walls may be seen gleaming to a distance at sea. It has a

MORRIS' TRAVELS.

formidable appearance from the water side, bristling with some thirty or forty twenty-four pounders. We approached it cautiously, but as we advanced, seeing no sentinel on the walls, we made a bold push for the gate. It was open, and one of the doors was lying on the ground. We were challenged upon the threshold in a most decisive tone by a—dog, and it was some time before we could induce him to permit us to enter; but my companion, bethinking that, from the animal's lean sides, appetite would have more influence over him than a sense of duty, gave him a portion of our provisions whereupon he most graciously retired, and after finishing his meal, was kind enough to precede us, as a sort of Mentor, round the fort, of which he was the sole tenant. This fort commands the road beneath its walls, in which, at that time, were riding a fleet of a hundred merchantsmen. The walls were not very solid, and in a contest of some duration, would be more likely to fall to pieces by the shaking of their own artillery than by the fire of an enemy. Piles of immense stone balls were scattered over the court; the barracks were nearly unroofed, and the whole fortress seemed to be in a state of decay. A cultivated patch of ground near the fort attracted our notice, and, stumbling about over some stones and rocks, we found the house of the proprietor. It was a low-built hut, one, with a roof of tiles. Having no means of verbal communication, its occupant being an American, we interchanged our ideas by signs. He invited us to enter, and set before us a huge bowl of *yago*. He pointed out to us a room, the floor of which was covered with raw cotton, which his wife was picking; we spread our stock of provisions on the floor, and invited him to partake of our frugal meal. He joyfully joined, particularly in drinking the wine. He had chosen this secluded spot, to get as far as possible out of the reach of the tender mercies of his riders. The view from this spot embraced the whole Troad, the head of the Archipelago, and the Hellespont up to the Castles—a magnificent combination of blue waters, blue skies, soft plains, and picturesque mountains. Upon yonder distant plain rose the magnificent city of Priam, "whose date o'erawes tradition." Upon that plain Achilles, Ajax, Hector, and Agamemnon, those demigods of poetic story, once displayed their courage and noble traits, would have perished without a record, had they not been enshrined in verse by

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.'

and there, in after ages, the Macedonian conqueror, as he returned from his conquest of the world, founded a city greater

than Rome. All is swept away by the desolating march of time, and the yet more destructive power of despotism, which has depopulated countries whose inhabitants were counted by millions and tens of millions, and has transformed a smiling nature into a frightful desert. Those islands which lie scattered over yonder sea, once independent kingdoms, blooming with vineyards and cultivated fields, are now rocky wastes, upon the shores of which a few miserable inhabitants, refugees from despotism, gain a scanty subsistence from the rocks and waves. This field of man's glory and shame lay before us, and drew our thoughts back upon our own country, where man is making his final experiment to live free. Upon that distant spot we uttered a secret prayer, that He who presides over the destinies of the world, might ever watch over the prosperity of that nation, whose creation was his own work, and as the guardian of whose infancy He had been pleased to pre-ordain him whose name recalls all that is truly great to human nature—the immortal Washington.

May 11.—We got on board just as the sun was sinking behind the hills of Greece. During the night a stiff breeze carried us up the Dardanelles, to within a short distance of the old castles of Europe and Asia. Here we lay windbound several days: despairing of arriving at Constantinople by the vessel for some time to come, we bade adieu to our captain, and pushing off in the jolly-boat, boarded an Austrian steamer bound up to Constantinople. This steamer was named the *Stamboul*, (Constantinople,) which was painted in Turkish characters upon her bow, upon which she bore a bust of the sultan. Her captain was an Englishman. Upon stepping on board, we found ourselves in the midst of a strange scene. There was not another Frank passenger beside ours. The deck was crowded with Greeks and Turks, reclining upon carpets, and enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the east, smoking and dozing. The after-part of the deck was occupied by the ladies of the harem of the Governor of Smyrna, who was returning to Constantinople. They were each sitting upon *sedjaddahs*, the small Turkey carpets used by the Mussulmen in mosque when at prayer. They were not so closely veiled but that we could occasionally get a glimpse of a soft pale face, lighted by a pair of melting black eyes. Our glimpses were only furtive, and, for myself, I must say, that, knowing the jealousy of Turkish husbands, I had no disposition to get myself into a row, by a too inquisitive stare at these veiled beauties. More particularly, a tall ugly eunuch, who was their guardian, wore a sabre and a brace of pistols, which to me were very satisfactory admonitions not to be over curious.

After a few hours, however, we grew a little bolder, and on examining the pistols in the belt of the eunuch, and finding they had neither powder nor ball, and that his sabre was but a rusty old piece of blunted steel, we ventured to offer some eastern sweetmeats to the ladies, one of whom, the *sultana*, graciously permitted her veil to hang so loosely, that the wind lifted it from her face. It was but the vision of a moment, for the fair Circassian quickly snatched the envious veil back again. But never shall I forget the beauty of that countenance. Her smile added grace to a mouth, which, in repose, was charming; her eyes were brilliant jet, and her hair, of dark auburn, fell in flowing ringlets over her shoulders. Her eyelashes were tinted with the dark dye of the Heunah, which heightened the expression of those black eyes, which, Giaours (maids) as they were, beamed upon us with a benignant expression. But I must borrow a verse of Byron:

Her hair I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were ~~as~~ as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake, late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.
Her brow was white and ~~and~~, her cheeks' pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun

DON JUAN.

The harem consisted of some half dozen ladies of the harem, and, with the attendants, it amounted to near thirty persons. Our other passengers were fierce-looking Arnaout soldiers, whose countenances had a most ruffian-like expression, Greek merchants, and Turkish officers, all armed with pistols and sabres. I was much amused with our captain's polyglotism; French, Italian, Turkish, and Greek, he seemed to speak with the same fluency as his own language. The *cap-a-pie* style of defence adopted by our fellow-passengers, admonished us that we were in a country where law has little influence, and where justice is administered as every one pleases, or where, as General Jackson says, "the constitution is interpreted as every one understands it."

The steamer gallantly pushed her way against the strong current of the Hellespont. Before evening we passed Abydos and Sestos, and the rough sea, which the rising wind excited, reminded us of the night when Leander was drowned in swim-

ming across to visit Hero, whose turret-torch was blazing high in the darkness of the night.

"The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter."

The Hellespont here is about a mile wide. Lord Byron, Leander-like, swam across here also, though he had no Hero to urge him in the attempt. The current being compressed in a narrow channel, is very rapid, and both Leander and Lord Byron must have been men of great strength to have performed the feat, but especially Leander; for, as the story goes, he did it every night. His love must have been no less robust, for the coldness of the water here is enough to chill the stoutest heart. Here, also, Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats, and here, for the first time, he showed himself possessed of a noble sensation; for, as Herodotus says, on surveying the millions encamped on the shores, he wept. On being questioned by his uncle, Artabanus, why he wept, he said, "My reflection on the transitory period of human life excited my compassion for this vast multitude, not one of whom will complete the term of one hundred years." At this point are two batteries, so placed as to cross fires, and to expose a vessel to a most destructive fire. At the mouth of the Dardanelles are two forts; higher up, two more; here again two, and at Gallipoli, I believe, another. Admiral Duckworth, however, forced the passage upwards without much damage, but was very severely raked in descending by the French gunners, who directed the cannon. All these forts, however, are commanded by heights in the rear; but European science could easily make Constantinople unapproachable from the Archipelago, or the Black Sea.

May 14.—It is daylight. Byzantium—the seven-hilled Rome of the west—the luxurious capital of the Greeks—the jewel snatched from an enervated people by a band of savage hordes from the plains of Middle Asia—the seat of Ottoman power—is glittering in the distance, with her forest of domes, cupolas, and minarets.

The steamer rounded the Seraglio Point, swept into the bold expanse which the Bosphorus forms opposite Constantinople, and dropped anchor off the mouth of the Golden Horn. Accepting the proffered services of a Greek dragoman, we took a boat and landed at the quay of Tophana. The first step on land reminded us that we were in the East. The

costume was oriental, the language had nothing in its syllables or sounds that resembled the provencal tongues, and there seemed to be an air of luxurious enjoyment and repose in all around, and contrasted strikingly with the anxious air of the busy population of the cities of western Europe. Almost touching on the water was a *Café*, cooled by a fountain, and the umbrageous boughs of a wide-spreading *platanus* tree. Lounging on divans were a number of Turks, with white turbans and long beards, smoking the *narghile*, or water-pipe, and seeking nervous excitement in frequent draughts of coffee or in the inhalation of the intoxicating fumes of Hasheesh. Hard by was a beautiful fountain, erected by some kind Turk, who was seeking entrance into the Mussulman heaven by doing good to man, and a mosque, from the minarets of which the muezzin was calling the faithful to prayer. "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," was the cry that was floating on the air as we landed.

No passports being demanded of us, and no custom-house examination of our baggage detained us, with our dragoman as guide, we made our way through the narrow dirty lanes of Galata, up to the brow of the hill, on the spine of which is Pera, the residence of the Franks. There being no great choice in the matter of lodging, we established ourselves in an hotel in the main street of Pera, kept by one Giovanni, who, though always abusing the Greeks, was the greatest rascal I ever fell in with, either among Greeks or Turks. The interior of Constantinople by no means corresponded with the expectations we had been led to entertain from the splendour of its appearance, as seen from the Bosphorus. The streets were narrow, and paved with stones, which seem to have been scattered at random, simply to cover the nakedness of the earth. The houses are of wood, and so wretchedly built, that they afford but little shelter against the elements. Fires at Constantinople, where the buildings are of frame, are, of course, very destructive, sometimes sweeping away squares of houses at a time. There are two lofty towers which overlook the city, where watchmen are stationed night and day to sound the alarm of fire; but a conflagration rarely breaks out which does not destroy a square of buildings. The Turks will sometimes make an effort to stop the flames, but if overmastered, they will quietly fold their arms, and exclaiming "*Allah kerim*,"—"God is great,"—leave things to take their course.

After sunset the city is enveloped in darkness, as there is not a single lamp in the streets to lighten the path of the wanderer with the glimmer of a friendly ray. If you do not

wish to be devoured alive by the troops of savage dogs which infest the streets, you must carry a lantern, and if the light should happen to go out, you must make the best of it. For myself, in a desperate battle which I had with some canine ruffians, in passing through one of the cemeteries late at night, my light was not only extinguished, but being overpowered by fearful odds, I was obliged to take to my heels, priding myself more on the chances of escape from their fangs, than upon the glory of vanquishing my foes.

-- The channel of the Golden Horn which comes in from the Bosphorus, divides Constantinople in two parts. On the west side is Stamboul Constantinople *proper*, where the Turks reside, and where the principal bazaars are. On the east side are the suburbs of Galata and Pera. Galata lies at the foot of the hill, and is the port to which all the Frank vessels resort. It is the residence chiefly of Greeks, while higher up the hill you pass a kind of neutral ground, occupied by the bankers and large merchants of all nations, and continuing your walk higher up, you enter the precincts of Pera which contains the private residences of the Frank merchants, and the offices of the European ambassadors. Most of the foreign ministers, however, live upon the shores of the Bosphorus, at Therapia, or in the surrounding country, only resorting to Pera a few hours during the day. The hill is occupied with buildings from the water's edge to the summit, and it is somewhat puzzling to know where Galata ends or Pera begins. With me it was always a "disputed territory."

Our first visit was to the office of the American legation. We found Mr. John P. Brown, the ~~dragonian~~ ^{companion} of the legation, the only ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~man~~ ^{man} of it then at Constantinople, Commodore Porter being in America. We received a warm greeting as Americans, and Mr. Brown put at our service one of the ~~missaries~~ ^{messengers} attached to the legation, and rendered us other kind services, which were of great utility. We were much indebted to him during our stay, and we only reiterate what all other Americans, who visit Constantinople, have experienced, our thanks for the kindnesses, which were doubly grateful, as proffered in a strange land by a fellow-American.

• We were impatient to see Stamboul itself, so we took a boat at the quay of Tophana, to row across the mouth of the Golden Horn to Stamboul. It was not without some hesitation that we committed ourselves to the frail bark. It was a light boat, the thickness of a slender plank, and so thin, that a violent jump into it would probably precipitate one through the bottom. It was long, pointed at both ends, and so light, that a single impulse of its oarsman would send it forward

like an arrow from the bow. Our oarsman was a tall Turk, with a white cotton robe bound round his waist by a belt, and his shaven head covered by a skull-cap, as his only attire. He was full of muscle and sinew, and certainly was a magnificent specimen of brute humanity. An innumerable number of boats were darting across the water, but our oarsman skillfully threaded his way through the throng. Great numbers of albatross were floating with their snow-white plumage upon the blue waters, or rising and screaming if an oar chanced to come too near them. There was no intentional harm offered them, for it is against the Mussulman creed to injure the brute creation. The light brilliant atmosphere—the white-winged birds floating on the water—the splendid city, throned, the Queen of the East upon her seven hills, with her gilded minarets, swelling domes, funeral cypresses, and that bright colouring of nature and art, which brings into such bold relief every prominent point of visible beauty in Constantinople, made up a scene as interesting as novel. Passing that sub-lunary elysium—the Seraglio Gardens—we crossed over, and landed at one of the quays of Stamboul.

We were now in the midst of the Turks. No Frank is permitted to fix his residence here, and the city gates are shut at sunset, forbidding ingress or egress. We requested the janissary to conduct us to the slave-market. No Frank is allowed to enter the slave-market of Constantinople without an authorised janissary of one of the embassies. The slave-market occupies a hollow square near to the bazaars. Upon entering, our Frank costumes excited no little astonishment, and we were saluted with cries of "Frangi! Backsheesh!" We had expected this, and had accordingly provided ourselves with a handful of paras, which we distributed, and so gained the good graces of all. The area of the square was filled with groups of Nubian and Abyssinian slaves, mostly children, and in a state of almost perfectly nudity. They were crouched together in groups, but seemed to be by no means disconsolate at their lot. They were cheerful and full of merriment. Around the court-yard, under the sheds, were compartments for the better order of slaves. These were chiefly African women. We saw only two white female slaves, and these were Georgian beauties, but were only indulged with a glance through the bars of these cages. We saw only the bright black eyes of their imprisoned beauties, they were merry enough. We stood some time talking to them through our dragoman, and to a proposition if they should like us to purchase them, they most emphatically dissented, showering any thing but blessings on the heads of

the Franks, and honouring them with the appellation which belongs only to the arch enemy of mankind.

The slave-merchants were quietly reposing on carpets under the sheds, smoking and answering, with the usual Turkish *nonchalance*, the propositions of customers. Their stoical indifference to the condition of the slaves, and the manner in which they handled and spoke of them as mere merchandise, disgusted us, and we were glad to leave a place where humanity sinks to the level of the brute creation.

During the Greek war, the slave-market was filled with captive Greeks, who were here daily exposed for sale. Cruelties the most barbarous—the exposing of a whole family of civilized Greek Christians—a mother, surrounded by her sons and daughters, sold into irredemable slavery, separating never to meet again—were scenes daily witnessed here during that war. In Athens I heard of an instance of a mother and her daughters being sold into slavery by the Turks at Constantinople; and that the son, who had risen to distinction and comparative wealth during the war, as its conclusion resolved never to rest until he had redeemed his mother and sisters from their bondage. After the most indefatigable perseverance, and a series of strange adventures, he had reassembled his mother and all his sisters, who had been redeemed from slavery by an Italian merchant, to whom she was married at Salouque. No war, ancient or modern, was ever carried on with such unrelenting fury and such cruelty as the war against the Greeks by the Turks. It is a matter of astonishment that the Christian nations of Europe could have so long remained silent spectators of its atrocities.

CHAPTER III.

Constantinople.—Turkish shops and merchants.—The bazaars.—Fire-arms of the East.—Interior of a mosque.—The Hippodrome.—Delphian tripod.—A Turkish bath.—Antiquities, the reservoirs, &c.—The Sultan Mahmoud in the streets.—Mr. Rhodes.—The "Sweet Waters."—Turkish cemeteries.—Superb Scenery of Constantinople and its environs.—Decay of the Turkish power.—Smyrna.—Greek women.—An Italian Medicine.—First view of Athens.

OUR next visit, after the slave-market, was to the bazaars. These consist of a long range of shops running parallel with each other, with an intervening paved avenue dividing the two rows; the avenue is covered over. There are numerous bazaars, each division being appropriated to the sale of different objects. There is a silk bazaar, the provision bazaar, the arms bazaar, the jewel bazaar, &c. The purchaser is not, therefore, obliged to wander through the whole range of bazaars to seek the objects of his wants, but at once goes to a particular bazaar and finds it. The shops are very small, and contain but scanty stocks; but there is a great number of them which may, in some degree, compensate for the lack of quantity in their stock. If you purpose to buy to the amount of a few dollars, a necessary preliminary to the negociation is the taking coffee and smoking a pipe with the merchant. The oriental mode of carrying on a negociation is for the merchant and his customer to pass an hour or so in the pleasures of coffee drinking and smoking, now and then, as if by mere accident, exchanging a few words as to the proposed bargain, until the merchant takes a long whiff, breaks out into an approbatory ejaculation, and the parties shake hands, as a sign that the bargain is concluded. An old customer is always remembered; and should he, at any time, be seen passing the shop, he is invited in, pipes and coffee are ordered, and he wiles away in silent thought and occasional ejaculations, as the Turks very rarely indulge in animated conversation. My friend bought a Cashmere shawl, for a fair friend at home, of an old Turk, with whom we spent more than an hour before the terms could be agreed upon. An extravagant price was at first asked—the demand kept falling, as pipe after pipe was refilled, until it fell to a reasonable sum,

when the purchase was made. We never passed by the shop of this merchant but that he called aloud to us, and would sometimes lay aside his pipe, put on his slippers, get down, take us by the hand to his shop, to enjoy the friendly hospitality of a cup of coffee and a pipe. This kind of negotiation suits the indolent temper of the people of the East, where a man is never in a hurry, but it would hardly do for the 'go-ahead' people of Yankeeedom.

The merchandise in the bazaar is of the most precious kind. Cashmere shawls, costly mirrors, silver-mounted arms, otto of roses, frankincense, and all the perfumes of the East, magnificently embroidered materials for female attire, fabrics of silk from Damascus and Aleppo, pipes and amber mouth-pieces, carpets from Persia, and all the riches of the East, whether brought from Bagdad, Hindoostan, or the deserts of Africa, by that "ship of the desert," the camel—or by vessels from the shores of the Mediterranean, the Black sea, the Persian Gulf, or the Red Sea, may be found in the bazaars of Constantinople. Strolling about one day in the bazaars, with that air of abstraction which peculiarly belongs to travellers, I fell into the wake of a Turkish lady, followed by a long train of slaves. She was shopping, and as I was very curious to know what kind of purchases she would make, I resolved to follow her. She was attired in a rich robe of green silk, mantle hung from the shoulders nearly to the feet. A white handkerchief was bound round the face and head. The face was uncovered from the eyebrows to the mouth, and revealed that large, dark, voluptuous eye, which belongs only to the women of the East. Her feet were encased in velvet slippers, which fitting very loosely produced a shuffling gait. Her steps were ~~not~~ directed to the jewel bazaar, where, after considerable haggling, she bought a very precious diamond ring of a Hebrew, who, in a small case, had a stock of precious stones and diamonds to the amount of fifty dollars; next she wended her way to the perfumers, and bought some otto of rose and frankincense, not forgetting the Henna dye, with which the Turkish ladies stain the eye-lashes and the tips of the fingers, then a hand-mirror, encased in a frame, brilliant with jewels and precious stones, and lastly, a rich Cashmere shawl, loaded with all which, her slaves following her, she left the bazaar, got into the arabas—the Turkish carriage, drawn by buffaloes—and I lost sight of her. I had supposed her a lady of rank, and, upon inquiry, I found that she was one of the sisters of the sultan.

The bazaar of arms is a species of museum, where all the arms used in the East may be found, from the spear of the Nubians, and the matchlock musket of the Bedouins, down to the

gold and silver-mounted modern arms of the Turks. I saw several reputed Damascus blades, of unquestionable antiquity, which were offered at an hundred and two hundred dollars. My friend bought one of a Turk, who was crying it in the bazaar, for fifty dollars, for which he was subsequently offered by a bey at Alexandria, four times that sum. The Albanian attaghan and long musket, and the pistols, were very curious, some of them being ornamented in an extraordinary style of beauty, with gold and silver chasing. The chief value of these pistols lie in the rich chasings, as the barrels are very rudely made, and cannot stand a heavy charge of English powder. In the provision bazaar we found all the grains and dry-fruits of the East—Egyptian rice and beans, dates from Africa, olives from Greece, lentils, pulse, grapes, Mocha coffee, figs, and oranges from Cyprus, &c., were there in great abundance. A multitude of idlers and speculators of all the eastern nations are constantly moving through the bazaars. Swarthy Bedouins, from the deserts of Arabia—Persians with high black caps—Nubians—Syrians, with their snow-white turbans and rich costumes; the meanly-clad Egyptian; the heavy-featured Armenian; the downcast Jew; the Albanian, in his gaiters and graceful costume; the Turkish officers, their belts loaded with diamond-mounted pistols, and rich sheathed scimitars rattling at their heels—are among the varieties of people that throng the bazaars at Stamboul.

I had been very solicitous to see the interior of a mosque, but had supposed admission was forbidden to any but the faithful. I was much surprised to learn that the sultan permitted any Christian to enter them, if accompanied by a janissary of one of the embassies. A few years since a Christian would have been stoned to death by the populace, who should be seen entering a mosque. This war, waged upon the religious prejudices and fanaticism of his people, is the most signal evidence of the sincerity and zeal of the late sultan in the cause of civilization. The janissary conducted us to the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, upon the Hippodrome. The exterior walls of this, as the walls of the other mosques, are painted white. From the centre, rises a hemispherical dome, and at the four corners of the building shoot up tall minarets, the points of which, tipped with gold, appear lost in the air. Passing through an open court-yard, we came to the portal of the mosque. We pulled off our boots, slid our feet into yellow slippers, the colour worn only by the faithful, removed our hats, and entered. The interior was very plain; the floor was spread with rich carpets, and various coloured glass lamps, like those in

public gardens, were suspended round the walls, with here and there an ostrich egg, the offering of some pious devotee. A pulpit of carved wood faced the east. Several Turks were prostrating themselves in prayer upon the carpets, the countenance turned to the sacred east. From the floor to the ceiling, the breadth and width of the great space beneath the roof was unbroken by a gallery or any other object. The roof rested upon arches which sprang from the walls. This great void, with the overhanging roof, unsustained by a single pillar, had a most majestic effect, and I have rarely seen boldness and simplicity of architecture so happily combined as in this mosque. The walls were naked of ornaments, with the exception of a rude drawing of the Caaba at Mecca.

In the centre of the court-yard of the mosque was a beautiful fountain, ornamented with that light tracery work which is the characteristic of Saracenic architecture. An immense number of pigeons had assembled there at that time to be fed, as some kind Mussulman had left a legacy to procure grain for the daily feeding of the pigeons which belonged to the mosque. They nearly covered the yard, and children were walking about in the midst of them without causing them the least alarm, such is the friendship between man and the brute creation in Mussulman countries. The mosques are open at all hours during the day. They are resorted to for prayer, and have now become a species of forum in which men meet to talk about the every-day affairs of life. Political topics are rarely talked of; and if broached, are mentioned in a low whisper-like tone. There are no parties in the East but one, and that is the oppressed people against their tyrant rulers. It is a strange fact, that the oriental governments, from the earliest times, have always been despotisms. It would certainly be a hopeless task to essay to introduce self-government among the ignorant and enslaved populations of the East. Mental enlightenment will overthrow the Mahomedan religion, and when that is destroyed, some hope may be entertained of improving the condition of the people, which can never be done while that source of sensuality and ignorance exists.

The Hippodrome, on which stands the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, is a long, oblong square. In it is an Egyptian obelisk, sixty-five feet high, a column brought from Rhodes, and a spiral column of bronze, once surmounted by three serpents' heads. It is said to have once supported the tripod of the god at Delphi, and to be the veritable column presented as an offering to the Delphian oracle by the Greeks, after the victory over the Persians. I have since been to Delphi. No vestige of its

ancient glories exists, save the sombre valley overshadowed by the lowering peaks of Parnassus, and the fountain of Castaly, a draught of whose waters was said to inspire the true poetic spirit.

There are more than three hundred baths in Constantinople. The bath is one of the chief of oriental luxuries. It may be found in the meanest town in the East. Calm enjoyment of life is one of the most striking characteristics of the Ottoman race. Hurry, bustle, confusion, the signs of active trade, are unknown in eastern capitals. The spirit of fatality, inculcated by the Mahomedan religion, seems to make men indifferent to the vicissitudes of this life. The sober equanimity of a Turk is undisturbed by the most extraordinary occurrence. If his house is consuming over his head—if the plague devastates the town—if the pasha, or an unlicensed robber, plunders him of his property, he will exclaim, 'Allah kerim,' 'It is God's will;' and should his pipes be left to him, he will retire to his favourite cafe, lounge on the divans, and forget, in the oblivious fumes of tobacco, the troubles of his earthly existence, or dream of the bright-eyed houris, and the sensual luxuries of the heaven promised to the faithful. The bath is one of his favourite luxuries. He passes hours in the enjoyment of that neutral kind of existence, induced by the lassitude of the bath.

As the bath is a rather serious affair in the East, we went to it early in the morning. The bath which we had selected was one of the most elegant in Constantinople. Its exterior, as usual, was mean and unpromising; upon entering, we found ourselves in a spacious circular hall, lighted by a dome, pierced with numerous holes, covered with various coloured glass. Around the walls were recesses, in which were reposing, upon carpets and divans, persons who had just finished the bath. In the centre of the hall was a fountain, whose falling water made a pleasant murmur in the still heat of the summer morning. A row of Grecian columns, several of which were from Alexandria Troas, supported the roof. We delivered ourselves into the hands of one of the half-naked attendants of the bath; he changed our garments for a vestment of clean linen, and thus attired, and preceded by the attendant, we shuffled, with our wooden clogs, over the verd-antique pavement, into another apartment. The intervening passage was well heated. From this we passed into an apartment where the heat stood at more than 100°. The hot vapour was so dense, that we could hardly discern an object. We were immediately seized hold of by a half-naked savage, with a head entirely shaven, except a tuft upon the peak by which he might be drawn into heaven. We were thrown upon our backs, and then com-

menced such a scrubbing as I never had before. Not a particle of extraneous matter remaining upon the skin, we were turned over, and our bones were made to crack in such a manner, that I thought mine would snap asunder. Remonstrances and cries of agony were unavailing, as our tongues could not be understood by our torturer. After this process, we were deluged with a torrent of soap and water, and were then plunged into a tank of boiling water. Our moustaches being trimmed, and beards dressed and garments changed, we were reconducted to the hall.

Dry linen was here given us, and our heads bound round with white napkins. We threw ourselves upon the divan, more supple and lighter than we had ever felt. Lemonade was first served, next a glass of sherbet, then coffee, and a well-filled pipe of Littiakie tobacco. We passed in hour and more in a dreamy repose, looking upon the Turks round us, and enjoying that sweet do-nothing existence, in which the cares and troubles of life are forgotten in the happy condition of a quiet and languid frame, and a soothing imagination.

Constantinople is more interesting, as typical of the manners and customs of the east, than for its antiquities. Traces of its magnificence under the Greek emperors, however, yet exist. The cisterns are as wonderful for the beauty and ornate style of their architecture, as for their great extent. Our attention was arrested, in rambling over Stamboul, by a noise in the earth beneath our feet, which proceeded from some silkworms pursuing their occupation in one of the now waterless cisterns. We descended into it by a long flight of stone steps. It resembled more the subterranean banquetting chamber of some gorgeous palace, than a reservoir for the holding of water. Its vaulted roof was supported by six hundred marble columns resting on a pavement of marble. This was one of the reservoirs made in the time of the Greek emperors. It is in perfect keeping with the barbaric magnificence of the age in which the arts became corrupted from their original simplicity, and in their decline participated in the corruption of letters, taste, and morals of that eve of Roman greatness. The other antiquities are those which I have described, in the Hippodrome, the aqueduct of Valens, the walls built by the Genoese, and the old walls which protect Stamboul on the side of the Propontis, and are several miles long, terminating in the famous Seven Towers.

We have thus far seen the most interesting objects at Constantinople, but we had not yet had a glimpse of that great arbiter of life and death—the sultan. The dragoman, however, informed us it was easy enough to satisfy our curiosity

on this point, as the sultan went publicly to mosque every Friday. At the appointed time, we took our station in the street through which he was to pass. I was astonished to see so few of his subjects on the occasion. The spectators were principally Turkish women, the military, and a few idle Franks like ourselves. The sultan to whom I refer was Mahmoud, the father of the present sultan. The procession was headed by several old eunuchs, leading Arab horses, and immediately after them came the sultan himself, mounted on a magnificent Arab charger, gaily caparisoned, and curbed by a richly-jewelled bridle. He was habited in a Franco-Turco style, having a frock coat of light brown, and over it a French military cloak, while his head was covered by the high nizzami cap of red fez, a rich tassel of blue silk pendant from it, and the front of it resplendently bright with jewels and diamonds. He wore a sword, and sat his horse like a bold and easy rider. He was past the age of fifty, but his beard and moustaches were dyed black, which gave him the appearance of a much younger man. His eyes were black and piercing, his mouth firm set, and his whole countenance indicated a man of decision and energy. He gracefully returned the salute of the Franks, who raised their hats as he passed.

The sultan was followed by his ministers of state, and a train of pashas and officials. One of the ministers held a tin box, in which the people, having first kneeled to the sultan and held up to him their sign of complaint, deposited petitions.

A poor Greek, who had been falsely accused, and punished for using fraudulent weights and measures by a cad, who was covetous of his property, dropped his petition in the box. He related to us minutely the story of his wrongs, showed us his cropped ears, lamented his present destitute state, and spoke of his former comparative ease, and abused his Turkish masters with most admirable spirit. We were much gratified to learn that the sultan so fearfully carried out his declaration, that 'all his subjects were equal before the law,' as to depose this tyrannical official, and not only to make him restore the plundered property to the Greek, but to undergo the same unjust punishment he had inflicted on him.

In the afternoon we took a caïque at Tophana, and rowed down the Golden Horn to the 'Sweet Waters,' the favourite promenade of the Turks. In passing down this channel, we stopped for a few moments to pay our respects to our fellow-countryman, Mr. Rhodes, then the naval constructor of the sultan. He had several vessels on the stocks, and a beautiful steamboat, built in the American style, was lying at the quay.

It was built for the private use of the sultan, and was furnished with great richness and luxury. It was the only steam-boat in Europe, in which I saw the helmsman's box forward the pipes, and the chimney upon deck. The boat was richly gilded and painted on the outside, underways out and gut American, in the grace and beauty of her model. The cabin was ornamented with bird's-eye maple, and other American fancy woods. Mr. Rhodes was dressed *à la Turque*, and both he and his son spoke Turkish fluently. His vessels were universally admired for their models and sailing qualities, and he introduced such a reform in naval architecture in the dock-yards of the sultan, as to render his fleet when well officered and manned, a very efficient force. Mr. Rhodes was extremely hospitable to his fellow-countrymen whom accident or curiosity brought to Constantinople, and he was deservedly esteemed, both by the sultan and all his subjects who had any business with him. A little yacht was anchored in the stream, with the American ensign at her mast-head. It was pleasant to see the stripes and stripes in that distant land, and the banner of freedom floating under the walls of the palace of the most arbitrary despot.

Resuming our progress, we passed the Canal, the quarter of Stamboul bordering on the Golden Horn, where the old Greek families reside. Many of these families trace their history to and beyond the crusades. The Greek is here spoken in almost Homeric purity, and many of the customs of the ancient Greeks are here preserved. The ambassadors of the Porte to European courts were selected from among the Greeks of the Canal down to within a few years past. These Greeks are in general rich; many of them, indeed, are possessed of immense fortunes. The modern Greeks, to speak in contradistinction to those of the Canal, live at the village of Demetia, outside of Pera, and differ considerably in physiognomy from those of the Canal.

The promenade of the 'Sweet Waters' lies at the end of the Golden Horn. It is a broad plain, shaded by lofty trees, and backed by hills, which, towards evening, cast their shadows obliquely across it. The shore, for nearly a mile, was lined with Turkish women, with their children, gazing at the animated scene upon the water. Greeks, Turks, Christians, specimens of all nations, and a most grotesque variety of costume, were to be seen. We passed several hours in promenading, homing, and refreshing ourselves in a cafe, with sherbet, pipes, coffee. On returning, the gilded barge of the sultan swept by us.

We had now passed several weeks at Constantinople. Having just arrived as the storms of winter were closing we

had, during our whole stay, one uninterrupted succession of cloudless skies. The air was soft and balmy, as is always the first breath of spring in eastern climates, and the atmosphere so clear and brilliant, as to almost sparkle with light. The night, with a full moon rising in the heavens, and a host of glittering stars around her, was but another day, diffusing a softer and milder light over the earth. We mightly joined the throng of Europeans and Orientals, who were accustomed to promenade after sunset in the great cemetery of Pera. The pale light of the moon, blending its rays with the funeral cypresses that overshadowed the turban tombs of the 'Futhful,' who slept beneath in countless thousands, cast a melancholy hue over our imaginations, and induced a meditative frame of mind consonant with the hour and place. Nothing can be more imposing than these cemeteries. The cypress is the funeral-tree of the East, and wherever found, its shadows fall upon a tomb. The cemeteries are placed upon the hill sides, by margin of the sea, or purling streams, or, as at Cairo, upon the edge of the desert. These immense solitudes, shaded by the ever-verdant cypress, are the favourite promenades of the Mussulman. The Turkish women repair to them on the anniversary of the death of their relatives, to pour libations upon their tombs, and to strew them with flowers, whilst the men resort to them for prayer, and to enjoy their pipes and coffee in the cool shades, and to dream of the bliss of the Mussulman hereafter.

Before leaving Constantinople, we ascended the heights, behind the Scutari, to get as broad a view as possible of the surrounding scenery. Hence we obtained a full view of this spot, where nature and art seem to have vied with each other in the production of the beautiful. The Bosphorus, winding its serpentine course between the hills of Europe and Asia, was distinctly visible, until lost among the mountain barriers, which repel the surges of the tempestuous Euxine. Its shores were dotted with villages, scattered upon the nooks and inlets. Upon the European side, soft plains come down with gentle slopes to the water, while on the opposite shores, the hills of Asia rise abruptly, or are broken into deep valleys, ravines, and gorges, or recede from the water's edge, and leave verdant plains at their feet, reposing in the shadow of the mountain. Before us rose the city itself, 'the Queen of the East,' her brow encircled with a glittering tiara of domes, towers, and minarets. Sloping down the hill was the great cemetery of Scutari, which had recently been re-peopled by the pestilence, which in the East never sleeps. At the foot of the hill lay the Propontis, glowing in the noonday sun like a bur-

nished sheet of silver, while floating out upon its waters lay the Princes' Islands. Upon its surface was a fleet of merchantmen, becalmed, and drifting to and fro, apparently without the power of self-direction. Upon the Bosphorus, which separated us from the opposite bay, myriads of caïques were glancing about, and shooting across the channel. Upon the seraglio point rose the domes of the seraglio, buried among the green cypresses, which emulously shot up their conical top among the minarets, which shone like shafts of gold, with their gilded points.

We took the Austrian steamer for Smyrna. The steamer had some difficulty in threading her way among the vessels of war which lay about the Golden Horn. The fleet of the Sultan had just left its winter quarters and drawn out upon the Bosphorus. Our steamer, which was of very respectable dimensions, dwindled into insignificance alongside of the gigantic mass of the Mahmoudieh. This fleet we saw, twelve months afterwards, riding in the harbour of Alexandria, the prize of Mehmet Ali. The sultan was then in the pride of his power. His empire was in a good condition in all parts.

He was at peace with the world—his army, increased in number, was resting upon its laurels gained in the Russian campaign—his fleet built by American and European constructors, was the largest and best equipped afloat in the Eastern seas. A few months afterwards his vassal—the Viceroy of Egypt—had wrested from him this fleet, annihilated his army upon the plains of Nizib, and reigned sovereign lord of Syria, Palestine, and of Egypt beyond the Cataracts. This last act in the drama of the fall of the Ottoman Empire, was closed by the death of Sultan Mahmoud, who had attempted to be its regenerator.

In entering the harbour of Smyrna, we ran close to Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos—

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung”

The devoted island of Scio was also in sight, where, in a few hours, Turkish cruelty and barbarism converted a land of flowers and civilization to a barren and desolate waste.

Smyrna lies at the bottom of a deep gulf, at the foot of a hill upon which an ancient castle dominates the town. The luxurious capital of Ionia has sunk to a small trading town. Smyrna is better built than most of the Eastern cities. The Frank quarter lies principally near the sea. The consulates are neat edifices of stone, and are ranged upon the quay fronting the harbour. Smyrna is a place of considerable trade, and there are many Frank merchants resident in

it. Almost all the products and manufactures of the East may be found here—Silks, Turkey carpets, wool, raisins, the Greek wines, pearl, diamonds, figs, oranges, &c. The population is chiefly composed of Turks, Greeks, Franks, and Jews. The Greek women of Smyrna are famous for their charms. Their dress is singularly picturesque, being the same costume as the better class of the Turkish women. It consists of loose, large trousers, falling to the ankle, and vests of velvet, bound round the waist by rich embroidered zones, confined with clasps of gold or silver. Their black tresses wave unconfined over their shoulders, or are bound round the head intertwined with roses. The stature of the Greek women of Smyrna is rather below than above the ordinary height. Their beauty lies in the Grecian face, the coal black eyes, that sparkle like diamonds set in a field of vermillion, and the combined expression of classically moulded features, fresh colours, and the soft, languid air, which the climate gives to the form and countenance.

The antiquities of Smyrna are few and uninteresting. A little stream, the Meles, flows back of the town; upon its banks Homer is said to have been born. The country behind Smyrna is wretchedly cultivated, a large part of it, in fact, being neglected, altogether, and a perfect waste. The town contains a number of delightful gardens, in which the fig and orange grow with great luxuriance. Ephesus is three days' journey distant from Smyrna. As the ancient site is almost obliterated, and no satisfactory ruins remain, we did not visit it.

Amongst our fellow passengers from Constantinople, was a pragmatical Italian *Medico*. This fellow, who knew just enough of the science of medicine as was necessary to make him a standing joke among the Franks on board, had got into the good graces of some of the officials at Constantinople, who had induced the sultan to send him to Smyrna to establish a lazaretto. He wore the Turkish dress, and acted the Turk about as well as some of our buskined heroes enact the kings of tragedy. He had no sooner landed than he got into a quarrel with the landlord of the inn, set the whole establishment in an uproar, and ended the farce by threatening to put the house and its tenants in quarantine. The landlord, who believed that "every man's house is his castle," ordered him to quit his premises. Il Signor *Medico* built a lazaretto, taking especial care his own quarters should be as fine as any other bey's; and then, to put his system in operation, like the other wiseacres who manage these matters in the East, he established a quarantine of twenty days upon all persons ar-

living, no matter from what quarter of the world. A few of my friends fell into this quarantine, returning from Beyrout, when, because a man died on board, they were obliged to undergo a quarantine of forty days. The sultan and pasha are constantly duped by such vagabond quacks. They have seriously interrupted the commerce of the country, by imposing retaliatory quarantines, and have rendered it very vexatious, and a matter of great difficulty, to travel in the East, as they are both inland and sea-coast quarantines.

We crossed the Archipelago by a steamer, to the Island of Syra, where we were obliged to perform a quarantine of fifteen days, as coming from an Eastern port. The old lazaretto at Syra was about as bad as the black hole of Calcutta. Our captain graciously consented, to ride out the quarantine before the town, and to allow the passengers to pass it on board. Being tired of the monotony of the vessel, with a guardian of the lazaretto, we got a Greek boat to cross over to Athens, to finish our quarantine in the lazaretto of the Piræus. Our fellow-passenger was a young Turk, with a slave and military attendant. He was the secretary of the Turkish embassy at Athens. Our boat was one of the small sailing craft which ply among the islands. Like all the Greek boats, she bore a great quantity of canvas, and when the wind rose, we dashed bravely along. We were becalmed most of the passage, so that we drifted from island to island, with hardly any sensible progress. After five weary days we entered the Gulf of Athens, and ran up it with a stiff breeze. We were on tiptoe for a glimpse of the Acropolis. About noon it was descried, though at some distance. As we bore up the gulf, it appeared more distinctly, until the majestic Parthenon was seen looming up in full view, and there beyond was Pentelicus and Hymettus, while Salamis was before us. The effect of the Parthenon, at that distance, is indescribable. Towering sublimely above all surrounding objects, the temple of Minerva still survives the fair city, of which the goddess of Wisdom was the protecting deity.

Megara before us Ægina behind, the cloudcapped Acropolis of Corinth on the left, and Piræus on the right, recalled those beautiful lines of poetry in which the letter of Sorsius Sculpicius to Cicero is so admirably rendered into verse by Byron.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim,
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,

And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite,
 In ruin even as he had seen the desolate sight,
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
 Those sepulchres of cities, which excite
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IV.

The Piræus.—Tomb of Themistocles.—The Long Walls.—Entrance to Athens.—The revolution and its chiefs.—The Bavarian dynasty.—Entrance of King Otho into Athens.—The Acropolis.—Theatre of Bacchus.—The Parthenon.—Ruins of Athens.—View from the Acropolis.—Athens.—The Parthenon.—Ruins on the Acropolis.—The Arcopagus.—Preaching of Paul.—The Pnyx.—Eloquence of Demosthenes.

WE were somewhat taken by surprise, on finding ourselves in the harbour of Piræus. We were looking at the rude monument of Miaulis, the celebrated Greek Admiral of the late revolution, which stands upon the shores of the gulf, when the captain gave the order "Helm-a-port," and we rounded into the Piræus. The entrance is narrow, and the harbour, being encompassed by high hills, is altogether concealed from external view. As we glided over the smooth waters of the harbour, the captain pointed to some blocks of marble beneath the water, and a partially-submerged sarcophagus, as the tomb of Themistocles. It was most appropriately placed within sight of the Gulf of Salamis, so that the Athenians, when they looked upon the tomb of the hero, might, at a glance, revert to the scene of his glorious achievements.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
 Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand;
 By this directed, to thy native shore,
 The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
 And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
 Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

THE POET PLATO.

Two piers are placed near the mouth of the harbour, to nar-

row the entrance. On one of these piers, before the taking of Athens by the Venetians, stood the Lion, which now frowns defiance before the gate of the arsenal at Venice. A high promontory of rock encloses the harbour on the east side; it is covered with masses of stone, which are remains of the old fortifications. The harbour, indeed, being so narrow of entrance, and surrounded by such high land, could easily be protected, by improving the defences of nature. In the palmy days of Athens it was covered with fleet of merchantmen and galleys; we saw only a few provision boats and fishing craft, and a man-of-war from that far-off isle, whose existence was unknown to the "wise men of Greece."

We landed at the quay of the lazaretto. We were immediately led to our quarters in the lazaretto, whither we were followed by an officer of the quarantine, who graciously informed us, that our term of quarantine was ten days. It is hard to submit to these involuntary restrictions on one's liberty, and particularly when arrested on the threshold of an interesting country, where the curiosity is intense, and impatient of gratification. A traveller must imitate the philosophy of the Orientals, who never suffer the mind to be disturbed by the passing incidents of life. We submitted, with a forced resignation, to the inexorable necessity of the case, ordered pipes and coffee, and when our eyes did not happen to glance upon the high walls and gratings of our prison, forgot that we were prisoners. Ten days, however, soon passed away, and we were restored to liberty. Jumping into one of the many hackney-coaches which were waiting the arrival of a steamer, we set off for Athens. We passed through the little village at the harbour, which, with its houses of frame, painted white, and green window-shutters, looks quite *American*. The road to Athens, about five miles from the Piræus, is Macadamised; the material is derived from the stone of the old walls. As we drove along, we saw remains of the *Long Walls*, built by Themistocles, to secure a communication between the city and its three harbours. These walls were more than six miles in length, and broad enough to admit two chariots abreast. They embraced the adjoining harbours of the Piræus, Munychia, and Phalerum. The avenue between the walls was ornamented with the statues of the great men of Athens—the poets, statesmen, and warriors, whose names are as "familiar as household words," to all who know any of the most illustrious characters of history. In the time of Themistocles, the Piræus was a town of itself, with its theatres, and Agora, and was the seat of a large

was razed to the ground by Sylla, who also levelled the *Long Walls*. The Roman general had but little respect for the classic monuments or history of Athens. When the ambassadors, who came to him with proposals to save the city, endeavoured to propitiate him by reciting the past glories of Athens, they were rudely interrupted by Sylla, who bluntly exclaimed, "Go, my noble souls, and take back your fine speeches with you. For my part I was not sent to Athens to learn its antiquities, but to chastise its rebellious people."

Part of the road lay through an olive grove, a portion of which extends over the ground which once formed the site of the Academy. As we approached the city, we were struck by its modern appearance, the houses, clustered together at the foot of the Acropolis, are, for the most part, of flanne, the better part of them built in the style of Italian villas. As we whirled along, we caught a glimpse of the Temple of Theseus, and the Acropolis, crowned with magnificent ruins of temples. Influenced more by the name than any thing else, we drove to the "Hotel de Londres," which we found quite tolerable, hating the occasional visitation of a few importunate fleas, which, being Athenians, we felt bound, out of respect to their ancestors, who had bitten the Socrates, Miltiades, &c, at times past, to indulge with a taste of our barbarian blood. The steps of the hotel were ornamented with some antique vases, which had been dug up from the earth beneath, while the yard was strewn with the trunks, limbs, and headless bodies of statues.

The modern Athenians resemble their ancestors in one respect at least—they have the same busy, eager, inquisitive, and idle habits. At any hour of the day you will find the Cafes thronged with idlers, reading the journals, and canvassing the men and measures of the day. But a few years has elapsed since the establishment of the independence of Greece, yet not a Turk is now to be seen in Athens, except those connected with the resident embassy. The Turks were formerly the civil governors of the country, and the possessors of the soil. They have been divested, not only of their dominion, but the land has been restored to those who cultivate it. Their very memory seems to be detested; for, in all Greece, I did not see a single Turkish cemetery which had not been violated, its cypresses cut down, and the tomb-stones overturned and broken. Habitations were consumed, the ancient temples injured, and the Turks seemed resolved to realise the boast of Attila, that the grass should not grow where they had trod, for they carried on, not only an unrelenting war against man and the brute creation, but they applied the torch

to the olive groves, and consumed the greater part of these trees, which are of as multifarious utility to Greece as the palm to Egypt.

The Bavarian dynasty is very unpopular in Greece. The revolution had produced several chiefs of great merit, who had signalized themselves by feats of extraordinary courage, which might have cast a lustre on the heroic age. Many of these chiefs had, for several years preceding the breaking out of the revolution, betaken themselves to the fastnesses of the mountains; there they maintained their independence, and occasionally descended to make a desolating *foray* upon the ~~the~~ ^{Turks}. Their life was wild and savage, but they preferred its hardships to a life in the plains, the subjects of Turkish cruelty and tyranny; this wild and roving career was just the kind of discipline likely to form bold and hardy spirits. When the insurrection broke out, they poured down from the mountains, and their chiefs became the leaders of the movement. Gourra, Odysseus, Bozzaris, Kariskaikas, and Colocotroni, were men of this character. The Egyptians, under Ibrahim Pacha, marched through the Morea in overwhelming force, burning the villages, massacring the inhabitants as they fled from beneath their burning roofs, and converting the whole country into such a desolation, that not a tree or blade of wheat was left standing upon the route they traversed.—Whenever, however, this host was divided, the little bands of Greeks, who were always on their rear, fell upon them, and destroyed them. Bozzaris, at Carpenitza, in a midnight assault, attacked a force quadruple his own, fought his way, sword in hand, to the tent of the Turkish general, cut off his head with his own hand, and put his army to rout.

When the war closed, the chiefs of the revolution were too aspiring characters to be satisfied with inferior employments; each was ambitious to rule. The choice fell upon Capo d'Istria, whose turbulent sway was violently put an end to by the pistol of an assassin. After his death, Colocotroni, and others, raised the standard of civil war. The nation finally solicited the great powers to choose them some European prince as king, as in the then disturbed condition of the country, no native Greek could command the affection of his compatriots.—Otho, of the house of Bavaria, was made king. He was hailed with universal joy, as a pacificator; but not long after his accession new discontents broke out. Colocotroni was tried upon the charge of attempting the life of the king, was found guilty, and hanged. Strange to relate, he is now one of the prime councillors of the king.

King Otho has nothing national about him but the Greek

costume His head and heart are Bavarian, and he governs Greece but as an appanage of Bavaria. Most of the high offices are filled by Bavarians, and they are invariably found in places of profit. Latterly he has listened to Russian counsel, and in disposing most of the popular magistrates, has endeavoured to assimilate the government to the despotism of the Russian model. His reign has been an hindrance to the development of the national resources. It has consumed not only the principal of the loan advanced by the great powers, it has never yet paid the interest on it. The country has been in a progressive state of impoverishment, and while its revenues are daily diminishing, King Otho is erecting himself a splendid palace of Pentelican marble, which is to rival the ones of the Parthenon! With the exception of a public road from Athens into Boetia, out of the metropolis there are no signs of the existence of a government. The Morea is inaccessible to wheel carriages, the only highways being mule paths over the mountains. The king is a vain, silly young man, intoxicated with the idea of holding a sceptre, and ambitious, not to restore a fallen yet fine race of people to the glory and renown of their glorious ancestry, but simply to lay a part among the other despots of Europe.

A few days after our arrival at Athens, King Otho and his queen returned from a tour among the northern provinces of Greece. We went upon the road to Eleusis to see their entry. Not much interest seemed to be taken in the event, and a small cort of citizens accompanied their majesties. They were surrounded by a brilliant staff of Bavarian and Greek officers; much preferred the appearance of the Greeks to their masters. There was less honesty and good nature in their physiognomies than in the Bavarian, but more energy, fire, and passion, and that outwardly expresses the iron elements that go to make military heroes. King Otho wore a rich Albanian costume, and in every thing but expression appeared a Greek. The queen was apparently even more youthful than Otho, she is light, fair-haired German, and rode her palfrey with a gay and careless air. Her appearance was that of an amiable and fleshy girl, possessing but little of the stiff dignity of a queen. Their young majesties appeared rather strange, in the midst of so many old chiefs of the revolution whose scarred faces told of many a hard-fought battle. Their entrance into Athens was hailed with the *civas* of a select few of the "*oi pollor*," and the roar of some old cannon that had poured death upon the Turks in the last war, and the parade of the garrison. Upon arriving at the palace, the king and queen appeared upon the balcony, they were coldly received. Indeed, the multitude

were altogether indifferent to their royal sovereign, and seemed solicitous only to get a glimpse at Colocotron and the other chiefs. The son of Bozzaris, an aide-de-camp of the king, was pointed out to me, and the daughter of the renowned Suliste, whose name, as Halleek has it, is,

"Freedom's now, not Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

The daughter of Bozzaris is a maid of honour to the queen. Had the king allied himself with the blood of some of the native heroes of the revolution, he would not now be looked on as a stranger by his subjects.

If Otto has done but little for the regeneration of Greece, he, at least, deserves praise for his efforts to restore the ancient monuments. His father, king of Bavaria, has, out of his own private purse, contributed to preserving the wreck of ancient grandeur in Athens. He has also, no doubt, influenced his son to the same praiseworthy undertaking. The king of Bavaria is one of the most passionate admirers and patrons of the arts in Europe. In his reign, Munich has become another Athens, and the magnificent pile of the Walhalla, which is now rising on the banks of the Danube, will rival its great original, the Parthenon. The Walhalla is consecrated to the memory of the great men of Germany, and is to contain the statues of the most illustrious men of genius. A lofty hill, bearing up from its summit this majestic temple, and commanding the Danube and the country around to a great distance, forms an imposing a site of the Walhalla as that of the Parthenon. Excavations are now being made on the Acropolis, we ascended it by the pathway that winds up the eastern side. On our way we passed the Theatre of Bacchus, which lies near the foot of the Acropolis, on the same side. Here were performed the tragedies of Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides. The seats of the spectators and a part of the facade yet remain, but the whole area is overgrown with weeds, and almost concealed from view. The theatre was open to the air, and, like all other Grecian theatres, it was placed upon the side of a hill. The seats for the audience were cut of the earth, and rose in amphitheatrical form, from the scene, which lay at the foot of the hill. In this theatre Demosthenes received the crown of gold, which was voted to him for the repair of his fortifications, and for other services. The motion of Ctesiphon, for the presentation of this crown, gave rise to that memorable display of eloquence on the part of Aeschines and Demosthenes, which resulted in the defeat and banishment of the former to Rhodes.

At Rhodes *Æschines* established a school of eloquence, and he was accustomed to read to his pupils his oration, and that of his great rival, upon this question. His own was received with approbation, but that of *Demosthenes* with extravagant applause. "And how must you have been affected," said *Æschines*, with a generous acknowledgment of his rival's merit, had you heard him deliver it?"

This theatre was reserved not only for the representation of tragedies, but was frequently the scene of important solemnities. Nothing more august and imposing can be imagined, than such a scene as that presented in the following extract from the oration of *Æschines*: "What inhabitant of Greece, what human creature, who has imbibed the least share of liberal sentiments, must not feel the deepest emotion, when he reflects on the transactions which he must have seen in this theatre? when he remembers, if he remembers nothing else, that on festivals like these, when the tragedies were to be represented, in those times when the state was well governed, and directed by faithful ministers, a herald appeared, and introducing those orphans whose fathers had died in battle, now arrived at maturity, and dressed in complete armour, made a proclamation the most noble, and the most effectual to excite the mind to glorious actions. That these youths, whose fathers lost their lives in fighting bravely for their country, the people had maintained to the age of maturity: that now, having furnished them with complete suits of armour, they dismiss them (with prayers for their prosperity,) to attend to their respective affairs, and invite them to aspire to the highest offices of the state."

Continuing our way up the ascent, we came to a hut, containing some of the *Palikari*, or soldiers of the revolution. Most of them were decorated with crosses of honour, with which they had been invested by the king for exploits of courage; they were stationed here as a guard of honour to the temples of their ancestors. Handing over our tickets, accompanied by a soldier, we entered the *Acropolis*: through an iron-coated gate, riddled with bullet-holes, a memorial of the sieges of the *Acropolis*. The first thing that arrested our attention was the remains of the *Propylæa*, or temple, through which entrance was had to the platform of the *Acropolis*.—Some of the columns are yet standing. Four of those which supported the façade and frieze are broken off in the middle, though the main body of the porticoes, particularly that of the west side, is well preserved. On both sides of the *Propylæa* were porticoes, which, with the elegant façade of the temple, made a most imposing entrance to the temple-grounds.

To the right, on entering, stands the Venetian tower, which forms such a prominent part in all engravings of the Acropolis. In the revolution it became a watch-tower and prison.—Here Ulysses was confined, who, from a mountain robber, became a patriot leader. Passing between this tower and the Propylæa, we stood before the Parthenon. It is a ruin, but neither time, nor the destroying hand of man, have been able to obliterate the traces of its ancient grandeur. It is not, however, in such a state of ruin as we had been led to imagine. Excepting that the temple is rent asunder in the centre by the explosion of a powder magazine, in the time of the Venetians, and the loss of the frieze, carried off by Lord Elgin, in his Gothic spoliation of the Grecian temples, it is in a tolerable state of preservation. The pilasters and colonnades, with this exception, yet remain. The Parthenon stands upon the highest point of the Acropolis, and towers up, so as to be visible at a great distance, and at all the approaches to the city.

The view from its steps is one of the richest in noble associations, in all nature. The eye from here sweeps over the whole plain of Athens; and as we discovered the site of the Stæcæum, the Lycæum, the Cephissus, and Illysius, and the academy where Plato taught divine philosophy, our feelings were kindled into the most unbounded enthusiasm. A few thinly-planted olive groves, scattered over the plain, recalled the time when it was covered with the sacred olive, beneath whose shade, in the cool retreats of the Lycæum and the Academy, ingenious youth gathered from all quarters of the civilized world, to learn philosophy from the sages of Athens. To the north-east of us stood the surviving columns of the magnificent temple of Jupiter Olympius. Upon an adjoining, though lesser declivity, we saw the hill of the Pnyx, where the turbulent democracy of Athens was wont to listen to the eloquence of him "who fulminated over Macedon." To the south lay the now deserted harbour of the Piræus, and beyond that rolled the waters of Salamis, where Xerxes, from his throne of silver, on yonder mountain, beheld the discomfiture of his fleet by the Greeks, under Themistocles. From the spot where we stood, thousands of anxious Athenians had gazed upon that memorable sea-fight, which was to decide the destinies of Greece; and upon the altars in the temple, beneath whose shadow we were reposing, the fires of sacrifice were kindled, and offerings made to the protecting deities of the city, when the gallees of the Greeks broke the thick array of the Persians, and Themistocles was seen charging them in the full career of successful pursuit.

Around this plain swept a circlet of mountains, Hymettus and Pentelicus lifting their tall summits above all. On the opposite side, the horizon was bounded by the blue Egean.— Marathon lies beyond Pentelicus; and is not to be seen from the Acropolis; but we traced, with no ordinary emotion, the road to it. Along that road ran the soldier who bore to trembling Athens the news of the victory at Marathon, and died proclaiming it. Wherever the eye rested, it fell upon the memorials of ancient greatness. We were overwhelmed with contending emotions of enthusiasm for the glories of the past, and of sorrow for the fallen condition of the mother of arts. Whether refined civilization will ever return to this plain upon which it was cradled—whether letters and the arts will again flourish in the city of their birth—whether true liberty will return to its early home, where it was nourished with such ardent affection, is a matter of speculation. But the world owes too great a debt to Athens ever to be insensible to her sufferings. As Americans, we can boast that we, at least, are performing our duty, and that Mr. Hill, the American missionary at Athens, has become the almoner of civilization on our behalf, in the dispensation of the lights and blessings of education.

The crowning glory of the Acropolis was the Parthenon.— This magnificent building, which, even in its present ruined condition, commands the admiration of every beholder, was, in its perfect state, esteemed the finest piece of architecture in the ancient world. With a peristyle of thirty-four columns, and two fronts of eight columns, each column was six feet in diameter, and thirty-four feet in height, standing upon an elevated pavement, and rising to the height of sixty-five feet, the temple of Minerva towered sublimely up before the gaze of the traveller, from whatever point, by land or sea, he might approach the city. It was built of the purest Pentelican marble, which, to this day, though discoloured by the dews and rains of more than ten centuries, yet retains most of its original purity. It contained some of the greatest triumphs of Grecian sculpture; and, if we are to believe Pausanias, it was enriched with all that Athens could then boast of genius in this art—and this was the age of Pericles! The master-piece of Phidias was there—the Minerva, of gold and ivory, the beauty of which was as exquisite a conception as the poets ever invented; and then the colossal statues of bronze, the internal decorations, and the frieze, the work of Phidias himself, must have made the Parthenon an object of wonder for its grandeur and beauty.

Shattered and broken as it now is, yet its severe simplicity,

its august and commanding position on the topmost point of the Acropolis, surviving the fair city of which it was the boast and glory, make it a monument of art in which I know nothing that can be compared with the wrecks of antiquity. I can say, that after having seen the wonders of art in the East, the impression of the majesty and beauty of the Parthenon yet remains fresh upon the memory, as the *chef d'œuvre* of antiquity. That it should have remained to this day, after the many changes of fortune which Athens has undergone—the invasions and pillages of the Xerxes, Syllag, Philips, Goths, and Turks, is indeed surprising. Its preservation is owing to that respect and awe which works of art inspire in the rudest and most savage breast. Erected as a shrine to Athens' protecting deity, it has been consecrated to the worship of the living God, dedicated to Mahomedan superstition and fanaticism, and has been a shrine at which all religions have worshipped.

“Abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn.”

We owe the Parthenon to Pericles, who decorated Athens with most of the works, whose ruins attest their former beauty. The sensibility of the Athenians to the glory reflected on their city by these splendid edifices, is well illustrated in the following extract from Plutarch:—“The orators of Thucydides' party raised a clamour against Pericles, asserting that he had wasted the public treasure, and brought the revenue to nothing. Pericles, in his defence, asked the people in full assembly, ‘Whether they thought he had expended too much?’ ‘Then be it,’ said he, ‘charged to my account not yours: only let the new edifices be inscribed with my name, not that of the people of Athens.’ Whether it was that they admired the greatness of his spirit, or were ambitious to share the glory of such magnificent works, they cried out, ‘That he might take as much as he pleased of the public treasure, without sparing it in the least.’”

Byron, speaking of the Parthenon, calls it “the finest temple on the finest site in the world.” The position of the Grecian temples added much to the effect of their architecture. Placed on the tops of hills, or their declivities, or on the summit of mountains, as the temple at Phigalea, or in the midst of valleys, as the temple at Delphi, they always appeared distinctly prominent among surrounding objects, and whatever of beauty they possessed made its due impression. With us it is too common to destroy the effect of a fine building, by thrusting it among a mass of other buildings, or by placing it on a level with the public ways, which degrades the appearance of any

edifice. The United States Bank, probably the best piece of architecture in America, owes much of its effect to the high platform on which it stands; its want of a peristyle, however, has forced it into an enclosed area. It is not worth the while to erect costly edifices, if they are curtailed of the space which is necessary to exhibit their full effect.

There are remains of other temples upon the Acropolis, the principal of which is the Erectheion, a beautiful edifice of the Ionic order. Indeed the whole area is covered with fragments of columns and statues. A museum has been formed of the relics recently excavated; they consist for the most part of vases. The excavations are yet continued by the government; numerous workmen were digging in the earth, and clearing away the hill of the rubbish which encumbers it.— These excavations will probably lead to some discoveries, but will they find for the world another Apollo Belvidere, or the Minerva of Pnyx? A soldier accompanied us, and he seemed to be very jealous of any minute inspection of the ruins, fearing, perhaps, that we might carry off some of the sacred relics. I always felt, in walking among these ruins of a former age, a feeling of melancholy, and of reverential awe; to violate the remains of ancient grandeur, seemed to me like the sacrilegious plunder of the tomb. The poetic anathemas of Childe Harold have consigned to infamous immortality one of the plunderers of this fane.

The Acropolis is a precipitous hill of rock rising from the bosom of the Athenian plain. Like most of the other Greek towns, Athens was built around the base of the Acropolis, which served as a domitate the country for several leagues around. The Acropolis is about four hundred feet high, and some four hundred feet broad. Descending the Acropolis, and passing across an intervening hollow, we mounted the hill of the Areopagus. The Areopagus was the high court of Athens; its sessions were held at night in the open air; and in order to prevent the judges from being improperly biassed, the counsel were interdicted the use of any rhetorical ornament or appeal in their pleadings. But here spoke a man, the recollection of whose presence on this spot moved us more than all the fabled integrity of the Areopagus. Here the principles of Christianity were first proposed to the idolatrous Athenians, by the Apostle Paul. Never did an orator more happily bring to his aid the *genius loci*. Standing in the midst of temples, and finding an altar "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD," he "declared unto them HIM whom they ignorantly worshipped, the LORD of heaven and earth, who dwelleth not in temples

made by hands, and whose Godhead was not like gold or silver, or stone graven by art or man's device."

To feel the force of such allusions, we must recollect that, on whatever side from this point the spectator turned, below, around, and above, he beheld pagan altars and temples. Full in sight was the Minerva of Phidias, which was of gold, and graven with all the skill of "art and man's device." As an author remarks, as a mere specimen of *appropriate oratory*, it is not surpassed by the celebrated appeal of Demosthenes, "to *those Propylæ, Parthenon, Porticoes, and Harbours,*" pronounced from the neighbouring but lower eminence of the Pnyx.

Leaving the Neopagus, we crossed over to the hill of the Pnyx. On this hill were held the public assemblies of the Athenian people. The *bema*, or pulpit of the orator, remains to this day. It is cut from the rock. The audience occupied a semicircular space, which swept around the *bema*. Here, in full sight of the harbours, the navies, the temples on the Acropolis and in the plain, the city at his feet, Marathon and Salamis almost in sight, the orator had the most stirring objects of appeal at command. When, as Demosthenes once combined all these associations of national pride and power, religion, and the ties of family and kindred, and wrought them up into one magnificent burst of appeal, and hurled them like a thunderbolt upon his hearers, the effect must have been sublime. Standing upon this interesting spot, I read upon the very *bema* from which Demosthenes had pronounced them, some of those noble passages in the *Philippics*—

"Which fulminated over Macedon,
And shook the arsenal."

Here were held those assemblies, whose fickleness and injustice, first felt in the condemnations and banishment of the Socrates and Aristides, finally inflicted a fatal blow upon the liberty they so carelessly cherished. And here the last words of Athenian fell upon the air, from the lips of her greatest orator.

CHAPTER V.

Athens.—Temple of Theseus.—Temple of Jupiter Olympius.—The Stadium.—Tower of the Winds.—Lantern of Demosthenes.—Arch of Hadrian.—Academy.—A Turkish equestrian.—Visit to the Plain of Marathon.—Persian's Mound.—Pentelieus and its quarries.—Marathon by moonlight.—Adventures in the mountain.

AMONG the monuments which first attract the attention of the stranger at Athens, is the Temple of Theseus! it stands upon an artificial platform, on the slope of a hill. As we entered Athens, it lay to the right, outside the limits of the town, and as we drew our gaze from the temples on the summit of the Acropolis, the eye caught a glimpse of the unbroken peristyle of columns. The temple of Theseus is the most perfect monument of antiquity now existing at Athens. The thirty four columns of the peristyle, and the eight of the vestibules, are all standing. A part of the roof has been destroyed, and the pictures which once covered the interior walks had been obliterated, though a considerable part of the stucco upon which they were painted yet remains. The walls, columns, and main body of the edifice, are uninjured. The Theseium, though not so grand or imposing as the Parthenon, is yet striking for its simplicity and elegance. It is of the Doric order, which seems to have been a peculiar favourite with the Athenians. Severe, chaste, and simple in all its ornaments, well adjusted and harmonised in its proportions, this temple presents a *tout ensemble* of matchless beauty and finish. Its height is about thirty-five feet, and its other dimensions are of corresponding proportions.

The oracle at Delphi ordered the Athenians to transport the bones of Theseus from the island of Scyrus, and inter them within the walls of Athens. Eight centuries had elapsed since the death of Theseus, in a remote isle, to which he had been exiled by his ungrateful countrymen, when the Pythia directed the Athenians to pay him those honours which one of the earliest of her heroes, and the first of her legislators, merited. The son of Miltiades brought the bones of Theseus to Athens, and this temple was built to commemorate his name. It was appropriately consecrated as an asylum and refuge, as Theseus had ever been the protector of the weak and distressed.

Theseus may be said to have been the founder of Athens, for he it was who collected the inhabitants of the scattered hamlets of Attica into one city around the Acropolis. With the spirit of a sagacious statesman, he opened the gates of Athens to the world, and invited all strangers to share in the equal privileges of her citizens, in the words of that wise proclamation beginning with—"Come hither, all ye people." Law and order began with the government of Theseus, and then Athens may be said to have commenced her existence as a civilised state. It is not a little remarkable, that the temple raised to the memory of Theseus should have survived the city which he founded.

The cluster of gigantic columns, standing upon an elevated foundation, on the southeast side of the city, forms a prominent object in the scenery of Athens. But sixteen of the hundred and twenty columns, which once adorned the temple of Jupiter Olympius, now remain. They are the only important specimens of the Corinthian order at Athens. Their dimensions exceed those of any other edifice, being more than sixty feet high, and near seven feet in diameter. This temple was of magnificent proportion, three hundred and fifty-four feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-one in breadth. Begun 530, B.C., by Pisistratus, it was not completed till the time of Hadrian. In his plunder of Athens, Sylla carried off many of the bronze columns destined for the embellishment of this temple, and several of them were placed in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, at Rome. Four of these columns now ornament the sanctuary of the church of *San Giovanni in Laterano*, in the "eternal city." First erected in a temple dedicated to the supreme deity of Grecian mythology, then transferred to the shrine of the Roman Jupiter, and now standing within a church consecrated to the God of Revelation, they are strange memorials of the changing religious faith of man.

The sixteen columns stand in lone and solitary grandeur upon the plain, beyond the murmur of the town. There is something peculiarly impressive in their isolated position, clustered closely together, the survivor of a mighty race, awaiting the moment when the destroying hand of man shall prostrate them in the dust. Upon an architrave, which connects two of the columns, a hermit built himself a cell; how he ever clambered up to this dizzy height, it is hard to conceive. A few stones remain of the lonely abode of the hermit—a striking contrast with the lofty and magnificent columns upon which they are placed.

Leaving the Olympieum, we turned to view the site of the Stadium, which lies on the opposite side of the Ilissus. At a

leap we cleared the waterless bed of the Ilissus. The form of the Stadium remains to this day; of the seats, once covered with Pentelic marble, nothing is to be seen, except the form of the declivity on which they rested. Of this stadium, Pausanias remarks—"The stadium of white marble is wonderful to behold, and not very easy to be credited by those who only hear of it. Its magnitude may be imagined from this: it is a hill rising from the Ilissus, of a semicircular form in the upper part, and extending from thence in a double right line to the bank of the river. It was built by the Athenian Herodes, who used a great quantity of marble from the quarries of Pentelicum in its construction." Upon one occasion, Hadrian introduced the barbaric sports of the Roman amphitheatre, and slaughtered a thousand wild beasts in this stadium, for the amusement of the people.

A very curious edifice still standing entire in the heart of the town. It is the Tower of the Wind. It is an octagonal building, with figures of the winds sculptured upon its sides. Upon the point of its peaked roof a golden Triton, revolving on a pivot, indicated the quarter whence the wind blew, and pointed to the figures of the wind sculptured on the tower. It also contained a sun-dial, to denote the hour when it was clear, and a water-clock when cloudy. A part of the aqueduct which conveyed water to it yet remains. This monument is well preserved, and is carefully protected from injury by the care of the government. The figures of the winds, though somewhat defaced, are executed with a boldness, elegance, and lightness of touch, that is very pleasing. Adjoining the tower is a mosque, now converted to Christian uses, and surmounted by a cross—the symbol of the triumph of truth over error.

Rambling about among the confused mass of ancient and modern ruins on the edge of the town, some Greek boys directed us to a monument standing among broken walls, and almost concealed from sight. I at once recognised it as the "Lantern of Demosthenes," so called by the modern Greeks, though for what reason it is impossible to divine. It is an elegant structure, six feet in diameter, circular in shape, and surrounded by fluted Corinthian columns. The intercolumniation is walled up. Some figures may yet be seen on the frieze. Leake supposes it to have been a temple of Bacchus. There is certainly no authority for its modern nickname of the "Lantern of Demosthenes." It was formerly enclosed within the walls of a Franciscan convent, which, for a long time, was the only place where a traveller might meet a hospitable re-

coption at Athens. This little edifice has become quite a favourite with the moderns. A very good copy of it is to be seen in the cupola on the Philadelphia Exchange. It is more than two thousand years old, being erected in the year 335, B. C., and as Leake, in his topography of Athens, remarks, it is consequently the oldest known specimen of the Corinthian order. It is in an excellent state of preservation.

Near at hand is the arch of Hadrian. On one side is the inscription—"This is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus;" and on the other, "This is the city of Hadrian, and not of Theseus." It was erected to mark the limits between the ancient and the new town, or quarter built by Hadrian. The Athenians raised a colossal statue to the Emperor Hadrian, to mark their gratitude for his restoration of the ancient monuments, and especially for his completion of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which had been in progress of erection for several centuries. The other antiquities of Athens may be enumerated in a few words. The monument of Philopappus, on the hill of the same name—a portico, consisting of four Doric columns supporting a pediment, and a solitary pillar on the plain, called the columns of Esculapius. This portico stands near the end of the principal streets; it served as an entrance to one of the ancient Agorai, or market-places. The market tariff of Hadrian is still to be seen near this portico. The columns of this portico are indented with the marks of saws or axes, which seem to have been applied to them by the Turks, in the hope of finding within some hidden treasure. All the old ruins are supposed by the Turks and Arabs to contain treasures; they are, therefore, very jealous of any minute exploration of them, suspecting that the cunning Franks may outwit them, and get the treasures which the ancients have enclosed within the walls and columns of their temples. They are entirely ignorant of the uses of the ruined edifices among which they build their miserable huts. The ignorance of the Turks is remarkable; of the events of history they know nothing, but what they learn from the Koran, and as the study of that is every year declining, from the laxity of religious discipline, and the waning fervour of devotion, they are losing what vague and fabulous lore it contains. In science they are mere children, and in the arts they are almost as rude as when first they came from the deserts of middle Asia. Their ignorance is no less striking than their illiberal and bigotted prejudices, which, teaching them to despise the rest of the world as infidels and barbarians, prevents their attainment of the modern discoveries in the field of knowledge. They are beginning to be aware of one fact, however, that their existence

as a nation depends upon the will and pleasure of the *infidel* powers of Europe, and that while they have been fixed and stationary, the rest of the world has advanced so much in arts and arms, as to leave the followers of Mahomet in the rear of the civilised nations.

Of the Academy nothing remains but its name and site. The porticoes and statues, which once ornamented its shady glades, have all perished. The Cephissus has dwindled to a muddy brook, which moves along in a Lethe-like current, as if seeking to escape observation amidst the ruin and desolation which surround it. Here Plato wandered, beneath the shades of the umbrageous plane trees which covered the ground, followed by crowds of admirers from all parts of the civilised world, listening with wonder to the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, dimly shadowed forth by the great Athenian philosopher. And here Rome's illustrious orator also resorted.

"Inter silvas Academi querere verum."

As soon as I had finished my examination of the ruins of Athens, I gave the *Cicerone* notice of my desire to visit Marathon. By daybreak we were in the saddle, dashing over the plain of Athens, just as the sun was touching with his earliest rays the columns of the Parthenon, which glowed like shafts of gold in the beams of light which fell upon them. Our horses were Turkish chargers, full of mettle and spirit, and bore us along with the fleetness of the wind. The sky was cloudless, the air pure and balmy, and the zephyrs were freighted with perfume from the flowers of Hymettus. The sparkling air gave an unwonted elasticity to the spirits of my wild Albanian guide. He had doffed the costume of his country, and now wore a Mamelouk dress, which, according to his own account, he had stripped off a Mamelouk officer, whom he found lying dead upon the field of battle. To exhibit the cavalry fighting of the Turks, he plunged the rowels in his steed, put him at a full gallop till he had reached some distance, then wheeled about, and urging him at the stop of his speed, charged directly upon me, flashing his scimeter and firing his pistols over my head. His onset was so impetuous, that, had not my horse, frightened with the report of the pistols and cries of the Albanian, started off, I should have received the brunt of the charge. As it was, he had rather overacted the part, and in his attempt to arrest the speed of his charger, he drew him on his haunches, and horse and rider went over together. My courser, who seemed to think that a pack of wolves was at his heels, set off at a tearing pace, and in his flight through an olive grove, had well nigh inflicted upon me the fate of Ab-

salom. I threw the reins on his neck, as I saw the house was clear, and clinging to the high pummels of the Turkish saddle, bade him defiance. After a fifteen minutes run, he made a sudden bolt, as is the manner of Turkish horses, and sent me flying over his head. He seemed to be satisfied with the day's prowess, and was kind enough to wait till I could extricate myself out of the mud into which he had pitched me, and again mount him. The Albanian rejoined me, and as we both felt our equestrian pride a little wounded by the events of the day, we jogged on in silence, he very complacently yielding to my request, not to give any more exhibitions of Turkish horsemanship.

We passed through several villages, buried in olive-groves, and gardens, which scented the air with the odour of the orange. We stopped to water our horses at a small *cabaret*. Alighting, I found that unfading sign of civilization, a bar-room. Declining to taste the excellent *arak* (runt) of mine host, I called for a cup of coffee, which, in the East, is as sure to be accompanied by the pipe, as the Irishman's call for "coffee for one," was to be followed by "pistols for two." The fame of Miltiades is eclipsed by that of the Corsican, and pictures of Bonaparte and his battles, in colours, as red as the blood which dyed his battle-fields, covered the walls. Almost within cannon shot of this village, the Grecian hero had vanquished the Persian host and yet a newer and later hero, upon the very ground he won from the enemy, had withered his laurels and eclipsed him in fame—among his own countrymen too! The turban and Turkish costume of my guide seemed to be a rather novel sight, as the children, whom we met by the way, dodged behind the walls and houses, through fear that the Turks had come among them again—such is the terror which the recollection of their murderous mode of warfare has left behind them.

Crossing the instep of Mount Pentelicus, which pushes itself out upon the plain, we entered upon a wild, rocky track, covered with brushwood. Thence we passed over a ridge of mountains, and descended by a succession of ravines and descents into the plain of Marathon. We galloped across its level surface, until we came to the mound, riding up which, we halted on its summit, to obtain a view of the plain. Before us lay the sea, which here makes a bold sweep inland; as to give the plain on the sea-side a semi-circular shape. Within sight lay the southernmost point of Eubœa, or Negropont. The Persians embarked at Eubœa, and landed upon the beach nearly in front of the mound. They were just forming their ranks, when Miltiades bore down upon them with a furious

charge of infantry. The onset was so impetuous, that the fortune of the day was soon decided, and the Persians broke and fled in all directions. Never was the superiority of disciplined valour over mere numbers and brute force more signally displayed than on this memorable day.

Athens had been left entirely unprotected. She had sent forth all that could bear arms to stake the issue of liberty, or slavery upon the battle of that day. The Persians had advanced through Eubœa almost unopposed, and were now about to pour themselves upon the plains of Attica. All Greece was aroused, and the cry "to arms!" rang through the length and breadth of the land. The Plataeans and Thebans marshalled their forces, and joined the Athenians in time to share in the glory of the day. Messengers were dispatched to the Lacedæmonians, who addressed them in these terms:—"Men of Lacedæmon! The Athenians supplicate your assistance, and entreat you not to suffer the most ancient city of Greece to fall into the hands of the barbarians." The very slaves were unchained from the door-posts of their masters to fight the battles of freedom. The Lacedæmonians, superstitiously fearing to march before the full moon, arrived after the victory was gained. Six thousand Persians bit the dust, and Greece was saved by the valour of her sons. The Persian fleet doubled Cape Sunium, with the purpose of sailing up the Gulf of Athens, and then seizing the city while it was bereft of its defenders. Miltiades marched his victorious army to Athens in time to frustrate the designs of the enemy. Just as the fortunes of the day had been decided in favour of the Athenians, a soldier set out on foot to carry the news to Athens. He fell upon his shield and expired at the gates, as he proclaimed to the thousands who thronged the walls, that Greece was victorious. One hundred and ninety-two "heroes" fell on the side of the Greeks; for on that day every Grecian soldier was a hero.

This plain is several miles wide, on the east bounded by the sea, and encompassed on its other side by an amphitheatre of mountains. The mound on which we were standing, was thrown up to cover the slain. I found upon it a party of French and Italians, who, on learning that I was an American, received me with great cordiality. A bottle of champagne was uncorked, and "*Vive l'Amérique et la liberté!*" was drunk with an enthusiasm that seemed to derive its force from its sympathetic associations with

"The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hells's sword."

Marathon lies near one of the natural passes up to the plain of Athens, and an invading army from Eubœa, or Northern Greece, would be obliged to cross it, as the nearest route to Athens or the Morea. It has consequently been the theatre of many battles. It was the favourite battle-ground of Gœrra, in the late revolution. He gave the Turks frequent proof that the blood of the soldiers of Miltiades had not degenerated in their descendants. The plain is partially cultivated. Cattle were grazing in the meadows near the sea. I observed a very humane provision to protect them from the heat. As the plain is denuded of trees, and as the rays of the sun are very oppressive on this mountain-skirted plain, arbours of bushwood, thickly covered at the top, were placed near the beach, in the shade of which the cattle screened themselves from the scorching heat of mid-day.

After a *siesta* beneath some olive trees, at the foot of the mountain, around which a shepherd had gathered his flock, we remounted our steeds, and returned to Athens. The next day we took an afternoon's ride to Pentelcus, as it lies but a few hours' distance from Athens. Leaving our horses at the base of the mountain, we ascended it on foot. The quarries are at a considerable height. The excavations are deep and numerous, and in many places marks of the tools and instruments used in quarrying are still to be seen. The columns and ornamental parts of the edifice seem to have been executed here before their removal to Athens, as fragments of capitals and columns in the rough are to be met with. The marble of Pentelcus, which is broken fresh from the native rock, is of the purest white, a colour which it retains, even after ages of exposure to the elements; though the Carrara marble, from its superior polish, and smoother grain, is probably better adapted to statuary. All the monuments of Athens now existing were built of Pentelic marble, and probably all the principal public and private edifices were constructed of the same material. Notwithstanding the length of time these quarries have been worked, and the numerous structures built out of them, the excavations extend over comparatively a small space. Workmen were engaged in quarrying marble for the new palace, and an *atelier* was established at the foot of the mountain, in which sculptors were finishing the capitals and architraves. It was a sad comment on the decayed state of art among the countrymen of Phidias, that these artists were all *Romans*!

Separating at the quarries, we each took our way to the summit of the mountain. As the top of the mountain is broken into many peaks, of nearly the same altitude, we

lost our path, and on arriving on the spine of the ridge, unexpectedly found ourselves on different points. The sun had set and a crescent moon, with a bright star pendant to its lower horn, hung over the plain of Marathon. All was still upon the plain. The Persian's mound rose black and obscure upon its bosom—a gloomy funeral monument—while the sea, upon which tossed the gales of the Persian host, heaved with a subdued swell. The tops of the mountains, silvered by the light of the moon, spread a soft and mellow halo around the embattled plain, while the stars, which spangled the blue arch of night, seemed to shine with a milder and more benignant lustre over the graves where Persian and Greek slept in the peace of death. The monuments of Greece may be destroyed, her temples razed to the ground, and no relic be left of her architectural glories, but the fame of Marathon, and the heroism of those who made it famous will never be lost from the memory of man.

Night had closed in upon us, and we were alone, and beyond hearing of each other, upon the summit of this lofty mountain. I made the mountain echo with shout to my companions, but receiving no answer I was obliged to make my way down as well as possible. The mountain is famous for jackals and wolves, which had already commenced making “night hideous” with their howling, and at abounds in caves, famous as the haunts of banditti. So what with robbers, wolves, and the darkness of the night—as this side of the mountain lays dark and the precipitous descent, I felt a little dubious as to my safe arrival at the bottom. I set out at a brisk pace, dashing through almost impenetrable thickets, falling headlong over rocks, and clearing deep ravines at a leap. I arrived at the foot of the mountain after losing the way, and being obliged, several times, to retrace it to find an open and accessible pathway around the precipices. The Albanian was asleep on the ground, while the horses, tethered to a stake were browsing around. I awoke him, but found my companions had not arrived. We descended to the quarries, lighted bonfires to guide the wanderers, and made the caves and rocks resound with the firing of guns and pistols. It was not till near midnight that my friends got down the mountain, where they had been wandering for hours, lost in thickets and solitudes. Streaks of ruddy light announcing the breaking of the horizon, as our horses' hoofs clattered in the silent streets of Athens.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Hill.—American missionary school.—Its effects.—Enterprise of the Greeks.—The American missionaries in the East.—Departure from Athens.—The Sacred way.—Arrival at Eleusis.—Eleusis.—The Sacred Way.—Pantheon of the ancients.—Greek schoolmaster.—Field for missionary labour.—Traits of travels.—Journey to Megara.

THE last evening of our stay in Athens was passed in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Hill, the American missionary. Mr. Hill's hospitality towards his countrymen who visit Athens is well known. The day of our arrival he called upon us, and invited us to his house. He was also kind enough to open his library, and to place at our disposal his invaluable collection of the ancient and modern authors which illustrate the topography and history of Greece. Mr. Hill receives more guests than the court, and the respect paid him by travellers would be flattering to the king himself. The school which he directs is exercising a most salutary influence. It now embraces several hundred pupils, male and female. The boarding-schools for Greek girls are filled with the daughters of the rich Greeks of the Archipelago and Asia Minor. It is gratifying to know, that the schools of the American missionaries in the Levant are diffusing a knowledge of the English tongue, and consequently of its great literary treasures. English literature is peculiarly the literature of civilisation and freedom; and wherever it extends, it carries with it the most auspicious influences for the moral and social condition. The burning verse of Byron, sympathising with the sorrow and indignant at the wrongs of the land of Homer—the writings and speeches of British orators and statesmen, moving the patriotic sensibilities of Englishmen with allusions to the heroism and patriotism of ancient Greece—the whole body of English literature, rich in contribution to letters and science, and the cause of civil liberty, must, as it diffuses itself among the isles and cities of the East, reawaken the activity and energies of a people whom of oppression have not taught to be slaves.

Mr. Hill and his lady devote themselves with great zeal

to the noble work in which they are engaged. With the countenance of the government, they are also educating female teachers, who may continue the work in other parts so happily begun at Athens. The Greeks esteem Mr Hill as a national benefactor. I was struck with the salutations which he received in passing through the streets, from the humblest even of the population, who knew him only for his philanthropic labours. Several American missionaries have opened schools in the Morea, and other parts of Greece, and wherever I wandered through the Morea, on the bare mention that I was an *American*, I was greeted with an affectionate warmth of feeling, and welcomed as a "friend of the Greeks."

I prefer to give the following account of Mr Hill's school by an unprejudiced foreigner, than to detail to the reader any observation of my own, it is from Cochrane's Greece.

"I had, for some time, received an invitation to attend a public exhibition of the school under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs Hill. The month of June and the month of December are two epochs in this establishment, the youngsters obtaining a respite of two or three weeks from their labours. There is always some ceremony upon these occasions, and invitations are not only sent to the parents of the children, but also to the foreign ministers and the heads of the government. The house appropriated as school is situated a little distance from the Temple of the winds, and has been recently built, under the direction of the worthy pastor. It is of two stories, and about one hundred feet long, about fifty in breadth, and is divided into several compartments. In the lower part is a very large room, which is appropriated for the most youthful part of the community, (from the age of four to eight,) and which has benches raised one above the other, like an amphitheatre, and will contain about six hundred

"On my arrival in the court-yard, the school bell was tolling, and the little ones were walking two by two, very orderly, forming a long string, at the side of each line were grown-up people, to keep them from breaking the line. They all proceeded to the above-mentioned room for examination, and took their places. I entered with them, and while they were collecting, I had an opportunity of observing the room itself. Around it were suspended pasteboard placards, which had different axioms written upon them, such as 'Fear God,' 'Honour your Parents,' 'Be not Idle,' 'Steal not,' 'Learn your Task,' and other moral phrases, such as would forcibly strike the youthful mind."

"Of course, all this was in the modern Greek, their native

language. This simple mode of keeping continually those precepts before the eyes of the youthful congregation must familiarise them to the minds of the young people without trouble, for every time they raise their eyes to the wall they must see them, the lesson must become so impressed upon their minds, as to form an essential part of it, whether waking or sleeping, and must evidently tend to raise up a very moral generation, rich in every virtue.

"The little ones had already taken their seats, and the bell having ceased to ring, intimated to the visitors that they might enter. A few moments afterwards came in Sir Edward Lyons, with Lady Lyons, and their family, also Mr Griffiths, one of the secretaries of the embassy. I have heard that the British minister is the only foreign minister that ever attends these youthful examinations, and countenances by his presence so laudable an undertaking. At all events, this examination had been forwarded that he might be present at it, previous to his departure for his summer cruise.

"Some of the Greek ministers were there, and a great many of the parents of the children. Some of the parents were the notables of Athens.

"On commencing the examination, the worthy pastor advanced a few paces, and placed himself in front of the children, and opened the scene by chanting a hymn, (in Greek,) the youthful audience following him. During this operation, it was not without difficulty that some of the very youthful chanters preserved the needful decorum, among them was a fine little fellow, about four years of age, the son of Vassos, who was dressed like a Greek Palikari chieftain, with a small sword by his side.

"The hymn being finished, the next thing in which they exhibited was a kind of manual exercise. The worthy pastor cried out 'right,' and they all to an urchin, thrust out their right arms, then the word 'left' having followed, the left arm appeared in the same manner; after which the word 'vertical' was used, and they placed their arms over their heads; and then 'horizontal' being uttered, they placed their arms in that position. Several other words were uttered, to which they responded in a similar manner. Then the phrases on the wall were read, in which they joined.

"After this exhibition, a boy about six years of age was ordered to step forward, and he was desired to read a part of a chapter from the Greek testament, which he did, much to the satisfaction of every one present. Then one of the little girls came forward and did the same; and some samples of needlework were exhibited, which were apparently very

good. There were about 500 of the young people and really it was a delightful sight to see so many taught the ways of civilised life, kept from bad habits—from running about the streets—on the contrary, having good instilled into them. They all appeared very docile and attentive, and seemed to venerate their patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Hill—the conduct of the latter of whom is above all praise.

“To conclude the scene, all the young people filed off, one by one, and Mrs. Hill and the two Misses Mullingen, gave to each, in passing, a small paper of sweetmeats; thus, by a pleasing association of ideas, causing them to recollect the event.

“There are other rooms for the girls who are more advanced in education. In these there are three grades, in each of which there are about five-and-twenty, and these are attended by the Misses Mullingen, and Miss Baldwin, all young and attentive women, who have left their homes in America to devote themselves, without fee or a reward, to the rising generation of Greece. There is another lady who teaches in the establishment. She is a Candiote, about sixteen years of age, and very interesting, and appeared to have great influence over the minds of her companions whom she was teaching. She is a most agreeable and fascinating person, and is always present at Mrs. Hill's *conversations* of an evening, and has learnt to speak English very well.

“The above little congregation come early in the morning, and, with a little intermediate recreation, in a large, spacious court-yard, they return home about two o'clock, each child generally bringing a piece of bread to satisfy the cravings of hunger. There are, however, twelve orphans, who are brought up entirely in the establishment, and supported by the king, and who are educated for teachers, to be sent into the provinces to manage similar establishments, and they are distinguished from the rest by having a small white crown stamped upon their red caps, evincing that they are under regal protection.

“This establishment has been productive of much good. It has, by the force of example, excited the Greeks themselves to form similar establishments, (which otherwise would not have been,) and I may truly affirm, that there is hardly a child in Athens above the age of six, who does not know how to read, write, and (if a girl) to work with the needle.”

Of the exertions of the government in the promotion of education, the author further remarks—

“The government has taken under their particular care the education of the people. In Attica there are six public and

four private schools; in Laonia, five public and one private; Achia, five public and four private; Acarnania, four public; Phocis, four public; Eubœa, two public; Cyclades, twenty public and nineteen private. Independent of all these, there are large schools at Athens, and in the towns of Napoli and Patras—which are the three principal points of the kingdom—and in the primary schools there were, at that period, 7293 children who were receiving instruction. There are also schools for the higher order of learning. There is one of this kind at Athens, and also at Napoli, Missolonghi, and Syria, and the number of pupils in them amounts to five hundred. The school of Mr. King, at Athens, is of this order. The public schools are paid from the revenue arising from lands which formerly belonged to the monasteries. The pay of the director of a school is about 350 drachmas (60 dollars) per month; the first teacher 200 drachmas per month, the second, 150 drachmas; the music-master 160 drachmas. These salaries must be deemed very liberal in a country where provisions are so very cheap."

These schools are important agents in scattering the seeds of knowledge over the fields where the early plants of learning first grew; but it is essential also to introduce the arts and modern discoveries in science. The establishment of a manual labour school by the government was in agitation when we were at Athens, and it is to be hoped is now in operation. The culture of the soil, ship building, and the manufactures dependent upon it, and the arts of practical life, must first be known with the modern inventions and discoveries, before we can expect agriculture to cover the valleys with teeming harvests, or commerce again to whiten the sea with the sails of the descendants of Jason. The cunning and skill of the Greeks in handicraft work is well known, and the numerous vessels they build shows an ingenuity and capacity, which, aided by better auxiliaries, would effect great results. Active and intrepid sailors, they carry their vessels beyond the pillars of Hercules, along the coasts of Egypt and Syria, and over the Euxine, into the sea of Azof. The cross of Constantine may now be seen gleaming in every port in the Mediterranean, and bolder, bolder, or more skilful mariners than the modern Argives, are not to be found, except among the Anglo-Saxon race, whose flags fly upon every river and sea that floats a vessel.

One of the most immediately beneficial effects of these schools will be the releasing of the popular mind from the grovelling and debasing superstitions which now degrade it. The Greek religion consists in exterior observances, and exercises no visible influence upon the moral condition of the peo-

ple. The Greek priests are proverbial for their ignorance. This is striking where they are brought into near comparison with the professors of other creeds. Every traveller who has visited Jerusalem, must have been struck with the contrast between the intelligence, wit, and learning of the friars of the Latin Convent, and the besotted and gross ignorance of the Greek monks, whose superstitious fanaticism is but little removed above that of the Mussulmen. Though the instruction imparted in the missionary schools does not immediately attack the popular religion, yet its tendency must be, if not to overthrow it, at least to purify and liberate it from the abuses which now render it rather an agent of evil than good. The missionaries will thus accomplish two important objects—the moral and intellectual redemption of the people.

Of our American missionaries, it is impossible to exaggerate the services they are rendering to humanity. Whether on the sands of Egypt, in the city of Constantine, on the plains of Greece, the hills of Syria, or in the city of David, wherever I have met them, I have found them devoted to the enlightenment and improvement of their fellow-men. Braving the most pestilential climates, leaving the delights of home and kindred, compassing sea and land, for the furtherance of their philanthropic designs, undismayed by the terrors of the periodical pestilence which scourges the East, I know of no body of men who can be compared with the American missionaries for bold, zealous, and Christian philanthropy. The name of their country, which is now respected to the farthest corners of the earth where liberty is cherished, receives additional honour from the natives of the East, from the benedict labours of the missionaries. Their hospitality and kind attentions to the American traveller are too well known to need comment.

I was dreaming one morning, in my chamber, over a volume of Pausanias, when I walked a young Englishman. At the sound of my native tongue, I sent the old Greek flying across the room, and jumped out of bed to greet my new friend, as I supposed him to be—as a traveller in the East gets the idea, that every one who speaks his own tongue must be a friend. He had heard that I contemplated a tour in the Morea and Northern Greece, and came to say, that he and a Frenchman, about to make the same tour, would like me to join their company. I was too glad to find some fellow-travellers, not to immediately accept the proposal. That evening they were to meet the guide, and I joined them. The guide was a tall, slender Albanian, dressed in the picturesque costume of his country, with a sword slung by his side, and an attaghan and a pair of pistols in his belt. He was a dashing figure, and

considerably vain of his fine figure. Our conference with him related to the routes, the wants of travellers in Greece, and the safety of the journey. As to the first, we soon decided to go down the east side of the Morea, come up the west side, cross the Boeotia, and return by Plataea and Leuctra to Athens. As to the second, they were easily enumerated—a few provisions, cooking utensils, and mattresses for beds. As to the third, the accounts were rather discouraging. The guide had just returned with a traveller, who had nearly lost his life among the robbers; the *gens d'armes* of the government had been soundly thrashed of late in their encounters with the banditti, and the whole country was ringing with 'Klephti! Klephti!' (the Greek for 'robbers').

This was somewhat astounding—but what could we do? Here we were, three travellers, who had come thousands of miles with the purpose of making the tour, and ~~now~~ if we were to be baffled, we should, in all probability, never have another opportunity. There was no alternative, so we unanimously resolved, attempt it we must. The ensuing day was occupied in purchasing our travelling necessaries in the bazaars of the town. In the afternoon our lodgings were besieged with a crowd of horse-jockies—for they are as thick in modern Athens as in the days of the Hippodrome. We went to select six horses, four to bear ourselves and guides, and two for the baggage. After considerable delay, we made a choice. A few hours after sunrise the next morning we got into marching order, and turned our backs upon Athens. Our party consisted, besides the guide, of two men, to take care of the horses, in all we numbered six. We wended our way silently over the plain, passing by the site of the Academy, and kept on till we entered a pass in the mountains, and then turned to take a parting glance at the Acropolis. The road for some time lay through this pass. The ruins of a convent were the only signs of habitation that we saw in it. This pass was once bordered by tombs and monuments, some traces of which may yet be seen. The Sacred way to Eleusis lay along it. It opens upon the Gulf of Salamis. As we advanced, the rugged and mountainous shores of Salamis loomed up before our view, and the waters of the gulf lay smooth and glittering in the rays of the sun, as on the day when they bore upon their bosom the contending fleets of the Persians and Greeks.

Leaving the defile, the road now followed the beach, near which we passed a pool of salt water, where the common people stationed themselves during the processions of Ceres, to insult the passers by, in memory of an insult offered to Ceres

by an old woman. The *Via Sacra* turns around the head of the gulf, and stratches over the Eleusinian plain. In a few hours we reached the site of Eleusis, the very name of which is as profound a secret to the modern Eleusinians, as the mysteries of Ceres were to the uninitiated. A few miserable huts, forming the village of Lepsina, cover the site of the ancient Eleusis. We rode up to the only *Khan* in the place. The day was hot, and we were fatigued by the rough ride we had from Athens. This *Khan* was a stone building, one story in height. The floor was of naked mother earth, and instead of chairs, a wide ledge of boards ran around the four sides of the only room. In one corner, the master of the *Khan* had established a kind of a bar-room, where he lay entrenched behind casks of Greek wine, and bottles of *arak*. He seemed to have been using too freely his own drugs, as we found him in a happy *trance* of oblivion surrounded by the objects of his idolatry. The tapping of one of his casks broke his slumbers, and on seeing he had Franks for his guests, he bustled around with a commendable activity. Spreading our mattresses on the boards, we fell into a sound slumber, from which we were awakened by the importunity of the fleas, who seasonably admonished us of the readiness of the lurch which our servant had been preparing. This over, we sallied out to see what remained of the once splendid temples and monuments of Eleusis.

Eleusis lay upon the edge of a plain, girdled by a belt of lofty mountains. The *Via Sacra* wound along the beach until it turned into a pass between the mountains, and then struck upon the plain of Athens, crossing the Cephissus, near the Academy, and pursuing its course until it entered Athens by the sacred gate. The quinquennial mysteries of Ceres were celebrated with great pomp, and drew thousands of votaries from all parts of Greece to the shrine of the Goddess of the Fields. The religion of the Greeks, though nothing more than a poetic fable, was quite natural to a people uninstructed by Revelation; it suited also the tastes of so refined and elegant a people. The religions of the East, anterior to the time of Christ, are typical of the progress of civilisation, and its humanising influences. The gross and brutal systems which sprang from the banks of the Ganges, whose supreme deity was an idol of wood, and whose favour was only to be propitiated by human sacrifices, were refined and purified of their more revolting features by the wonderful people whose monuments, in the Valley of the Nile, yet attest their progress in arts and civilisation. The religion of the Greeks and Romans was much removed above that of the more remote ages. The

cultivated reason of Plato and Cicero led them to the belief of the immortality of the soul, and the popular mind itself, enlightened by the progress of time, would have ultimately rejected the fabulous mythology which amused their early ages.

The mythology of the ancients represented the elements, the agents of Nature, and the controlling influences of human life, as so many deifications, which were worshipped according to their respective importance. The honours paid to Venus were but signs of sense of the benign influence of the affections on human happiness; those to Minerva, of the value of wisdom and learning; and the homage to Ceres, a solemn ceremony of gratulation for the gathering of the harvest. This multitude of divinities consecrated all the pursuits, and gave such sanctity to the life of an ancient, that in every action and thought he was surrounded by innumerable deities. Every breeze that blew, every emotion that agitated the heart, and every convulsion in nature, was the work of some omnipresent deity; while over heaven and earth supreme reigned the immortal Jove,

"Divum pater atque hominum rex."

Of the temple in which the mysteries of Ceres were celebrated, nothing remains, unless the broken shafts and capitals which are found upon the plain be the disjointed members of that great edifice. I observed the base of a column half buried in the hut of a shepherd, which, judging upon the principle of "*ex pede Herculem*," must have sustained a shaft of gigantic dimensions. The mutilated acanthus of a capital arrested our attention, for the beauty, neatness, and delicate execution of its intricate foliage. A few arches of a ruined aqueduct, evidently Roman, stand isolated and in solitary grandeur upon the plain. They are the last relics of the ancient splendour of Eleusis. Alarac, the Visigoth, swept the plain of its ancient mountains, burst open the gates of the temple, which had so long kept from the gaze of the profane world the sacred mysteries, and extinguished for ever the sacrificed fires.

Finding nothing of interest upon the plain, we rambled to the top of a rocky hill which intervenes between the ancient site and the Gulf of Salamis. Near the summit, beneath the shadow of a beetling crag, we found a schoolmaster, exercising his sway over some score of urchins. Within sight lay the Gulf of Salamis, the scene of the glory of Themistocles, and the port of Piræus. From the cloudless sky of Attica, a sun shot down his burning rays, but sheltered beneath the overhanging rocks, the "*didaskalos*" had drawn up his little flock under the shade of a tree, but by the trickling of a mountain spring, which fell with summer heat, feebly gushed from its expiring drops.

He was a venerable, gray-headed old man, and exercised his profession with the dignity of a Socrates. He had but to turn the attention of his pupils to the plains and seas around, to remind them of the ancient glories of their country, or to stimulate their ambition by deeds of prowess. But I am afraid he knew as little of Themistocles and Aristides, as the lazy little urchins who were conning over their tasks cared for these worthies. They were the children of the Albanians, who occupy the modern Eleusis. Their fathers were mostly shepherds, and their flocks were browsing among the hills, to which their merry eyes were constantly straying from the Alphas and Omegas before them. Our imperfect acquaintance with the modern Greek did not permit us to maintain other than a broken conversation with the old teacher. We learned enough, however, to discover that his instruction was of the most meagre kind, and extended but little beyond the alphabet. He was kind and courteous, and sent a wild, black-eyed harumscarum little Greek boy to guide us among the hills. We could extract nothing from him touching the ruins. He was as profoundly ignorant of Eleusis or Ceres, as the Turks themselves, whose cabins cover the plain.

The Greeks must depend in a great degree upon the efforts of the missionaries for the instruction of their children. A great field is open for missionary enterprise in the kingdom of Greece. Thus far almost all the missionaries in Greece are Americans. A nobler employment than that of enlightening the minds of those whose ancestors have handed down the light of wisdom and learning to all succeeding ages, cannot be conceived.

A Venetian tower stands upon the brow of the hill; it dominates the plain. All the hills in Greece, near to towns, are surmounted by these tall towers, which seem to have been built by the Venetians, rather as watch-towers than as fortresses. Returning to the *Khan*, we found the horses saddled and awaiting our coming. Leaving our servant to settle with the host, we jumped into our saddles, and set off for Megara. It was after three in the afternoon, and the sun's rays were yet intensely hot. Before we had proceeded far, the guide, coming up, perceived that the Englishman was not with us, though his horse was following in the rear. We at once commenced rousing the echoes of the hills, with shouts for our companion, but no answer was returned: the guide was dispatched to scour the rocks, in quest of the wanderer. I was not alarmed for his safety, as I had seen enough before I left Athens, to convince me that this freak was nothing more than one of the *Tahn Bullism* we might expect to be entertained

with in our journey. The guide found the Englishman quietly ensconced behind the walls of the old tower, sketching Salamis, and "the isles that crown the *Ægean* deep." Had he remained there till we were out of sight, he might have introduced into the foreground of his picture a Greek Klephti, a very picturesque personage, aiming a long Albanian musket at him from the top of some of the neighbouring cliffs.

Our road now pass'd out of the plain, into the mountains. The naked rocky heights which surround the island of Salamis lay in sight all the journey. Inhospitable as is its external appearance, this island has several times afforded shelter to the Athenians. In the Persian invasion the whole population of Athens fled to the caves and rocks of this island, and several times, in the late revolution, the women and children were sent there to save themselves from massacre. As our horses were to accompany us till we had made the circuit of the Morea, we did not urge them beyond a walk. The baggage horses, loaded with the beds and cooking utensils, toiled along with most admirable spirit over the rocky road. By their side, with Albanian muskets slung across their shoulders, walked the muleteers, two Albanians, whose profession had undoubtedly been that of mountain robbers, until it was rendered unprofitable by a settled government. The guide led the van, while we occupied the centre, the baggage horses closing the rear. The Englishman was boring the guide about the route, the Frenchman beating the bushes ahead, and firing at the rabbits without hitting any, and the rest of us staring at everything which could arrest the gaze of our weary eyes. It was just at the hour when

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Behind *Morea's* hills, the setting sun.

that we entered the ancient city of Megara.

CHAPTER VII

Megara — Territorial insignificance — The Kaka Scala — Robbers, ancient and modern — Kalamachi — Hydriote beauties — Night-ride to Corinth — Ruins of Corinth — Isthmus of Corinth — Ancient wall — Ruins of the Isthmian town — Harbours — American colony — Corinth — Its sieges, commerce, and riches — St Paul — Antiquities — Albanian soldiers — Acro Corinthus — Superb view. — Modern Corinth

EIGHT hours of weary travel from Athens rendered us indifferent to the quality of our lodgings. We found quarters in the house of a Greek, who usually entertained the few Frank travellers who passed through Megara. The accommodations, however, consisted in nothing more than the shelter of a roof. Our apartment was open to all the winds of heaven, and what was worse, to the impertinent curiosity of the Kelphti who might be lurking about. As we might receive a midnight visit from these gentry, we placed our pistols under our pillow (a Turkish saddle) to be ready to give them a proper greeting. The horses were stabled in the story below us, a herd of goats on the flat roof over our heads, and mine host and a tribe of children in the adjoining apartment, so what with the neighing of the horses, the bleating of the goats, and the squalling of children, the night passed away in sleepless agony.

Megara still retains its ancient name, and occupies its original site. It was the capital of the province, or rather state of Megaris, for this little district, like Argos and Sparta, was an independent kingdom. The extent of the whole country was comprised by the Crissean gulf on one side, and the Saronic on the other, and the confines of Attica to the north, and Corinth to the south—a length of about twenty miles, and a breadth of about eighteen. It is a country of rocks and sterile plains. And yet Megara flourishes in Grecian history with a dynasty of kings, and from her superabundant population, planted a colony on the coast of Sicily. Her power must have been at one time considerable, as Pericles, jealous of the increasing wealth of Megara, forbade the Athenians all intercourse with the rival state. The three hundred Megareans, at the battle of Plataea, and the twenty galleys in the sea-fight at Salamis, show that Megara, though small in territory, was

not wanting in armies or fleets. It is only in connection with the general affairs of Greece that the name of Megara figures in history. A line in Cicero has preserved the name of Euclid, the founder of a school of philosophers who believed in the eternity of the world. This line has saved from oblivion almost the only name of note that Megara produced.

Megara, however, like all the other states of Greece, cultivated the fine arts, twelve colossal statues of the pagan gods adorned her temples, and other statues of Praxiteles attracted to her the lovers of art. The modern town is a collection of stone cabins, and the whole population would not equal the number of Megaran soldiers at Plataea. Of antiquities, we saw nothing but two ancient statues, made from a stone resembling granite. They were worn down by time to shapeless blocks of stone. The ancient harbor of Nisea lay at some distance on the Saronic Gulf, and was connected with Megara by a double wall.

After a breakfast of eggs and milk, we set off for Corinth. As we travelled up the mountains, we saw the distant summits of Parnassus, gilded by the rays of the rising sun. We continued to ascend the mountains until we came to a lofty summit, where we fell into the ancient paved-way which led into Peloponnesus from Attica. Here we saw remains of the ancient gate which marked the boundary between the Morea and Northern Greece. Here is supposed to have stood the *stelé* erected by Thebes, which bore on the southern side the inscription—"Here is Peloponnesus, not Ionia," and on the northern—"Here is not Peloponnesus but Ionia." We had now entered the Morea. The road here called the "*Kaka Scala*" (bad road,) deserved its name. On one side of us rose the precipitous heights of a mountain, while several hundred feet below rolled the waters of the Saronic Gulf. The road was so narrow, that it was with difficulty we kept our horses in the path. We were obliged to dismount and lead the horses—a stumble would have dashed them to pieces on the rocks below. To heighten the effect of the scene, the guides entertained us with a story of a party of Turks, who had been cut to pieces and thrown over the precipices by a band of Greek robbers. The narration was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of some Albanians in the pass before us. They had descended from the rocks above, and stood leaning upon their muskets in the midst of the path, surveying us with the utmost nonchalance, though it was evident either we or they must give the road. As we advanced, however they began to retreat, and in a few moments they had scaled the rocks, and we lost sight of them. This singular apparition of armed men

in this solitary pass had somewhat alarmed us, and we expected difficulty. What was their object we could not imagine, no words were interchanged, and we were as glad to get rid of their scowling faces, as we had been surprised at meeting them. They probably belonged to a band of robbers who were known to haunt the fastnesses of the mountain finding us in strong force, and all armed, and moreover Franks, they probably thought it not prudent to attack us.

Here it was that Theseus destroyed the robber Sciron, who obliged travellers to kneel down and wash his feet, and while engaged in this, precipitated them over the rocks. The pointed rocks in the sea beneath are said by Ovid to be the bones of Sciron. Sciron, the pine bender, also had his haunts hereabouts. He amused himself with tying the legs of travellers to pines bent double, and then suffering them to rebound, by which the bodies of his victims were torn asunder. Theseus very appropriately rewarded these two robbers with the application of their own ingenious inventions. A modern Theseus, if we were not mistaken in the character of the sinister-looking personages we had met in this road, might here find employment for their philanthropic labours. After a most toilsome march on foot over this dangerous road, beneath a scorching sun, we descended into the little plain in which lies the hamlet of Kineta.

Kineta is a collection of miserable hovels of mud, in a marsh, and the inhabitants looked like spectres. Instead of finding any repose here, we were so tormented with gnats and fleas, that we were obliged to resume our journey in the consuming heat of noon. In an hour more we reached a church, near which we found a spring. Throwing ourselves down beneath some olive trees, we took a slight refreshment, and then fell into a sound slumber, from which we were aroused at three to pursue our journey to Corinth. Remounting our horses, in an hour more we passed the village of Kasida, the ancient Sidus, and late in the afternoon arrived at Kalamachi, the ancient port of Schoenus. Just as we reached Kalamachi, a *felucca* came to land with a party of Hydriotes, on their way to Corinth. The attention of the *quidnuncs* of the village was divided between our honourable selves and the Hydriotes. It was soon, however, altogether transferred to the Hydriotes, for the party consisted chiefly of women and girls, they were somewhat abashed at our Frank costumes. Our guide, half savage as he was, had a keen eye to beauty, and following the light of a pair of black eyes, he led us to the boat.

The boat was laden with Greek wine. An old woman,

who seemed to the proprietress of the cargo, offered us some wine, while the girls bouiced on shore, standing in observing silence while we drank. I took a cup of the wine as an excuse for a more minute glance at these Hydriote beauties, and while I was looking over the rim the wine was trickling down upon the sand. This set them laughing, in which we all joined, and restraint vanished. They were a merry, gay-hearted set, and seemed to think that their beauty would lose nothing by good humour. They had

Those large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,

while the coronal of flowers that covered their raven locks, set off their charms with great effect. And yet they were simple peasant girls. Their dress was the national costume, gay and brilliant as it has been for ages. The Ionic elegance of the climate pervades all classes, and there is no less poetry in the cloudless skies and picturesque scenery of Greece, than in the customs and temperament of her people. Byron's description of Haidee, the fisherman's daughter, might answer for one of those island beauties, who came upon us in this wilderness of mountain and glen, like the flash of a sunbeam through a rifted cloud. She was one of the beautiful creations of these warm climates, where the face is *transparent* with passion and feeling.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

It was late at night when we arrived at Corinth. We were glad to find a clean and comfortable Khan, where we could repose our jaded bodies after the rough ride we had over the mountains from Megara. The master of this khan was a Cefalonian. The Cefalonians are a mongrel race, being descended from the Maltese, Venetians, and Greeks, who have successively possessed or populated the Ionian islands. They are not held in much esteem by the Greeks of the Morea and the Archipelago, who regards them rather as foreigners, than as descendants from the pure Hellenic stock. Our host, if rumour was to be believed, had procured all the worse characteristics of his progenitors. An Englishman had suddenly disappeared from his khan, some few months before, and had never been heard of since the night he slept in it. Suspicions of foul play rested on the Cefalonian. In any other country than Greece, suspicions would have led to judicial inquiry, and justice would have vindicated the abused laws of hospitality. Such things were of too frequent occurrence to ex-

cite much notice, in a country just emerging from a state of anarchy. Recently, through the efforts of the government, the roads have become more safe, and, though the traveller is in constant apprehension, from the wilderness of the country, and the lawless character of the inhabitants, yet he is rarely put in jeopardy of his life. The physiognomy of the Cclaulonian was not calculated to discredit the reports touching his house. The life of a traveller in Greece is one of constant adventure and hazard, so we concerned ourselves as little as possible about these and similar tales. The bright eyes of the fair Hydriotes we had met at Kalamachi flashed across our midnight reveries oftener than the daggers of assassins.

As we had crossed the Isthmus after night, we retraced our steps the succeeding day, to examine it more at leisure. Instead of a sandy neck of land, it is a low rocky ridge. The thin soil occasionally reveals the rocky foundation beneath. Traces of the canal begun by Nero, near the shore of the bay of Lechaum, may yet be seen. The idea of cutting a canal across the Isthmus, though entertained by Perander, Julius Cæsar, Caligula, and Atticus Herodes, was never put in execution, till the time of Nero. He seriously attempted it, but the disturbance in the western part of the Roman Empire recalled him to Rome, and the design was abandoned. The route of the canal followed the *Diochus*, or narrowest part of the Isthmus, between Lechaum and port Schornus, over which the Greeks were accustomed to draw their light galleys and vessels from gulf to gulf. They thus avoided the long and circuitous passage around Cape Matapan. As the commercial cities of Egrium and Sicyon lay near the extremity of the Crissean gulf, and there were other important parts along its shores, the trade across the Isthmus must once have been very great. The rocky spine of the Isthmus would render it expensive and difficult to cut a canal though perfectly feasible to the science of modern engineering. The breadth of the Isthmus between Lechaum and Kalainachi is about three miles and a half. The ancient Isthmian wall followed nearly the course of the canal; it began further southward of the bay of Lechaum, and stretched over to the port of Schornus. It enclosed the two harbours at its extremities, and at Lechaum terminated in a castle, the foundations of which are yet to be seen. This wall was of very ancient construction, as the different states of Greece were too jealous of each other to permit such a barrier between the Peloponnesus and Hellas to remain standing, when a more advanced civilisation had rendered them formidable rivals. This wall was designed to protect the Corinthians from an

invasion to the north. It was renewed by the Goths, Venetians, and Turks, as they possessed themselves of Corinth. The remains of the wall show the work of its different architects, but particularly that of the Venetians and Greeks.

This wall, in its course across the Isthmus, included the *Hierum*, or sacred enclosure, in which was the Temple of Neptune. We discovered traces of the enclosure of the temple of Neptune, a stadium, and a theatre, about a quarter of a mile from Kalamachi. Broken fragments of columns indicate the existence of several large edifices within the *Hierum*. Pausanias, describing the sacred enclosure, says—"The remarkable objects here are a theatre and a stadium, both constructed of white marble. In approaching the temple of Neptune, there are, on one side, statues of *Athletæ*, who have been victorious in the Isthmian games; and on the other, pine trees, planted, for the most part, in a straight line. Upon the temple, which is not very large, stand Tritons, in the pronaos, are two statues of Neptune, one of *Ampitrite*, and a fourth, of the sea, all these figures are of brass. Within the sacred enclosure, to the left, is the temple of *Palæmon*, containing the statues of Neptune, *Leucothea* and *Palæmon*. There is another place, called the *Adytum*, which has a subterranean entrance, where *Palæmon* is said to be concealed. There is also an ancient sanctuary, called the altar of the Cyclopes, where sacrifices are made to them."

Pausanias visited Greece about the second century of the Christian era, near fifty years after the destruction of Corinth by Mummius. He found the sacred buildings of the Isthmus not only in a good state of preservation, but beautified and enriched by the gifts of the Roman emperors. Atticus Herodes had placed within the *Hierum* several magnificent dedications; and, subsequently to the time of Pausanias, the private munificence of *Juvencianus* adorned the sacred precincts with the temples of *Ceres*, *Proserpine*, *Bacchus*, and *Diana*, besides numerous buildings for the accommodation of the *Athletæ*, who contended in the Isthmian games. The buildings stood within the sacred grove. The Isthmian wall defended the *Hierum*, and it was probably to protect the sacred buildings, as much as any thing else, that it was erected. The Isthmian were among the most celebrated of the Grecian games. They seem to have been constituted chiefly of athletic sports. The central position of Corinth, and its easy access by sea, drew great numbers from all parts of the Grecian possessions to these games, and so sacred were they esteemed, that they were continued after the destruction of Corinth by the Sicionians, to whom the Romans had intrusted their direction.

A noble tribute to the departed greatness of Greece was twice most touchingly paid at these games by the Roman generals. It was during one of the celebrations, in the midst of assembled thousands, that Titus Quinctius Flaminius restored liberty to Greece. Having defeated Philip of Macedon in his ambitious attempts after the sovereignty of Greece, on his return to Rome, Flaminius stopped at the Isthmus during the festivities. Silence being commanded by sound of trumpet, a herald went forth and made proclamation, "That the Roman Senate, and Titus Quinctius Flaminius, the general and consul, having vanquished King Philip and the Macedonians, took off all impositions, and withdrew all garrisons from Greece, and restored liberty, and their own laws and privileges, to the Corinthians, Locrians, &c." Plutarch says, that the proclamation being a second time pronounced by the herald, produced such an excitement among the people, that, in the transport of their joy, the shout they sent up was so prodigious, as to be heard as far as the sea. The people left their seats; there was no further regard paid to the diversions — all hastened to embrace the preserver and protector of Greece. Such was the effect of the loud shouts from the multitudes assembled, that a flock of crows, flying over at the time, fell into the theatre. Two centuries after, Nero again conferred the gift of liberty at these games. Ascending the rostrum, he himself pronounced an harangue, in which he declared the Grecians free, and at liberty to be governed by their own laws.

The two harbours of Corinth, on the Crissean and Saronic gulfs, Lechaëum and Cenchreæ, are rarely resorted to by modern navigators. Returning to Corinth, from Kalamachi, we examined the site of Cenchreæ. Nothing remains of the ancient town but heaps of stones, and a part of the mole which defended the harbour. Temples of Venus, Æsculapius, and Isis, crowned the heights around the port; and upon a rock in the sea, stood a brazen statue of Neptune. Kalamachi is now the port of entry on the Saronic gulf. We stopped at Hexamilia, a village about midway between the Isthmus, where it is six miles across. The vicinity was interesting to us as Americans, as the seat of a colony, established under the auspices of one of our countrymen. Doctor Howe, of Boston, no less known as an ardent philhellénist than a philanthropist, here made a settlement of Greek families, that had been impoverished and reduced to misery by the war; a hospital was also built, and schools established. It was the depot of provisions and articles sent from America, which were

here at first gratuitously distributed; subsequently, labour was paid for in articles of subsistence and apparel; implements of trade and agriculture were also distributed, and the colony, under the immediate direction of Dr. Howe, became a model, which had a most beneficial effect on the surrounding population. The government granted Dr. Howe near ten thousand acres for the use of this colony. We were reminded of these facts by a Greek family at Hexamilia, who had been recipients of the bounties of American charity. They bore the most affecting testimony to the benevolent zeal and devotion of Dr. Howe. It was pleasant, in this distant land, to be treading in the footsteps of one who had done so much to exalt his country in the estimation of the friends of humanity.

No where have I been more forcibly struck with the instability of human greatness, than in traversing the site of ancient Corinth. Of this opulent and powerful city, whose commerce extended to all parts of the habitable world, and whose riches grew into a proverb, hardly a vestige exists. Seven Doric columns of a temple of the most remote antiquity alone remain of all the monuments of this proud metropolis. Corinth, for a long period, stood at the head of the Achaean confederacy, which, through a judicious and peace-loving policy, became the most powerful of the states of Greece. Its increasing power attracted the jealousy of Rome. In revenge for an insult to the Roman ambassadors, Corinth was razed to the ground by the consul Mummius; all the men were put to death, the women and children sold into slavery, and the city was wrapt in flames for several days, until it was reduced to a smoking heap of ruins. Restored a hundred and fifty years afterwards by Julius Cæsar, it was sacked and plundered by the Goths; afterwards rebuilt by the Venetians, it was again destroyed by Mahomet II. The statues and paintings sent to Italy by Mummius, from the plunder of Corinth, created in the Romans that taste for the arts for which they subsequently became so distinguished. They belonged to the consul as spoils of war, but instead of reserving them to himself, as Cicero says, "*Italiam ornare quam domum suam, maluit.*"

A more eligible position for a commercial metropolis than that of Corinth cannot be conceived. Seated at the head of a narrow isthmus, with capacious harbours on the two gulfs which bordered it on either side, she communicated at once with the Adriatic and the Aegean, and became a mart for Europe and Asia. Here the people of the East and the West met to exchange the products of the remote countries that lay upon the shores of the Bosphorus, the coast of Asia Minor, and

of Egypt, for the fabrics and productions of Greece, and of the countries on the Adriatic. The wealth gained by commerce disposed the Corinthians to peace. They preferred the ease and pleasure of luxury to the glory of arms, and hence it is that Corinth makes no conspicuous figure in the military history of Greece. To the Christian, Corinth has some interest, from the fact, that St. Paul made it his abode for a year and six months. He left behind a number of followers, as his Epistles to the Corinthians show.

The Doric temple mentioned above, is supposed to be of great antiquity, and to have belonged to *Grecian* Corinth. Leake assigns it a date as remote as seven centuries before the Christian era. This opinion is founded on the appearance of the columns, the shortness of the shaft of which, compared with the diameter, is so materially different from any of the Doric edifices whose origin is known. They are also monolithes, which is another essential difference from all other Doric columns. These seven columns stand within the yard of a peasant's house. Not far from them are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and this is all that remains of Corinth!

Having completed our examination of the ancient sites, we ascended the Acro-Corinthus. The ascent is very steep, and occupied us near an hour. Passing through several gates, we arrived upon the platform of the mountain. Here we found a small garrison of Albanians. They were young men, and had all participated in the late revolution. They were, as all the Albanians are, of light and slender figure, though erect and firm in step. They are well adapted for mountain warfare, being agile, and capable of supporting an extraordinary degree of fatigue. Their trade is war, and they enlist under the Crescent and Cross, with equal indifference to the tenets of those for whom they fight. Cruel, unsparing, vindictive, and brave, they are terrible foes, and acknowledging no allegiance to law or religion, humanity or justice has but little influence with them. They are no less quick and active in their movements, than in their perceptions, and in times of great commotion, the common soldier frequently rises from the ranks to the Divan. They rise with the sword and rule with the sword. Mehemet Ali was a common soldier, and he is a mild specimen, bad as he is, of the atrocious and tyrannical disposition of the Albanian. The Albanians form a considerable part of the troops of the sultan, and they are the only soldiers upon whom he can count in an hour of need—provided he pays them well. They are of Slavonic origin, and their language is a confused jargon of Romic, Italian, and Slavonic. Their physiognomy is ruffian and brutish, and, I never met one of

them without instinctively feeling for my pistols. They are hard drinkers, and have all the vices, with but few of the virtues, of a soldier.

The Acro-Cornithus is surrounded by a wall, with embrasures for cannon. There was but a few pieces of cannon on the walls. We observed, however, some long twenty four pounders, richly ornamented with the Venetian arms, which had remained in the fortress since its capture by the Turks. The citadel was several times taken and retaken by the Greeks and Turks in the last revolution, and many a bloody battle has been fought here with its battlements. Roman, Turk, Goth, and Hun, have besieged it, and poured out their blood upon the isthmus below.

"But could the blood be fore her led,
Since first Timeoleon's brother led,
Or badli'd Persia's despot led,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below,
Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perish'd there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain like through those clear skies,
Than yon tower capped Acropolis
Which seems the very clouds to kiss."

The peak of the mountain is crowned by a church, which stands on the site of a temple of Venus. From here we obtained the most magnificent view I have seen in any part of the world. Hence I might have addressed the seat of the Muses in the very words of the poet

"Oh, thou Parnissus! whom I now survey,
Not in the trony of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled land-cape of a lay,
But soaring snow clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!"

For it appeared distinctly in view to the north, its summit covered with snow, glittering in the rays of the sun like a diamond of pearl. Helicon and the whole range of those mountains which were consecrated to the Muses, spread their bold outlines and snowy peaks before us to the north. The narrow Isthmus lay at our feet, with the Gulf of Lepanto in sight, as far as Stryan and the Gulf of Egina, even to "far Iona's height." Salamis and "the isles that crown the an deep" rose before the eye with all their glorious asso-

cations, while the Acropolis of Athens, surmounted by the majestic ruins of the Parthenon, were visible in the distance, though not fifty miles from us. The clearness and brilliancy of the atmosphere in Greece is astonishing, and it is almost impossible to estimate justly proportions and distances. Behind us lay a chaotic sea of mountains, the rugged barriers of the Peloponnese. Such a combination of mountains, seas, and plains invested with the most beautiful hues of earth and sky, forms a landscape of the most diverse and striking beauty, while over all, poetry has shown a chain that peoples the solitude of nature with the brightest creatures of imagination. The scene was enchanting and we remained rapt upon it, until the declining sun had bathed the mountain peaks with the rosy tints which always indicate the setting of the great luminary of day in the beautiful regions

"Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in die,
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

Before ascending the Acro-Corinthus, we took a draught of the waters of the fountain Pirene, where Pegasus was drinking when carried off by Bellerophon to assist him in the conquest of the Chimera. This fountain is a still body of water, at some depth below the surface of the hill. It is said to be the source of other springs in the town.

Corinth suffered severely in the revolution. Lying across the great highway between the Morea and the rest of Greece, it was constantly desolated by war. Before the war it contained a thousand Greek and three hundred Turkish houses. Hamid Bey, the Turkish governor, possessed a large palace, which, with its fountain, baths, and gardens, was entirely destroyed. The extensive plain of Corinth was well cultivated, and covered with plantations and olive groves. The present naked and dirty surface of the plain presents an affecting picture of the horrors of war. The town was several times burnt, and hardly a single Turkish house remains. The new town is built on the site of the ancient Corinth. The houses of stone and brick are neat, and more indicative of comfort than the Greek houses generally are. Corinth is rising from its ashes, and must, if the government be as propitious to it as nature is, attain to an important position in the new kingdom of Greece.

CHAPTER VIII.

Greek women.—Social tyranny.—Valley of Nemea.—Battle of Greeks and Turks.—Ruins of Mycenæ.—The tomb of Agamemnon.—Journey to Argos.—Approach to Argos.—Modern and ancient Argos.—Ruins of Tiryns.—Napoli Di Romania.—Capo D'Istria.—American charity.

THE imagination is so much excited by the encomiastic strains, of the Greek poets, and of their modern imitators, upon the beauty of the descendants of Helen, that we expected, at every step, to be dazzled with their brilliancy. Even in Corinth, which once bore the palm of female beauty—Corinth, the Circean charms of whose daughters caused many a truant Ulysses to forget his Penelope—that Corinth, of which Anacreon sang in his time—

“For beauteous nymphs it bears the sway,
For none so beautiful sure as they.”

ODE 32.

Even in this lauded Corinth, we did not see a female face that was even *passably*. The traveller naturally turns from the view of nature, to their fairest works of mortal mould, and for my part, fine scenery and bright times appeared to lose a part of their attractions, and nature to be niggardly of her fair gifts, where the face of the woman was not as beautiful as the soft lakes and mountains among which she dwelt, and as radiant with the unclouded light of peace and love, as the sunny skies which o’er-canopied her land. It may be a conceit, but it always seemed paradoxical to me, to expect to find a country where the beauty of nature was not mirrored back from the face of woman.

We must attribute the present dearth of female beauty in Greece to the miseries of war, and the hardships of a country where, till within a few years, the husbandman tilled his fields, armed to the teeth, and the wife reared her children, and kindled her household fires in the depths of mountain caves, from whence she was sometimes called forth, like the Maid of Saragossa, to direct the murderous engines of war, or raise the drooping courage of her husband and sons. There

is also something in the present hard lot of the Greek women that claims our sympathy. The women in Greece are obliged to submit to the hardest toil, and are kept in a subjection little creditable to their lords. They participate not only in the labour of the fields, but are obliged to perform several of the severer kinds of labour which task even masculine strength. The peasant women at thirty have the appearance of fifty; bronzed by the sun, and disfigured by excessive labour, their shrivelled features sadly disappoint the enthusiastic traveller, who expects to meet in every female face a Zoe or a Haidee.

The Greeks still retain the worst features of the social tyranny of the Turks. Women are kept in the strictest seclusion, and debarred all male society, except that of their nearest relations; even in the tender affairs of love they cannot act without restraint. Marriage is nothing more than a bargain, arranged between the bridegroom and the parents of the wife; the wishes or feelings of a young girl are rarely consulted, and she is obliged to give her hand to one whom she meets for the first time at the altar. Instead of being the companion of her husband, she becomes his slave. The little society that exists in Greece is extremely insipid, from the absence of the softer sex; and I cannot but think that the rough and harsh manners that prevail, would be softened and refined by the social charms of women. The Greek ladies of the higher classes are not wanting in personal attractions, and their quick and brilliant imaginations would serve as a foil to the present somewhat dull and lethargic temperament of society in Greece. But a visible improvement is now taking place; society begins to open its portals to her who constitutes its brightest ornament, and imbues it with all its elegance and purity. A few Greek ladies now venture into social intercourse, and as time and European influences weaken existing prejudices, the number will increase. The female school of Mr. Hill, at Athens, will have a happy effect in this point of view. The return of so many young girls to their families, with their natural graces heightened by mental accomplishments, will materially affect the tone of society, and must, in the end, should similar schools be established, restore woman to her legitimate supremacy.

Two days repose at Corinth had refreshed both steed and rider. With the rising of the sun we were in the saddle for Argos. Leaving the plain of Argos, we ascended among the hills which open into the Morea. The road, which was nothing more than a pathway, and that so rarely trod as to be with difficulty traced, led over rough and precipitous ground. On our right, the sides of the hills, of a bright red colour,

were pierced with numerous caves, once the resort of the banditti who infested this pass. We were obliged to dismount and walk, as the horses could hardly maintain their footing among the rocks and bushes which impeded the way. Two hours' journey from Corinth, we entered the narrow valley of Cleonæ. The ruins of Cleonæ covered the brow of a conical-shaped hill, near the head of the valley. The town seems to have been built on artificial terraces, around the summit of the hill. It could not have been of any great size, though its ruins would indicate a remote antiquity. It is known only as one of the guardian cities of the Nemean games. Climbing again into the mountains, we followed the road, until it conducted us into the valley of Nemea. We entered the valley near to a Turkish fountain, which we took for the fountain of Archemorus. Some traveller has recognised a heap of stones near at hand, as the tomb of Opheltes, the unlucky child, who was here stung to death by a serpent, while his nurse Hypsipyle, conducted Adrastus to the fountain. As Opheltes is a poetic character, I did not disturb his repose by any question of his existence, or his tomb. I always found it much more agreeable to fall in with tradition, and not to derange any pleasant musings which the imagination might be prone to indulge, by vexatious inquiries after the sober reality of poetic heroes.

Leaving our horses to pasture on the green herbage growing around the fountain, we passed over to the ruins of the temple. Only three Doric columns are standing, though several lie prostrate and broken around. The temple stands in the middle of the valley. The valley is so small that the eye can steadily take in the whole circumference at a glance. Here were celebrated the Nemean games, many of whose victorious athletes have received an immortality from the poetry of Pindar. Nemea lies about midway between Argos and Corinth, so that these games were easily accessible to the Corinthians and Argives, who resorted to them in great numbers. The valley is shaped like a stadium. The spectators, seated on both sides of the hills, which slope down into the valley, could have a full view of the game. A solitary shepherd, tending his flock at the bottom of the valley, was the only being we saw in it. The imagination was busy in re-peopleing the solitude of this sequestered valley, with the busy multitudes that thronged it during the celebration of the games. The funeral orator, the commemorative poet, the ambitious athlete, the flying chariots that strove in the race, the thousands of spectators seated on the hills, or walking beneath the shade of the sacred trees, have yielded to time; and solitude and desolation usurp

the scene once animated by tumultuous life. There is not a tree in the valley; and, as Dodwell remarks, "the forest which supplied Hercules with his club, could not, at present furnish a common walking-stick."

Regarding the road to Argos, we continued among the hills until we entered the pass of *Derwnaki*, which conducts into the Argolic plain. A *tambour*, or low wall, was pointed out by the guide at the mouth of this pass, as a part of the entrenchments behind which the Greeks concealed themselves in an ambuscade upon the Turks. The Ottoman army, under Mahmoud Pasha, obliged to retreat from their position on the plain of Argos, were making their way in disorder through this pass to Corinth, when they were attacked by the Mamelukes, under Niketas. This unexpected attack threw them into confusion, while the Greeks poured down upon them from all sides of the pass. The Turks apparently paralysed by fear, made little or no resistance, and, it is said, rushed into the midst of the Greeks, with sheathed sabres, and their hands before their eyes, blindly, and with a most strange fatuity, courting death. They were cut down by thousands, and it was only the rapacity of the Greeks for plunder that prevented the entire destruction of the Ottoman army. We saw several caves in the mountains bordering the pass, probably the haunt of the Nemæan lion which roamed hereabouts.

This pass opens upon the Argolic plain near to Mycenæ. The capital of Agamemnon stands upon the brow of a hill which is completely isolated by the bed of a mountain torrent on one side, and a deep valley on the other. The surrounding mountains tower above it, and it rests in shadow and solitude. The savage gloom of the naked and massive rocks, and the wild and dreary scenery of mountains and plain around it, make the situation exceedingly romantic. The foundations of the Cyclopean walls, which girt the citadel around, remain firm and unshaken as the rock on which they are based. The area within the circuit of the walls is strewn with broken pottery. We entered the *enceinte* of the city through the principal gate, known as the "Gate of Lions." The architrave of this gate is an enormous block of stone, fifteen feet long, resting on two others, half buried in the earth, also of very large dimensions. Above the gate the figures of two lions are sculptured, in half relief, resting against a pillar which separated them. This sculpture is the most ancient in Greece; it goes back to a period anterior to the time of the Trojan war. It was through this gate that the "King of men" issued forth to the conquest of Ilium. Here may be said to be the beginning of poetic history. Standing among these ruins, coeval

with the earliest structures raised by the hands of man, the mind felt oppressed with the weight of time, and the imagination became confused and lost in the dim and misty vista of years that conducted it to the remotest period of history. Nature and the works of man, blackened and scarred by the storms of ages, here frown upon each other, and seem to challenge a comparison of their antiquity. Not a sound broke the stillness and solitude of this antique city, save the noise of the stones which slid from beneath our feet into the ravines below, or the howl of a wolf startled from his lair by this unwonted intrusion upon the domain to which he had succeeded the "King of Men" as sole master.

Mycenæ was destroyed by the jealous Argives 568, B. C., and it is supposed to be upwards of 2,000 thousand years old. Pausanias found these remains, sixteen centuries ago, in the same condition as they present themselves to the modern traveller, and it is probable, that they have remained in their present state ever since the destruction of the city. In the area, enclosed by the parallel walls in front of the Gate of Lions, the courts of judicature and public markets were held, a custom which exists to this day in some parts of the East. Passing out of this gate, we descended towards the plain of Argos. At a short distance from the citadel, we came to the subterranean structure, known as the treasury of Atreus, or the tomb of Agamemnon. The entrance to this tomb is, like that of Mycenæ, between walls, and through a gate formed of a huge stone, supported on two others in an upright position. The architrave is twenty-seven feet long, seventeen feet wide, four feet and a half thick, and would weigh more than one hundred and thirty-six tons. The interior of the sepulchre is of a conical form, and is about fifty feet high from the apex to the floor, and is built of large square stones, carefully adjusted. Lighting a fire, we could distinguish the whole chamber, and through a narrow opening we passed into an adjoining one of smaller dimensions. The deserted city, and the violated tomb of the "King of Men," here made us feel the beauty of those lines of Horace, who gently reminds us, that the captain-general of Troy owes his immortality to the pen of Homer.

"Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave;
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown:
No bard had they to make all time their own."

To have stood within the city whence the "King of Men" issued to the conquest of Troy, where he returned to be the victim of a domestic tragedy, which still excites our sympathy in the Electra of Sophocles, and to have trod the gloomy tomb where his ashes once reposed, excited our feelings so much, that we remained wandering for hours in the mid-day heat, amongst these relics of the heroic ages.

Rarely have I seen more objects of classical interest clustered together, than in the approach to Mycenæ. The ruined city of Agamemnon stands at the head of the plain of Argos, which unfolds itself to view, marked with the sites of some of the most celebrated scenes in classical history. Here I might have been addressed in the words with which Sophocles introduces Orestes to the city of his ancestors.

At length behold what thy desiring eyes
So long have sought. behold thy native soil,
Thy much-loved Argos, and the hallow'd grove
Of Io, frantic maid; on this side lies
The LYONIAN FORUM; on the left the fane
Of Juno, far renown'd; behold! we come
To rich MYCENÆ, and the slaught'rous house
Of Pelop's hapless race.

All these objects could be seen at a glance from the pass by which we entered upon Mycenæ, but all is now one undistinguishable mass of ruin and desolation. The rock alone remains on which stood the "fane of Juno." A few straggling olive trees mark the site of the "hallowed grove of Io;" while of Argos and "rich Mycenæ," no vestige remains but the violated tombs of "Pelop's hapless race," and the theatre in which were performed the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus. The Electra of Sophocles has given a melancholy interest to the ruins of Mycenæ, which excites our emotions no less than the lofty strains of Homer recording the exploits of Agamemnon.

Having examined the ruins of Mycenæ, we descended to the village of Krabata, at the head of the plain of Argos. Hence we set out to cross the plain. Exhausted with the fatiguing ride from Corinth, we were yet more vexed by losing a dinner which we expected to pick up at Krabata, as there was not a soul left in the village, men, women, and children being engaged on the plain in gathering the harvest. Faint with hunger and fatigue, we commenced our journey over the plain in the fiercest of the noon-day heat. I have never been more oppressed with heat even in the deserts of Arabia. We were too far from the gulf to feel the sea-breeze, and the fresh

air that might be circulating on the mountain tops was shut off by the wall of rock which surrounds the plain. Our horses too, wearied by the climbing of mountains, could not be coaxed or beaten into any thing beyond a walk. The sun's rays glared so fiercely, that my straw hat no longer protected my head, and I was obliged to exchange it for the Fez cap of the guide, around which I bound a handkerchief as a turban. The peasants were gathering in the wheat, and were scattered over the plain, chatting and singing at their labour, many of them with uncovered heads, perfectly regardless of the heat. We crossed the Inachus, the "Ingens pater Inachus" of Statius, whose narrow bed contained not a drop of water, and after nearly three hours weary ride from Mycenæ, we struggled into Argos. Not a soul was stirring, except some lazy curs which dogged our horses' heels, and urged them on till we halted before a species of inn.

Rude as it was, the cool shade of its roof was exceedingly grateful to us. The ground floor was occupied as a cafe, in which a number of Greeks were playing at billiards and dice. The landlord saluting us as '*Milord*,' the appellation of every Frank traveller in Greece, led us to some apartments above, where, stretching ourselves upon the floor, we fell into a sound sleep, regardless of the cravings of our famished stomachs. The indefatigable Eleah was occupied, during our slumber, in preparing dinner, and when we awoke, we were agreeably saluted by the sight of a smoking *pilaff* and an *Irish stew*, which might have charmed the palate of Epicurus himself after such a ride. F. King, as a guide, one of the many uclins who surround our doors the next morning, we ascended the Acropolis, to obtain a full view of the Argolic plain. On our way up we passed the theatre, which is on the side of the hill, the seats are cut from the rock. It is of the largest dimensions, and is in an excellent state of preservation. It was cleared of the rubbish which concealed it for the National Assembly, which met here during the revolution and whose subserviency was so adroitly used by Capo d'Istria, to strengthen him in the possession of despotic power. It was a very appropriate place, as some wag remarked, "*pour jouer la comédie*."

We had a magnificent prospect from the citadel. The whole plain of Argos lay before us. To the northeast we discerned the city of Agamemnon, and beyond, the pass of *Thetis*, where Hercules slew the Nemean lion. To the south the marsh of Lerna, the haunt of the Hydræ, and the defiles which conduct into the heart of the Morea. From the bosom of the plain rose "strong Tirynthus' lofty walls," whose Cyclopean ma-

sonary defies alike the power of man and time, and on the other side of the gulf, Napoli di Romania, the ancient Neapoli, backed by the citadel of the Palamede. To the east stretched the Argolic gulf, whose smooth waters lay tempting to the mariner as on the day when Jasofi launched his bark upon them to sail in quest of the golden fleece. On the plain, peasants were harvesting the wheat in peace and joy, where, but a few years before, armies were encamped in hostile array, and burning crops and villages marked the path of the invader. At our feet was the town of Argos, surrounded by a thinly-planted olive grove, the skeleton of what it was before the revolution.

Modern Argos has been built within a few years past from the ruins of the Turkish town, which was one of the most beautiful in the Morea. It suffered severely in the war, and was entirely consumed and depopulated. Before the revolution it contained over 10,000 inhabitants. It does not now contain a third of that number. The houses present an aspect of great misery, most of them being built of mud, like the Egyptian huts which surround Alexandria. The lower street contains some good buildings, and within sight of our inn there was an elegant stone mansion, surrounded by a garden, enclosed by walls. This was a government school, in which the young Greeks of modern Argos were instructed in the wisdom of their ancestors. We found the bazaar well supplied with provisions. The plain of Argos is but partially cultivated, and the neglected state in which it has lain for many years, has somewhat impaired the fertility of the soil. Tobacco, wheat, rice, maize, and cotton are raised upon it. If properly tilled and subdivided into small plantations, the plain would become one of the richest districts in Greece. There is hardly a vestige of antiquity left at Argos. These modern Argives could hardly feel the force of Virgil's pauegyric

"Dulcos Moriens feminiscitur Agos."

On our way to Napoli, we examined the ruins of Tiryns. It occupies the top of a hill, which rises abruptly from the plain to the height of forty or fifty feet. The walls, which are in some parts near twenty feet thick, are, like those of Mycenæ, of Cyclopean architecture. These Cyclops are the most ancient of the ancients, and in the days of Homer, were considered as of very respectable antiquity. Pausanias, who passed by here in the second century of the Christian era, describes these ruins as they appear at this day. He says—
 "On turning to the right (on the way from Argos to Epidaurus)

you will see the ruins of Tiryns. The Argives subverted the kingdom of the Thyntians, wishing to bring the inhabitants into their city, and thereby to aggrandize Argos. The wall is all that is left of the ruins, and *as* according to report, the work of the Cyclops. It is built of rough stones, each of which is so large, that the least cannot be moved out of its place but by a yoke of mules, but formerly small stones were inserted, that each of these might fit in as much as possible with the great ones"—*Paus.* *loc.* 25. Tiryns is said to have been built about three thousand years ago, an era at which two-thirds of the human race were in a state of barbarism.

We entered Napoli just as the gates were closing. Passing through a well-paved street, we drew up before a large hotel, on the *place* of the town. We were *amazedly* surprised to find an elegant and well-kept *monument* that would have done credit to an Italian city. We felt as though we had again returned to civilisation. A steamboat runs between Athens and Napoli, and there was a large party of English in the house, who had come over to look at Argos. Napoli is the only well-built town remaining in the Morea. It was built by the Venetians, and is defended on the sea-side by a turreted wall, and in the rear by the lofty rock, on which stands the citadel. The houses are of stone, and are substantial and neat. There are several edifices of Saracenic architecture, to which the Venetians were so partial. Rude as they were, they yet agreeably reminded us of the former masters of Napoli, whose monuments and improvements that survive them in Greece, compare so advantageously with the iron rule of the Turks, who left nothing behind them but ruin and desolation.

Napoli was the seat of government during the war, and remained the capital until (tho till very recently). The population has much decreased since the removal of the government, and its little trade is almost entirely ruined. By land, it is inaccessible for wheel carriages from Athens. The government has traced out a road, and that is all. It is not likely to be constructed under King Otho, whom the Greeks accuse of attempting to play the part of Capo d'Istria: i. e. to govern Greece with Russian laws, and to render her subservient to Muscovite views and interests. We visited the church of San Spiridion, at the door of which Capo d'Istria was shot by Mavronicalis. Such an atrocity was unjustifiable. Yet it was rather hard, after such a bloody contest as the revolution, for the Greeks to find that they had exchanged their Turkish rulers for another set, that differed from them only in the *vehementness* of their *tyranny*. Tyranny was as odious

under the *republic* of Capo d'Istria, as under the despotism of the Turks.

Walking on the walls, we accosted a soldier on duty as a sentinel. Hearing that I was an American, he seized me by the hand, and began describing a scene which had occurred at Napoli in the late war. It was at that period when the Turks had ravaged the Morea, and the Greeks, dispersed into small bands, were scattered over the country, maintaining a *guerilla* warfare in the mountains, and fighting against hope. Napoli de Romania was almost the only place that yet held out. It became a place of refuge, and every day helpless fugitives entered it from different parts of the Morea. The harvest had been burnt by the Turks, on the plain of Argos, and the town was in a state of famine. Hundreds and hundreds of miserable creatures, emaciated by fever and starvation, lay about the streets, some of them almost destitute of clothing, and too weak to help themselves, perishing by want and exposure. Many were dying daily, and famine was staring all in the face, when, at the last stage of misery, a vessel was descried bearing up the gulf. Her progress was intensely watched from the citadel, but she displayed no colours, and they knew not whether to regard her as a friend or a foe. She neared the town—and as her anchor fell, the stars and stripes floated from her masthead. The report ran through the town, that an American vessel had entered the harbour. The population rushed to the sea-side, and a boat from the ship announced that she was freighted with supplies from their friends in America. The people fell on their knees to thank Heaven for this timely aid; and blessings were invoked by the united voices of thousands upon their friends in America, whose generous succour thus rescued them from the jaws of famine and pestilence, and from the yet more cruel power of their Ottoman foes. As he concluded his narration, the soldier grasped me by the hand, tears of manly feeling stood in his eye, and, as we parted, with upraised eyes he invoked a blessing on my distant country. I would not, at that moment, have exchanged the name of an American for the proudest title on earth.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey from Napoli to Sparta.—The Hydra.—Tripolitza.—Ravages of war.—Ruins of Tegea and Martineia.—Narrow limits of ancient Greek states.—Greek fete.—Sparta.—Its ruins.

AFTER one day's sojourn at Napoli, we turned to the south, to enter among the mountains of the *Morea*. We crossed the plain of Argos, and kept along the shore of the bay until we reached Mylos. Near to Mylos we passed the fountain of Erasinus, which is said to be the outlet of Lake Stympbalus, twenty-five miles distant in Arcadia. Above the fountain, we observed a cave in the hill, anciently consecrated to Bacchus and Pan, but now converted into a chapel. Mylos is a small village of stone huts, with some hills turned by the stream issuing from the fountain of Erasinus. Near at hand is the marsh and small lake of Lerna. This was the region of the famous Hydra; the Hydra is conjectured to have been nothing else than the lake of Lerna, whose frequent overflowing desolated the plain. Its seven heads were the issues through which the water of the lake escaped.

Beyond Mylos, we passed another *tambour* like that we had seen in the pass of Dervizaki; this also marked the site of a battle. Ibrahim Pasha, after his storming and capture of Navarino, marched from Tripolitza to Argos, with the hope of surprising the Greeks at Argos and Napoli. The main body of his army descended the mountain behind Mylos, and passed on; two thousand men were left behind to dislodge Demetrius Ipsilanti, who had posted himself with 250 men at this place, behind some stone walls. The Turks charged with their accustomed impetuosity, and obliged the Greeks to retreat from the two most advanced walls, and secure themselves behind a third. Here they made a stout resistance; Ipsilanti, fearing that delay might bring upon him the rest of the Turkish force, calling to his soldiers to follow him, leaped the wall, and dashed into the thickest of the Moslem ranks, spreading death and dismay with his attaghan. The Turks, surprised by the daring and fury of the Greeks, fled in all directions, more than half of their number being cut to pieces. It was with such a disparity of numbers that the Greeks usually encountered

the links the more desperate their situation, the more daring was their valour. The revolution was marked by feats of courage on the part of the Greeks worthy of the countrymen of Miltiades and Leonidas: for my part, in travelling over Greece, and tracing the scenes of the war, with its history in my hand, I am surprised how any one could impugn the courage of the Greeks. Many unfortunate battles took place, but their failure was owing rather to the unskilfulness of the commanders than to any lack of courage on the part of the soldiers. Untrained to fighting in columns, like Europeans, they were never so successful as when sheltered by fortifications, or fighting like rifle men from behind rocks and trees. They may be wanting in other desirable qualities, but courage is still to be found in the bosom of a Greek. Calamities did indeed befall them, but it is a shame to rob them of a trait which has displayed itself as gloriously at Marathon and Thermopylae.

On the road of the mountain of Mylonas a Venetian castle occupies the site of a temple of Minerva; all traces of which are obliterated by the destruction. As all these old towers are called by the name of *Pelekion* (*the camp*). Nothing positive is known of the history of these towers, which dominate the principal points in the Morea. The Venetians held the Morea for a long period, and it was subdivided among different officers: they became the governors of the districts in which were placed their garrisons, and it is probable that they exercised an authority resembling the feudal lords. These towers may have been built to mark the boundaries of their districts, and to keep in subjection their vassals of the plain. There were dukes of Argos and Athens in the Venetian domination who were as omnipotent in their petty dukedoms, as the ancient kings of Argos and Athens. From the mountain which overtops the surrounding country, we turned to take aouting glance at the plain of Argos, which, from here, was visible in its whole extent, with the gulf, Nauplia, Tiryns, Mycenae, Argos, and the table summit of the mountain which overlooks Nemea, while, towards Morea, the eye met nothing but the summits of craggy and lofty mountains.

Our route now lay over a wild mountainous country, the great elevation of which caused a refreshing coolness in the atmosphere. Here, again, in this dreary tract, we met another example of the ravages of war: we passed through a wood of oaks, leafless, sapless, and blasted by fire, their blackened trunks and leafless branches possessed a mute elo-

quence, which spoke of the cruelty of those who could war on the helpless objects of nature. The Turks carried on a war of extermination against the Greeks; and while they spared neither age nor sex, and marked the path of their armies with the bodies of their butchered enemies, and the smoking ruin of towns, they resolved to rid the earth of every thing that afforded them shelter or sustenance. The standing crops were destroyed, the olive groves and forests either torn up by the roots or consumed by fire, so that some parts of the Morea, to this day, are so denuded of trees; that the weary traveller with difficulty finds a shelter against the noonday heat. Four hours from Mylos, we passed along on a shelf of rock, the valley of Hysiaë; it was a beautiful little valley, covered with a golden harvest, and encompassed by lofty mountains; it lay at a great depth below us, so that the peasants, at labour in the fields, dwindled to pigmies. Pausanias makes mention of the town of Hysiaë, in ruins in his time, on this road. This was the only cultivated, and I might say, tillable spot that we saw in a journey of ten hours.

Crossing this valley, now called Akhladokambo, we wound up to the summit of Mount Parthenon by a tortuous pathway, which conducted us beneath tremendous precipices. I have rarely seen any scenery more grand than the wild and savage solitude of this pass. Falling into Indian file, and leading our horses by the halter, we groped our way as well as we could over the steep rocks.

After toiling for some time in the ascent and descent of mountains, we attained the summit of Mount Parthenon, 2000 feet above the level of the sea. Here the plain of Tripolitza unfolded itself in view, marked with the sites of Tegæa and Mantinea, the city of Epaminondas. We descended the mountain, and passed the night in a klan, near its base, and the next morning crossed the plain to Tripolitza, the frontier city of Arcadia, and the place whence the primeval colony of Rome emigrated, under Evadner, to the Palatine hill. The wheat upon this plain was yet green; at Argos, but a day's journey distant, we had seen the peasants gathering in the harvest. The morning air, in this elevated region, was cold and uncomfortable; this rapid transition from the heat of midsummer to the chilly air of March, reminded us of the varied climate of Switzerland, where the traveller in a few hours passes from the scorching heats of the valley to the snows and glaciers of the mountains. Eleash had preceded us, and obtained lodgings in the house of the Greek who usually entertained the few Frank travellers that visited Tripolitza. We had a single room in the second story, into which the

open windows let in all the winds of heaven, and the fumes of the smoking stable-yard lurketh us. There was no carpet on the floor, nor plaster on the walls, and altogether it was a most cheerless apartment, we could not complain, as it was the only one our guide found it possible to obtain.

The town consisted chiefly of one wide central street, bordered on each side by shops. The broken and crumbling walls of houses, and the mass of ruins which encumbered all the space beyond the centre of the town, still attested the desolating effects of war. The population, which, before the war, amounted to 25,000, is now reduced to some 6,000, the old walls of the town are thrown down, and the towers are dismantled, and in ruins. In the midst of this scene of desolation, a new town is being built upon the foundations of the old one, some of the new houses are constructed with much taste, with gay balconies, and neat fronts of freestone. From beneath the Venetian shutters we could occasionally catch a glimpse of a pair of soft black eyes, peering at us as we passed along. Tripolitz is the theatre of some of the bloodiest scenes of the Greek revolution, enacted both by the Greeks and Turks. It was besieged in the early part of the war, by Colocotroni and Mavromikali, the garrison consisted of Albanians and Turks. The siege was protracted to an unusual length, and the town was only taken at last by a stratagem, which is thus related by Blaquiere. "On the 5th of October, a verbal capitulation was said to have been agreed upon, but scarcely was it concluded, when fortuitous circumstances rendered the compact of no avail, and brought on a terrible catastrophe. A few Greek soldiers, having approached the gates of Argos, entered into conversation with the Turkish sentinels, and began, as usual, to barter fruit. The Turks were imprudent enough to assist in mounting the wall with a large basket of grapes, in exchange for which they gave their arms, but no sooner had the Greeks gained the summit, than they hurled down the unguarded Mahometans, opened the gate, the only one that was walled up, to their comrades, and displayed the standard of the cross above it. When this emblem was perceived from the walls, it acted like an electric shock, the whole Christian army rushed from all sides to the assault, and the disorder, once begun, could not be stopped, for the Turks immediately opened a brisk fire of cannon and small arms upon them from the citadel and ramparts. The principal Greek officers, who certainly could not have restrained their men, were drawn away by the torrent: Colocotroni was one of the last to hear what was passing, and as he would not deign to follow the steps of any other captain, he

determined to force a passage for himself, so that his troops suffered severely. After the gates were broken down, and the walls scaled, a furious struggle was maintained in the streets and houses; but the Peloponessians, flushed with victory, and spurred on by vengeance, were irresistible; and before sunset all opposition was quelled in the blood of the unfortunate Moslems." More than 5,000 Turks were put to the sword.—Such was the desire for vengeance for the atrocities committed by the Turkish troops, that the peasants, men, women, and children, collected in great numbers from the surrounding country, to participate in the siege. The palace of the Turkish bey was razed to the ground by the Greeks, that it might not offend their eyes, and stimulate them to further deeds of vengeance.

Ibrahim Pasha, after the naval battle of Navarino, revenged this wholesale slaughter of his countrymen in a most signal manner. Maddened by the destruction of his fleet, and stung to fury by the recollection of the siege and capture of Tripolitza by the Greeks, on his arrival there in 1828, he resolved to utterly destroy the town. He commenced the work of destruction himself, and then ordered the wall to be levelled to the ground. The mosques, churches, khans, and other principal buildings, were blown up, and the torch applied to the private habitations, until the whole town was consumed, and left a shapeless mass of ruins; since that time, Tripolitza has lost its importance. During the Turkish domination, it was the capital of the Pasha of the Morea. Since leaving Napoli, I had been suffering from a violent fever contracted by crossing the plain of Argos during the mid-day heat. At Tripolitza we were obliged to halt for a day, until my fever abated. My sensations were of the most dreary character. I was here, in the heart of the Morea, enclosed among a chaos of mountains, which I should be obliged to cross to reach the sea, or to obtain the more civilised towns of Attica. Here I must remain, until restored to health, as it would be impossible for any one, not in the most robust health, to traverse these rough and precipitous mountains. I was completely isolated from the rest of the world, and might die for the want of the most ordinary restoratives, as I was conscious that but little of medical skill could be expected in this remote and secluded spot. My companions were desirous of pushing on with all possible dispatch to the more important points of the Morea, and as I did not wish to be the cause of delay, I released them from the pledge we had entered into at Athens, to remain by each other in case of sickness. Our guide, however, refused to leave me until I should be able to travel, notwithstanding

all my protestations to the contrary. My mind was much harassed by the embarrassments of which I was thus involuntarily the cause, and this vexation of spirit added to the violence of the fever.

The guide, who was very anxious for my recovery, brought me the only doctor in the town. He was a Russian surgeon, who had for a long time been in the Turkish service, in that capacity he had followed the Turkish armies into Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and the other countries of the East, that had been reduced under the Ottoman dominion. He had been attached to the army of Ibrahim Pasha, during the invasion of the Morea, where he remained until the conclusion of peace. He professed to be very expert at whipping off a leg or an arm, and was kind enough to give me a description of his *modus operandi* in these cases, which was sufficient to satisfy any one that he was an *urgent quack*, so I determined to refuse his medicines, and amuse myself with his eccentricities. He rattled off a bastard Italian with an amazing volubility, with an occasional parenthesis, when at a loss for a word, of "*Come si chiama*." His Italian, bad as it was, was better than his drugs, which were the vilest of all compounds. He passed several hours with me, detailing his adventures in a most ludicrous style, that kept all the inmates of the room in a constant roar of laughter. His love-scrapes, and the hair-breath escapes they cost him, were not the least amusing part of his adventures. Of feats of bravi and battle, he had not much to relate, though he professed to be equally successful in medicine and warfare. I threw his medicine out of the window, and dismissed him with a good *ser*, as the laughter of two hours had shaken almost all the fever out of my bones.—I passed a quiet night; next morning, finding that I could keep my seat in the saddle, I was again on horseback, to continue the journey.

An hour after leaving Tripolitza, we came to the ruins of the ancient Tegea. Our way lay across a fertile plain, covered with luxuriant crops of grass and wheat. The site of the ancient city is occupied by three villages, Piali, Agio-Sosti, and Episcopi, which were surrounded and almost obscured from view, by olive groves and vineyards. We were conducted to a Greek church, within which we found a defaced inscription of no importance, and the fragments of some columns. At a little distance stood the ruins of a large structure, in the walls of which were embedded columns, friezes, and other ancient remains: these are the ruins of the great temple of Minerva, which stood upon this spot, it was the most sumptuous and extensive in the Peloponnesus, and was composed of the three

orders of Greek architecture. We watered our horses in a marble sarcophagus, which probably once held the body of some valiant Tegean. These were all the remains we could see of a city which was renowned for the profusion of temples, statues, and works of art within its walls. The surface of the earth was covered with small pieces of marble; beneath lay a hidden sepulchre of art, which would richly repay the antiquarian explorer for excavating it. We distinctly saw, about seven miles to the north, the sight of Mantinea, renowned for the valour of Epaminondas beneath its walls. On the little plain, between these two cities, was waged that bloody war, which brought all the leading states of Greece into conflict with each other, the Lacedæmonians, Athenians, and Mantinians, being ranged on one side, against the Thebans, Thessalians, Arcadians, and Tegeans on the other. The political genius of Greece has filled the world with the fame of these petty encounters; it is almost impossible to realise the merit or the grandeur of these achievements, when contemplating the narrow space on which they were enacted.

A few hours from Tegea we crossed the mountains which surrounds the plain of Tegea, and descended into a deep pass between stupendous walls of rock. This pass was the bed of a winter torrent, and bore the name of the Pass of Potamo, we fortunately travelled in the dry season, when the river no longer flowed through it. We halted at noon, beneath the shade of some trees adjoining a miserable khan, the landlord of which could furnish us with nothing but some resinous wine and eggs. Our custom, in travelling in Greece, was to start at sunrise, and keep on until eleven o'clock, at which time the heat of the sun became too oppressive to allow us to continue further. We stopped from that time until two o'clock, when we resumed our journey, and continued on till sunset.—The usual rate of travelling was about eight hours a day, but it was sometimes stretched to twelve. At this khan we found a party of peasants, who informed us with an account of robbers on the route we were to travel, they were carrying provisions to Tripolitza, which were slung across the backs of mules in primers. This is the only mode of communication between the different plains and valleys of the Morea, as the mountain passes are too narrow and rugged to admit of wheel carriages. All the internal trade of the Morea is carried on by means of horses and mules. We frequently occupied a whole day in passing over a space, which, with wheel carriages and good roads, could be traversed in a few hours.—The little states of Greece, distant only a few miles from each other, were separated by high mountains, that completely iso-

lated them, and prevented any general intercourse. These mountains could only be traversed by secret and tortuous passages, which might easily be defended. The mountain barriers enabled each state to preserve its independence, and prevented any communion of the people, so that the habits, customs, and laws were different in each state. The territories of a state were narrowly bounded by the mountains that surrounded the plain, on which their capital city was situated. Locked up in their narrow plains, and hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains, and holding no constant intercourse, they were mutually jealous and suspicious of each other, and lived either in constant enmity, or mutually in dread. Such is the case to this day. We frequently met persons who had never travelled beyond the limits of the plain in which they were born. The inhabitants of the modern Sparta know as little of the people of Argos, only about forty miles distant, as their ancestors, the Lacedæmonians, did of the every-day history of ancient Argos. King Otho can never mould his subjects into one people, or break down the sectional prejudices which the mountains raise up between them, until he connects all parts of the Morea together by broad highways. Nor can he ever develop the resources of the country, or create an internal commerce of any value, until he has opened channels, along which trade and commerce may flow.

The journey, for the rest of the day, lay through a rugged country, traversed by ravines and gullies, and broken up into lofty mountain ridges. A little after night we discerned fires at some distance in the mountains, and, on coming to a guard-house in a narrow pass, the soldier cautioned us to march along with all possible silence, as they had had a skirmish with a band of robbers during the day, and expected them every moment to return in increased force from their fastnesses in the mountains. We moved on with a slow and cautious tread, with our guns in hand, ready, but not eager, for the combat. Our guide professed to have once practised the trade of a klepht (mountain robber), and assured us that they were the best fellows in the world. He intimated, that, with a whistle, he could bring down any robber who might be lurking about, and would take great pleasure in initiating us in the freemasonry of the craft. We declined the offer, as, however high might be the character of the klepht before the revolution, as a guerilla soldier against the Turks, it had sunk, since the peace, into that of an outlawed robber. It is impossible to extirpate the robbers in Greece, as the mountains abound in so many secret fastnesses, that it would require a soldier at the mouth of every cave and rocky cleft to prevent the robber from

finding a hiding-place. The present government has done something to promote the security of travelling in Greece, by placing small detachments of soldiers in all the principal passes. As the country returns to peace and prosperity, the robber diminish. There is so much of lawless adventure and courage in the life of a mountain banditti, that it will never be so unpopular among the Greeks. We arrived late at night at the khan of Vourla. Here we found the little khan occupied by a company of soldiers; they offered to make room for us, but as we saw, from the mischievous hosts that were crawling over the floor, that we should pass a sleepless night, we kindled a fire beneath the olive trees, and prepared to pass the night in the open air. After an hour of hungry and impatient expectation, we contrived to cook up a dinner, to stave off the fatigue of a twelve hours' journey. After dinner we lighted our pipes and smoked until late in the night. For a drachma, one of the soldiers consented to stand guard over our persons and effects during the night. We each wrapped ourselves in the folds of an Albanian hernook, and fell asleep beneath the trees, with a bright moon streaming full in our faces.

The next morning, on rising, we beheld from the elevation on which Vourla is situated, the whole plain of Sparta, with the Eurotas winding its way through the olive groves and plantations of mulberry trees that covered its banks. Taygetus, with its snow-trapped summits, rising in all the pomp of mountain majesty to the west, the town of Mistra picturesquely reclining upon the side of the mountain—the hull of the Acropolis of ancient Sparta in the middle of the plain—and on the east, the rugged ridges of the Menelaon. The descent to the plain lay along a rough and precipitous path, where the horses could with difficulty keep their footing. We crossed over the plain, through a deep ravine, lying between the hills of Sparta and the mountains from which we had descended, this ravine was bordered with wild olive trees, and thickets of rodophane, the Lacedæmon rose. From this ravine the road debouched upon the plain at the foot of Taygetus. We pursued our way across it through fields of yellow grain and orchards of fig trees, until we reached the modern village of Sparta, beautifully situated upon a gentle slope of ground. The demarch of the village received us with a hospitality worthy of a descendant of the ancient Spartans, and lodged us in his own house, a very pretty little mansion of stone, with nice clean rooms, and a covered balcony in front, from which there was a lookout over the plain. This village is of very modern date, having been built since the accession of Otto to the throne of Greece, it is laid out according to a plan adopted by the go-

vernment for the rebuilding of the towns destroyed by the war. The houses, which are of frame and stone, with neat balconies, are all two stories in height, and stand flush with the street, as in European towns. The streets are too wide and straight to permit the neighbours on opposite sides to shake hands across the street, as in most of the other towns of Greece. The houses are roofed with red tiles, and painted white, a contrast of colours which gives to the village a very pleasing appearance when seen at a distance.

The demarch was the richest man in the village, yet his house was furnished with a rude simplicity that might have rivalled the severe taste of an ancient Spartan. The plank floor was neatly planed, but without any carpet; the windows contained no glass, but consisted simply of a pair of shutters, which it was necessary to open to admit light or air. At both ends of the room, about three feet from the floor, was a raised platform, upon which the master of the house received and seated his guests. Chairs there were none. We placed our mattresses upon these platforms, as is the custom, and slept none the less soundly from the hardness of our couch. Upon the walls, some rude Apelles had painted the heads of a few of the most favourite saints of the Greek calendar. The ceiling was plastered, but the stone walls were only dashed with a light coat of whitewash. We arrived upon a feast day; it is usual to receive the guests with more than ordinary attention upon these occasions. No sooner were we comfortably established in our quarters, than the mistress of the house entered the apartment, bearing a handsome salver, upon which were placed several glasses of orange marmalade and quince, and a tumbler of water. Taking a spoon, she presented us, one by one, with a portion of the sweetmeats, standing by until they had been tasted, when, with a graceful courtesy, and an invitation to dinner, she withdrew. In the extreme poverty of our culinary apparatus, the invitation was very acceptable. The dinner was served up early in the afternoon; this, like all the dinners I had seen in Greek houses, was prepared very much in the manner of the Turks. The table, a round board, standing on pedestals a foot above the floor, was covered with a great variety of dishes. At one end was a large dish, filled with different kinds of meat, cut up in small pieces, and sweetened; at the other end was a pilaff, a dish of rice and meat, and in the middle of the table was a large bowl of soup, strongly scented with garlic and onions; at the side of the table were numerous plates of vegetables, cucumbers, olives, figs, &c. The mistress of the house herself waited on us, and

immediately retired when we had done eating. After the dinner we withdrew to the divans at either end of the room, where we were served with pipe and coffee. Our host, who was no less communicative than inquisitive, gave us all the information of his social habits that we desired. He told us, that it was only on feast days that we should find the table of a Greek furnished with such a variety of viands. The ordinary Alban consists of a vegetable diet, and on the fast days, of which there are four in every week in the year, it is restricted to olives, bread, and water. The Greeks make good wine, though it answers better as a medical tonic than as a pleasant drink. A large jar of wine, shaped like an ancient amphora, was placed upon the table, but it was so strongly seasoned, that none of our party could drink it. The doctor, who drank it with much satisfaction and was not a little astonished at the squeamishness of our tastes. After a long perseverance, I subsequently acquired a taste for this wine, and found it a most excellent tonic when fatigued and exhausted by a protracted day's march.

On expressing to the demarchon surprise that none of his daughters had set down to dinner with us, he gave us to understand, that it was not the custom for females to appear in public on these occasions. We mentioned the reform in the national manners, that the government was endeavouring to introduce at Athens, in this respect. He replied, that this had been the custom of their forefathers from time immemorial, and that the Greeks preferred to follow the example of their own ancestors, than to imitate the foreign manners of Otho and his court. He promised to introduce us to his daughters at a fête which was to be held on the plain that afternoon. On going out of the house, we found the whole slope of the hill covered to its base with men and women, peasants who had gathered from the surrounding villages to join in the fête. Among the animated throngs we saw several pappas, Greek priests, who, by their presence, gave to the amusements the countenance of the church. The peasants were in their best attire, the men were dressed in the Albanian costume; this costume consists of a all red cap, a short, tight-fitting jacket with hanging sleeves, the white chemise, or fustanella, which hangs in plaited folds from the waist to the knees, and red cloth garters, closely fastened around the leg, from the knee to the instep, the shoes are of red Russia leather, turned up at the toes, and buckled over the instep. Around the waist is strapped a belt, gaudily ornamented with gold lace. This is one of the most elegant and picturesque costumes of the East. We found the daughters of our host engaged in arranging a set for

the dance, the eldest was about eighteen, and the youngest fourteen. The eldest was one of the most beautiful girls we had seen in Greece. She was like most of the Greek women; of middle stature, her dark eyebrows, blue eyes, square forehead, and straight nose, gave her features the classical contour of an ancient statue. She wore a white gauze veil, which fell from an ornamented comb of metal over the back of her head. A small red cap covered the top of the head, around which was plaited her raven locks, intertwined with wreaths of roses. A striped bodice of gay colours, and a white gown, completed this fanciful attire. The dress descended just low enough to display a well-turned ankle, and a pretty foot, encased in a slipper of spangled velvet.

At a given signal, all the men and women on the hill joined in the dance, with the exception of a few old people and the priests. The dance was the *Powanka*, the Dorian dance of the ancient Greeks, as thus described by Homer (*Iliad*, li. xviii.)

"A figured dance succeeds— — —

A comely band
Of youths and maidens bounding hand in hand,
'The maids in soft cynars of linen drest,'

Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well taught feet, now swift in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
And undistinguished blend the flying ring,
So whirls a wheel in giddy circle lost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost."

Each of the young men selected a partner, and a circle was formed, composed alternately of young men and girls. The music, violin and guitar, then struck up, and the daughter of the demarch, with a handkerchief in her hand, which was held at the other end by the leader of the young men, led out, and the dance began. It was opened in this manner by all the other sets, the rest of the dancers followed their leader in all the mazy movements she executed, some of which were performed with such quickness, as, for a time, to elude pursuit. In this manner, intertwining their ranks, forming circle in circle, separating, and then again winding about in labyrinthine folds, the dance formed a succession of gay and intricate movements, that was exceedingly beautiful. To this succeeded a dance performed exclusively by men, something like the ancient Pyrrhic dance.

Horses, donkeys, and mules were picketed among the olive trees in the plain below, a line of tents stretched along the top of the hill, among which were collected groups of persons taking refreshment, or promenading to and fro. The music of the guitars and violins was almost drowned by the voices of the girls and the young men, who sang as they danced. The daughter of the demarch acted as our pioneer among the merry multitude, and took great care to introduce us to the principal beauties, we were every where well received. It was not until the sea was tinging the summit of Taygetus with his parting rays, that the fête was broken up, and the peasants dispersed to their homes.

At early dawn of the next day we descended into the plain, to examine the ruins of Sparta. A few mules walk brought us to a pile of huge blocks of stone, regularly disposed in the shape of a parallelogram, within was a sepulchral chamber, sunk to a considerable depth in the earth. It bears the name of the "Tomb of Leonidas," one of the Spartan kings, not the hero who fell at Thermopylae. It is evidently a work of great antiquity, and resembles a Pelasgic monument in the solidity of its construction. Beyond this tomb we found a theatre excavated in the face of the hill looking to the west. The sweep of the seats, rising in amphitheatrical ranges one above the other, was easily traced. The audience, when seated, had a view of the city at their feet, the plain, and Mount Taygetus, which rises bluff and precipitous from the plain. The summit of the hill behind the theatre, which was the Acropolis of Sparta, was covered with the remains of a wall that had probably once encircled it. It was of no great antiquity, being built of broken pillars, and other fragments of ancient ruins, picked up in the vicinity. Here also were the remains of a large edifice, perhaps the temple of Minerva, which, according to Pausanias, stood upon the hill of the Acropolis. Not a vestige remains of the sacred grove. The whole surface of this hill is strewed with ruins, but it is impossible to assign the position of any particular monument, from the confused and shapeless mass of ruins that everywhere covers the surface of the earth. With the exception of these relics, nothing remains to indicate to the travellers the site of the city of Lyncurgus and Leonidas.

Besides the hill of the Acropolis, there are four other elevations in a direct line with it, running north to south. The ancient capital of Laconia was built along these eminences, the height and steepness of which enabled that haughty city to boast, that 'they had no necessity for other walls than the breasts of her citizens.' We descended by a narrow glen, which ancient-

ly formed the road from the city to the river; we crossed on foot the Basiliopotamos—the king of rivers—the Eurotas—by rolling our troupers up to the knees. The summer heats had dwindled it to the shallowness of a brook. In winter it may be swollen by the torrents to a greater depth and width, but it is hard to realise the extravagant eulogies of the ancient Spartans on the beauty and majesty of this dwarfish stream of water. Much more difficult is it to believe that galleys should have ever been brought up the Eurotas, from its mouth to Sparta. Here, again, we felt that the great charm of travelling in Greece was in the associations that the site of its ancient cities and battle fields awakened. But little remains of the ancient structures, except at Athens, to satisfy the antiquarian. The ~~most~~ beautiful scenery of mountain and plain exists, which inspired the imagination of her poets with their ideas of natural beauty, and which to this day renders Greece famous as one of the most picturesque countries in the world. The plain of Sparta, with the flowing walls of Taygetus, rising several thousand feet above its surface, surrounded by blue vapours to its waist, and encircled on its summit with a diadem of snow—the red-coloured cliffs of Menelaon bounding it on the east, the Eurotas meandering through thickets of oleanders and olive groves, till it is lost among the mountains to the south—its whole surface covered with orchards and mulberry plantations, formed by far the richest and most variegated combination of savage grandeur and soft landscapes, that I recollect to have seen in any of the four continents in which I have travelled. Turning from the ruined works of man to the indestructible beauty of nature, the traveller in Greece is constantly exclaiming with the poet—

“And yet how lovely in thing, ~~and~~ of woe,
Land of lost gods, and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee nature's varied favourite now,
Thy faves, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commencing slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough.”

The plain of Sparta produces a large quantity of silk. It is to the growing importance and the increased production of this article, that the prosperity of the modern capital of Laronia is to be attributed. The people in this district live more comfortably, and dress better, than in any other parts of Greece we had passed through since our departure from Athens. According to Leake, before 1770, Mistra, then the chief town of the province, exported 120,000 pounds of silk a year, and the

neighbouring olive plantation frequently produced 2,400,000 oaks of oil, the best in the Morea. The olive groves and mulberry plantations, which were severely injured during the war, are now again flourishing, and are scattered all over the plain. We spent one day more with our friends, the demarch and his family, and then reluctantly bade adieu to Sparta. We started the next day break, as we had a long march before us. Our intention was to go to Kalamata, at the head of the bay of Coron, which we would reach, according to the guide's account, in ten hours from Sparta. As will be seen in the sequel, we were most grievously mistaken in the duration of our journey.

CHAPTER X.

Mistra—Its vicissitudes.—A mountain journey.—Bay of Coron.—The Mainoteæ.—Napoleon's descent from the Spartans.—Plain of Messenia.—Ancient city of Messene.—Its history.—Its ruined walls and towers.

IN an hour after leaving Sparta we arrived at Mistra. The old portion of the town is built near the declivity of a pass which opens a communication from the plain of Sparta to the province, anciently kingdom of Messenia. It rises in amphitheatrical form upon the face of the mountain; above it, upon a lofty hill, stands the citadel in ruins; the more modern town lies at the foot of the declivity. The houses are badly built, it formerly contained a large population, but it has now declined to the size of a small village. Great numbers of Jews resided here before the revolution; but since their infamous treatment of the remains of the Greek patriarch Gregorius, whose body, after it was cut down from the gallows at Constantinople, they drew in derision about the streets of that city, no Jew has been permitted to live in Greece. Mistra, in the middle ages, was one of the strongest places in the Peloponneseus. When the country was overrun by the troops of Mahomed II., the brothers of the last Constantine took refuge here, and, for a long time, obstinately held the post against their Ottoman assailants. The peasants at Mistra brought us great numbers of copper coins of the Constantine

eras, some of which had the word Constantius, others Constantinopolis, engraven upon them in Roman characters. They were remarkably well preserved. We could find no coins of ancient Sparta. After the destruction of the Eastern empire, the Venetians obtained possession of Mistra, and held it until dispossessed by the Turks.

At Mistra, one of the baggage horses falling lame, we were obliged to halt until the owner could obtain a substitute, horses were scarce in this part of Greece, and their price was very high. Demetri, not being able to buy one at his own price, was obliged to content himself with a stout mule, upon which he piled up the greater part of the baggage. After this delay, we set out upon our journey. We followed the windings of a narrow ~~the~~ me, down the middle of which a brawling stream of water was forcing its way into the plain of Sparta. This conducted us to a platform of rock, looking down into the deep valley, in the bottom of which was a neat little village, surrounded by cypresses and olive groves. Proceeding along this shelf of rock, we climbed up into the tops of the mountains, until we attained the summit of Taygetus, nearly 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We travelled, for several hours, over the mountains, and then descended into a valley, running between parallel ranges of mountains, which occasionally rose from four to five thousand feet above our heads, the sides of the mountains, in some places, were covered with forests of fir trees. A stream of water flowed through this secluded valley; the gurgling of the water, along its rocky bed, was the only noise that broke the silence of this solitary glen. At noon we halted upon the brow of a mountain spur, by a fountain, which some kind Turk had built here for the refreshment of the weary traveller. Not a human being did we meet in a travel of six hours in this dreary ravine. Hence, the road again ran up into the mountains, from which, after a few hours, it gradually descended, until it brought us, late in the afternoon, to a round grassy summit in the lower range. From this elevation we had a magnificent view to the south, of the Gulf of Corou, almost as far as Cape Matapan, the southern-west point of the European continent; beneath us lay a precipitous descent, which led into the faithless valleys below. On all other sides, the prospect embraced nothing but the splintered pinnacles and precipitous sides of lofty mountains, that seemed to lift their snow-covered summits into the blue sky above them.

The descent from this eminence was so steep and dangerous, that we were obliged to dismount and lead the horses. The mule grew restive under the heavy burden his master had

laid upon him, and, in the narrow part of the path, between a wall of rock on one side and a precipice on the other, took a stand in defence of his own rights, refused to budge a single step further. An amusing contest now took place between the muleteer and his obstinate beast. At first he tried to move him with the application of a cudgel, after breaking three or four stout sticks over the back of the mule, he gave up this method, his mulishness refusing to acknowledge the force of such a mode of persuasion. Next he tried him with a tempting basket of grain, held within a foot of his nose. The mule snuff the provender, and regarded it with the utmost complacency, but there he stood, firm as a rock. As it was impossible to remove the road in this narrow ledge nothing remained but to try the effect of some extremely dramatic stimulus. A small roll of paper, containing a thumbful of powder, was tied to the tail of the mule, and a match applied to blow him forward. The explosion smacked him hard, and frightened him so much, that he bolted from his position, and fell over the precipice, down which he rolled, until he reached the bottom, with the baggage still on his back. There he lay, howling in the most dismal manner. The quilted mattresses saved his bones, but he was so much bruised and lacerated, that we were obliged to remove the baggage to our saddle-bags, and walk the rest of the way.

At dusk we reached a village at the bottom of this descent, here we were informed, that in two hours more we should reach Calamata. We set out in good spirits, at the thought of our being so near the end of our journey. The further we advanced, the more suspicious we grew that we had misread the road. Night closed in, and it became so dark, that we were unable to distinguish the way. We left the valley, as the guide insisted that the shortest way lay over the mountain on our right. After ascending formally a thousand feet, we found ourselves travelling, along a mule-path, in which there was just sufficient room for the horses to walk along. On the right hand, the mountain rose perpendicularly, a naked wall of rock, and on the left, on looking over the shelf of rock on which we were walking, the light of the rising moon revealed a precipice that sunk into the valley upwards of a thousand feet below us. The space between the mountain on the one side, and the precipice on the other, was not more than five feet broad. A stumble would have sent us headlong down the precipice, and dashed us to pieces. We halted a moment to know what to do. The mule was luckily ahead, and, as he was the most sure-footed of all the bipeds and quadrupeds in the company, it was determined to follow in his

wake At ten o'clock at night, we reached the termination of this dangerous road From the bend of the mountain where it ceased, we could dimly see, in the moonlight, the town of Calamata, on the shore of the gulf, but at a great distance. We were so discouraged at this vista of the long journey yet ahead of us, that we would have halted where we were, had there been any place where we could have slept without rolling off into the dark chasms beneath. We had now been travelling fourteen hours since leaving Sparta, one-half of which time we had been marching on foot. The horses were as much fatigued as ourselves, and with difficulty kept on their way. In one hour we reached the plain, and re-mounted our horses, I immediately fell asleep in the saddle, and it was not until after midnight that I awoke, when I found that we were entering the narrow street of Calamata. After groping our way, for half an hour, through these dark and crooked avenues, we came down into a large open square, in the lower part of the town, where a party of Greek young men were dancing the Romatika in the moonlight. We had been on foot, or in the saddle, since leaving Sparta, in the morning, more than sixteen hours and during all that time we had eaten nothing but a few biscuits and dry figs. The mountain pass, by which we had travelled, is an unfrequented and dangerous route, and is taken but by very few travellers. Before the war, no single individual could safely pass through it, in consequence of the klephts by whom it was infested. It is one of the most romantic and savage scenes in all Greece. At Calamata we obtained quarters in the upper story of a *chase*; our guide set about preparing something to eat, but, famished as we were, the fatigue of the day overpowered us, and we threw ourselves at full length upon the bare floor, and fell to sleep.

The succeeding morning our aching bones would not allow us to continue our journey, so we remained at Calamata all that day. Here we enjoyed a refreshing bath in the sea, which is about a mile and a half from the town. From the beach we saw the town of Coron, picturesquely seated on the western side of the bay, at the foot of a mountain. In this bay Byron has laid the scene of the Corsair.

• "In Caron's bay floats many a galley light," &c.

The elevated chain of Taygetus, which passes to the east of Calamata, and extends to the foot of the Gulf of Coron, where it terminates in Cape Matapan, is inhabited by the Mamotes. They are scattered along the slopes and summits of the mountain, and live in houses shaped like towers, which were for-

merly used as fortresses to defend the plunder they obtained by piracy. They claim to be descendants of the ancient Lacedæmonians; from this circumstance, Napoleon traced his descent to the same illustrious stock. In the seventeenth century, upon the conquest of the Morea by the Venetians, great numbers of the Mainotes emigrated to the island of Corsica. Among them was a family of the name of Kalosmeros, the Greek for "good part," which, rendered into Italian, would be *Bonaparte*. From this family that of Napoleon is said to have taken its rise. When Napoleon was urging the Moreote Greeks to assist him against the English, he addressed a bulletin to the Mainotes, then a numerous and warlike body of the people, the bulletin was couched in his usual pacenading style, and in it he took occasion to allude to the tradition of the emigration of his ancestors from Maina, he proclaimed himself, like them, a descendant of the Spartans, and called upon them, by the remembrance of their common ancestry, to unite with him in the war of liberty, which the French Directory was then waging against the oppressors of the earth.

Calamata was almost entirely destroyed by the war, but it has now risen from its ashes, and is quite a neat and well-built town. The suppression of piracy has cut off one great source of its former prosperity. The old houses are pierced with loop-holes, from which their tenants defended themselves against the Mainotes, when they descended, in marauding excursions, from their mountains. Upon a hill behind the town is an old Venetian fortress in ruins, which was the scene of many desperate encounters between the Greeks and Turks in the revolution.

At Calamata we had arrived at the southern-most point of our journey in the Moræa. Thence we commenced to remount the Peloponnesus. It was with no little reluctance that I consented again to plunge into the mountains and defiles of this rugged country, from which we had just emerged, so wearied and exhausted. Had I been able to procure a boat at Calamata to carry me around to Athens, I would have been tempted to abandon the journey, and at once return.

We were in the saddle early the next morning, after one day's repose. From Calamata we directed our course for Messene. The road in the vicinity of the town lay through olive groves, and orchards of fig trees. The figs were just ripe, and hung in rich and inviting clusters from the trees. We plucked them as we rode along and found them very large and luscious that two or three cloyed the appetite. From the orchards and groves of Calamata, we entered upon the

wide and fertile plain of Messenia, through which the Pamisus rolls its rapid and swollen stream into the Gulf of Coron. On our way across the plain we stopped to look at an establishment, where the silk produced in the vicinity is unreeling from the cocoon, and prepared for exportation. The plain of Messenia is about five miles wide in its widest part; on the north it is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and on the south it expands into a wide flat level as it approaches the gulf. It was covered with flocks and herds grazing upon its rich pastures. In the afternoon we left the plain, and ascended into the mountains, crossing Mount Eva, upon a projecting platform of which stood a convent, shaded by a grove of cypresses. This mountain is celebrated as the scene of a battle between the Spartans and the Macedonians, in which the latter, through the valour and skill of Philipæmen, the Achaean general, achieved a most signal victory. Soon afterwards we passed over the crest of Mount Ithome, and turning into the valley, on its western side, proceeded along it, until we arrived at the village of Mavromati, situated upon the declivity of the mountain, near its base.

We found not a soul in Mavromati, as the villagers were in the valley reaping the wheat, or in the mountains with the sheep. The doors of the houses were guarded by fierce Moreote mastiffs, who obstinately disputed every inch of ground with us as we advanced to the house of the demarch, at a little distance to the north of the village. We found the demarch and his family at home; they received us kindly. We declined the offer of a room for our accommodation, and passed the night, as usual, in the open air, sleeping upon the top of an arbour, with the horses and mules beneath us. The village of Mavromati occupies a part of the site of the ancient town of Messene, the capital of the kingdom of Messenia. This little kingdom was separated from Lacedæmon by the mountains of Taygetus, which we had traversed on the way from Sparta to Calamata. It was composed, for the most part, of broad and fertile plains, nearly on a level with the sea, the amenity and soft climate of which rendered Messenia an object of envy with the Spartans, to whose rough and mountainous country it was so much superior. To obtain possession of Messenia, the Lacedæmonians waged a series of long and unsuccessful wars against it, until 688 B. C., when it fell into their power, after a most valiant defence by its inhabitants, under Aristomenes, whose valour and intrepidity in the defence of his country, afterwards gained for him an apotheosis among the heroic gods of the Grecian Pantheon.

Two hundred thousand of the Messenians, upon the capture

of their city, became the Helots, or slaves, of the Spartans, and the rest went into banishment, to Rhegium, in Italy, where they joined the king of that place, and conquered the town of Zancle, on the coast of Sicily, in which they settled, and changed its name to Messina, which it bears to this day. Nearly three hundred years of exile had elapsed, when Epaminondas, after prostrating the Spartan power on the field of Leuctra, recalled them to their ancient kingdom, rebuilt their city, encircled it with a line of massive walls, and raised anew the ancient citadel upon the summit of Mount Ithome. A considerable part of the walls of Messene, erected by Epaminondas, remain to this day. On the north of the city, we found a circular gateway, from which a paved road gave entrance to, and exit from the city. In the road, the wheel tracks of chariots were quite distinctly impressed. The court-yard of the gateway formed a vestibule, whence the stranger had a view of the whole city below him in the valley, and on the slope of the mountain: it is sixty-three feet in diameter, walled up on all sides, and covered with a roof of stone rafters; the architrave of the inner gate, which was probably thrown down during a siege by the Spartans, is nineteen feet long. From this gateway, the walls stretch from east to west, across the valley, and up the sides of the mountains, so that the town was defended on all sides by high mountains, connected together with walls. The walls had square towers, at frequent intervals, like the Saracenic walls which surround the cities of the East. They are entered from the inner side, and are pierced with loop-holes, through which the archers discharged their arrows upon the assailants. The Abbe Fourmont, eighty-five years ago, counted thirty-eight of these towers then standing, and Chateaubriand was informed, in his time, that nine remained entire. But seven now remain; they are in such a good condition, as to give a very good idea of the appearance of the wall when perfect.

We left these very interesting relics, and passed down into the bottom of the valley, at the foot of Mount Ithome. A thick crop of wheat was growing here, which somewhat embarrassed our explorations. The surface of the earth was covered with ruined walls, the foundations of buildings and precious fragments of art. In one place we found a large block of stone, probably the frieze of a temple, on which was sculptured a boar hunt. In another place, we observed the remains of a small theatre facing the south, many of the stone seats of which were entire, and near at hand a stadium, with a portion of the colonnade that surrounded it yet remaining. From this valley we ascended the steep and precipitous sides

of Mount Ithome; a deserted monastery stood upon the summit, and around it we traced the circuit of the walls, many of the layers of which remain, that enclosed the ancient town of Ithome, which stood here before the Thebans built the town of Messene in the valley. From the top of this lofty mountain the prospect was magnificent, embracing a view of the Messenian plain, which, in the time of Homer, was covered with cities,—the Gulf of Goron—Mount Lycæus, where Pan was born—the snow-capped summits of Taygetus overlooking the plains of Sparta—and the distant mountains of Arcadia, the pastoral paradise of the poets. Melancholy as was this view of the deserted sites of ancient magnificence, it was yet some consolation to know that the shepherds, whose flocks whitened the hills around us, and the peasants, who tilled the fertile plains that spread their broad and green surfaces from the mountains to the sea, were their own masters—that with the spirit and the courage of their ancestors they had carved out their freedom with their own swords, and shook off the Hælotie bondage of their Ottoman oppressors.

One day was delightfully passed in roaming over the site of the ancient Messene, and in musing upon its ancient glory. The little valley is a most lovely spot. The lofty mountains, which overshadow it, render it deliciously cool, and completely shut it up from the surrounding country. The misfortunes of its ancient inhabitants—their long exile—the triumphant return of their descendants—the solemn ceremonies with which, upon Mount Ithome, they thanked the gods for their restoration to the honours of their ancestors, and raised anew the altars, and rekindled the sacrificial fires—the festivities with which, to the sounds of music, they rebuilt the walls, and laid the foundations of a new Messene, in the presence of their deliverer, Epaminondas, with his brow yet verdant with the laurels of Leuctra—all these scenes rose up before the imagination, and increased the interest which the scenery of this secluded and pastoral vale excited.

CHAPTER XI.

Arcadia.—Pastoral scenes.—Mountain bivouac.—Temple of Phigaleia.—Demetsana.—Convent of Megaspelion.—Exploits of the monks.—Plains of Achaia.—Earthquake.—Vestitaa.

On leaving Me ~~me~~, we passed through the ancient gateway, and followed for some distance the road to Megalopolis, some of the pavement of which yet remained. In the afternoon, we re-entered the country of Arcadia, which to this day is a pastoral country, occupied chiefly by shepherds and their flocks. These shepherds were a rough-looking set of savages, clothed in sheepskins, with the wool turned inside. It was not a little characteristic of the country to see them with their flocks, upon the slopes of the mountains, with crooks and pipes in hand, idly reclining upon the grass, singing some rude mountain air, or playing upon the primitive pipe of reed—such as Pan was wont to use, when he led the dances of the Satyrs upon the Arcadian hills. We halted at noon by the side of a fountain; shortly after a shepherd descended from the hills to water his flock, the sheep gathered around us, and there we lay sheltered from the noontday heat—

—“*recubantes sub togæque fagi,*”

while the shepherd performed for us some of his best notes upon the pipe—

“*Sylvestrêm tenni musam meditaris avena.*”

He gave us some *yagourt* for our lunch, and we bought of him his pipe; it was with considerable reluctance that he parted with it, as it was the last he had. It seems that Lord Carnarvon, who had preceded us a few weeks through the Morea, had been buying up Arcadian pipes and crooks by the wholesale, so that he had left the shepherds without the emblems of their profession.

About dusk we crossed a romantic glen, through which the Neda poured its waters to the plain of Olympia. It was night when we reached the summit of the mountain, on which stand the “columns of Bassæ,” better known as the temple of Phigaleia. We had consumed the little stock of provisions

which we had obtained at Marvomat, and had nothing left in our sacks, indigent as our appetites had been, it was impossible any longer to refuse to satisfy their cravings. We were now alone, after night, upon the summit of a solitary mountain, where, apparently, no human being was within several miles of us. Around us we saw nothing but the peaks of mountains, rising upwards beyond the reach of sight, dark valleys sinking on every side, shrouded in mist and darkness, and the gray columns of the temple standing in solitary desolation upon one of the topmost points of the mountain. Romantic as was the scene, hunger overcame all our classical enthusiasm, and we thought of nothing but—our dinner. The night, in this elevated region, was cold, we gathered together the scattered brushwood that had fallen from the grove of oaks, and kindled a huge fire, around which we crouched, cheerless and comfortless. In the meanwhile, the guide was ranging about the mountain in the hope of finding a shepherd. We hallooed, fired guns, and, very opportunely, the mule joined in, with a braying loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. This concert of noises at last attracted the attention of a shepherd in a neighbouring valley, who climbed up the mountain to know the cause of such a singular tumult. We soon made known to him the object of our wishes, and in half an hour more we were gratified to see him return with a lamb upon his shoulder, a wooden bowl full of milk, and a pile of brown bread under his arm. The lamb was immediately sacrificed, not, as in days of old, to Apollo Epicureus, the god to whose worship the temple to our right was consecrated, but to the insatiable rapacity of Christian appetites. Our joint labours soon succeeded in skinning the victim; it was then fastened on a stake, which served as a spit to turn it before the fire. When it was cooked in this manner, each one cut off a slice, and eat it, without sauce or salt, and, what with a good supply of milk and bread, I never remember to have dined with more satisfaction. A bottle of Greek wine remained in our stores, which, with a pipe apiece, after this impromptu repast, renewed our spirits, and we laid down by the fire, smoking and talking with the shaggy Corydon who had been our purveyor, until midnight, when we fell asleep, with no other roof above us but the blue canopy of the heavens, illuminated by the lustre of countless stars.

The next morning we found the shepherd and his dog still basking by the embers of the fire. We gave him a *buonomano*, which put him in the best humour, and he left us with many thanks. The sun, which was just rising above the mountain tops, cast his rays full upon the temple, bringing out its gray

granite columns in bold relief from the dark rocks and green forests around. This is a most singular position for a temple, upon the top of one of the highest mountains in the Morea, secluded and shut up from observation by the crags and rocky ranges that surround it. It is to this seclusion that its admirable preservation is owing. It is of the Doric order, as all the other remains in Greece, a hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and forty-seven in breadth. Of the columns, on the outer range, thirty-six still stand as erect as in the days of Pericles. The foundation of the cella, or interior of the temple, yet exist, with a portion of the pavement. The stone roof is destroyed, but the architraves of the columns remain. The frieze, which represents the contests of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and the battle between the Amazons and the Greeks, is in the British Museum, where the frieze of the Pantheon is also preserved. Now, that an established government exists in Greece, and an attempt is being made to restore the old temples to their pristine condition, these works of art should be restored to their native country. This temple was erected by the people of Phigaleia to Apollo Epicureus the Healer, for their escape from a pestilence which desolated the rest of the Peloponnesus. Its architect was Ictinus, the same who built the Parthenon at Athens. It remained, from its remote and secluded position, for many ages unknown to European antiquaries. From the peak, which rises to the west of the temple, we enjoyed a beautiful prospect of the distant coasts of the Adriatic, with the castellated towns of Modon, Arcadia, the summit of Mount Ithome, and the Gulf of Messenia, with the high promontories which run down to its southernmost extremity.

We left the temple of Phigaleia about eight in the morning, and in five hours hence reached the town of Andritsena, built at the head of a sloping valley. Thence we set out, after an hour's repose, for Demetsana. The journey was rough and fatiguing, for the most part lying over mountains. Just before approaching the town, we travelled upon a mule-path which swept around the waist of a mountain, where there was only sufficient space for two persons to pass along abreast. From this road, we descended into a narrow valley, through which flows the river Gortynia, and, on crossing a high arched bridge, we stood at the foot of the hill on which Demetsana is built. On our way from Andritsena we passed the river Andania, which Hercules diverted from its course to irrigate the Argæan staples. The country was of the same wild Arcadian character as that of the preceding day—deep ditches, high mountains, fountains, rivers, bells, green pasture

and sylvan solitudes, almost realising one's ideas of Arcadian scenery. It was just thinly peopled enough to give it a wild and savage appearance, and the few inhabitants we met out of the towns were shepherds roaming through the glades and forests with their flocks.

Having arrived at the foot of the hill of Demetsana, the next difficulty was to mount it. The guide refused to show us the way, and wished us to continue on, without going up to the town. But we were not to be baffled in this manner, so we started from the spot at which we had halted, and scaled the summit of the hill with great difficulty, the ascent being as near the perpendicular as any I ever remembered to have made. As we knew but little of the modern Greek, we could not make ourselves understood, except by indicating, with very expressive signs, that we were hungry, and that we had money to pay for what should be brought us. I took my vocabulary of modern Greek, and picked out such words as expressed our wants—to be sure, in a very ungrammatical manner, but yet it assisted to extricate us from our dilemmas. In half an hour more the guide arrived, bringing with him the horses and mule, which, with the assistance of the muleteers, he had dragged up the steep acclivity of the hill, several hundred feet. Demetsana repaid us for the trouble we had been put to in reaching it. It is a very well-built town, with some 400 houses, and several churches, with towers and bells. Strange to say, the Demetsanians, during the whole time that the Turks held the Morea, were allowed the use of the bells, and even existed as an independent republic, governed by their own laws and officers. These privileges were granted them in consideration of an annual payment of 2,000 piastres to a mosque at Constantinople. The Turks made these grants as the best terms they could exact from the inhabitants, as the town is almost inaccessible, being an isolated hill, with precipitous sides. A large quantity of powder is made at Demetsana, in the private houses, and it had every appearance of a flourishing village. Ibrahim Pasha passed by this place with his army in the revolution, and threatened to storm it, but the inhabitants took such good measures of defence, by sending their wives and children to the mountains, and preparing to assail their foes with avalanches of rocks and stones, as well as fire-arms, that the Turkish general thought it best to change his intentions.

In two hours after leaving Demetsana, night overtook us upon the gravelly plain at the mouth of the defile, which leads through the mountains from the west of that town.

We laid down with a shepherd near the banks of the Gorynthus. His flock was spread around the watch-fire by the side of which we slept. The shepherd dogs kept pacing all night on the outer verge of the circle, baying and giving chase to the wolves that descended from the mountains. The succeeding night was again passed in the open air. On the second night we were obliged to sleep without a roof above our heads. We had intended to sleep at the convent of Megaspelon, and with that view we marched as expeditiously as possible during the day. In the afternoon we reached the town of Calavryta about two and a half hours distant from the convent. Here the mule, who, serviceable as he had proved himself, was exceedingly troublesome from his obstinacy, lost one of his shoes, and we were obliged to halt, for some time, until the blacksmith supplied a substitute. It was growing dark when we left Calavryta, and on entering the mountain gorge, in which lies the convent, night suddenly came upon us. The road was strewn with loose rocks and stones, and every moment some one of the beasts stumbled excepting the mule, who walked steadily along with a proper sense of the responsibility that rested upon him, keeping the path, and acting as a guide. We could see perpendicular precipices of rock rising on both sides of the glen, and could hear the rushing of a torrent that ran through the middle of it, there was no moon, and the darkness became so profound, that we were unable any longer to keep the path. The mule kept straight on, without regarding the road that led up to the monastery. When we had reached the top of an adjoining hill, we saw the lights of the monastery glittering on a level with us on the opposite side of the ravine, so that we were obliged to retrace our steps, and seek for the road that we had passed. After another weary hour, we arrived upon the terrace beneath the monastery, and began hollering to the monks to open the gates and let us in. On ascending to the platform before the great gate of the monastery, we found that our cries were disregarded, and the gate shut. Here we renewed the shouting, which brought one of the holy fathers to a window in the wall above the gateway, he opened a dark lantern upon us, to see who we were. The guide informed him that we were Franks and fellow Christians, and desired to pass the night in the monastery. He went to the superior for counsel, and returned answer, that the laws of the establishment forbade admission to any one after nightfall, and so imperative were they, he added, by way of comfort, that the King himself would not be allowed to enter, should he arrive after the closing of the gates. This was rather a

hard case, as we had flattered ourselves that we should pass the night in a good bed within the walls of Megaspelion, having now slept, for near a month, in the open air, on the tops of mountains, or in the bottom of damp valleys. We begged of the monks, if they would not allow us to enter, at least to send us something to eat. This request was readily granted, and, in a few minutes, one of the holy fathers lowered a basket down to us, filled with bread, cheese, and honey. We divided the bread with our weary beasts, as we could procure no provender for them.

We slept upon the sops of the monastery, and early the next morning we were aroused by the monks, who, with their superior at their head, came to invite us within. The superior was profuse in apologies for the untoward repulse of the preceding night. He compensated for it in some degree, by placing at our disposal, for as long a time as we chose to remain in the monastery, an elegant little chamber, furnished with divans and Turkey carpets. A bountiful breakfast of eggs, honey, bread, and wine, was next prepared, at which the superior gave us his company. He was a very intelligent man, and well informed upon the passing events of the day. His ideas, however, of geography, were rather confused, and I soon found he knew but little of the United States, or its institutions, though he expressed, in a warm and feeling manner, an appreciation of the services of Americans in behalf of Greece, particularly in establishing schools to educate the people.

This monastery is said to possess a charter from one of the Constantines; it was of very ancient foundation, being known to have been in existence for near three centuries. It is erected upon a platform which projects from the mountain, before the mouth of a large cavern, from which it receives its name Megaspelion—great cave. A steep precipice rises from the mouth of the cave, and hangs over the monastery, so as to completely protect it from above. Several attempts were made by the Turks and Albanians, in the revolution, to assail the monks and injure the monastery, by rolling rocks down from the top of the precipice; but they all overshot the mark, and fell into the ravine below. The reputed riches of the monastery have always rendered it an object of hostility with the invaders of the Morea. Ibrahim Pasha, passing on his way into the Morea, dispatched a messenger to the monks, with a summons to capitulate. The hegoumenos sent back for answer—"We surrender not to the pasha until he has first recovered the whole of the Morea." Ibrahim then marched his troops around, and ascended the heights in the rear, but

meeting with no better success there, he abandoned his hostile movements, and asked permission to enter the monastery alone, promising to religiously respect the persons and property of its tenants. His treachery was too well known to permit the monks to be deceived by such a *ruse de guerre*, so they declined gratifying his curiosity; he withdrew his troops, and left the monastery uninjured. A small battery has since been built upon the brow of the precipice, of a triangular form, so placed that while all its guns can be brought to bear upon an enemy upon the opposite border of the defile, or marching up the terraced road, it is exposed only at the apex of the triangle—a wonderful achievement of military science, of which the monks boast with a good deal of pride.

In front of the monastery is a garden, supported on the steep sides of the mountain by terraces rising one above the other. There are about 230 monks. They divide their time between their sacred duties and the cultivation of the patch of ground that is allotted to each of them. They live almost entirely on vegetable food, to which simple diet, and their labours as husbandmen on their little *metochia*, or farms, is to be ascribed the robust health they enjoy. The numerous guests they entertain, and their constant intercourse with the world, gives them a manly and agreeable character, that is rare among the monkish fraternity. They were by far the most intelligent of the Greek monks that I remember to have met with. During the revolution they took up arms with the rest of their countrymen; and displayed a courage and spirit that would have done honour to veteran soldiers. Indeed, the Greek priests during the whole of that bloody struggle, took an active part, sometimes consecrating the banners of the little bands of Palikari, and sending them forth to battle with prayers and invocations to Heaven for success, and again heading the troops, and rushing on the foe, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other. It was Germanos, archbishop of Patras, who, at Calavryta, first displayed the standard of liberty, and who first openly called his countrymen to arms.

The convent is a large irregular building of stone, coloured white, and contains eight stories. The interior is divided into numerous apartments, for the accommodation of its tenants. The chapel, or church, is within the cave; the pavement is of marble mosaic, and the walls are embellished with gilding and rude paintings of the Madonna and the saints. It is illuminated by silver lamps, suspended from the ceiling, many of which are the gifts of distinguished Greeks and Russians. The most remarkable object it contains is a wax image

of the Virgin Mary, which, according to tradition, was made by no less a person than Luke the Evangelist. Near the church are the mills, bakery, and workshops. Here also are enormous wine casks, one of which contains several thousand gallons. The wine of Megaspelion was the best we found in the Morea, with the exception of that of Tripolitza, some of which has all the better qualities of champagne. During the day that we remained at the convent, several pilgrims arrived to pay homage to the waxen figure of the Madonna, which is regarded with the greatest veneration by the Greek peasants. Among the pilgrims was a poor family, that had been more than a month in traveling to the convent, from the mountains of Albania. In the daytime the doors are open to all, and no one is requested to pay for the lodging and fare he receives. We saw enough to convince us, that however cordial might be the greetings of the monks, yet they adopted the old Spartan maxim of—

“Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;”

and that they preferred a frequent change of visitors to the prolonged stay of any one guest. Though nothing is asked, a Frank is always expected to pay double the worth for any thing he receives, but few refuse to contribute to the support of these noble hospices, which are open alike to the poor and the rich, and which dispense so liberally the bounties of Christian charity. The succeeding night, a party of Franks, who had arrived after sunset, were denied admission; like ourselves, they were obliged to sleep outside the walls of the convent. As they had then been only one day in Greece, they were unaccustomed to the rude life of a traveller in that country, and submitted with much reluctance to the laws of the convent. They kept up a great din until midnight, firing their guns, hanging at the door, and making other hideous noises, which, to us inside, who were snugly ensconced in warm blankets and sheets, was rather amusing. The next morning, on looking out of my window, I saw one of them, perched upon a crag, sketching the convent, and my humble self as a relief figure in his picture. They were French artists, who were about making a sketching tour through the Morea. As we were departing from Vostitza, we left them in high dudgeon with the hegoumenos, demanding of him how he dared to treat *les Français* in that manner.

We left the convent at eight o'clock in the morning for Vostitza, on the Gulf of Corinth. We descended down a zig-zag path into the bottom of the defile, and thence passed up to the summit of Mount Phteri. From this point we had a

magnificent view of the Gulf of Corinth, the broad plains of Achaia at our feet, and the snow covered summits of Parnassus, Helicon, and Pindus, the favourite haunts of the Muses. We descended into the level plains that extended from the mountains to the Gulf of Corinth. "We had now entered the territory of the ancient Achaia, the seat of one of the most celebrated confederacy of republics of antiquity." The plain was covered with vineyards, olive groves, currant bushes, and thickets of myrtle and oleander. We entered Vostitza in full gallop, rejoicing that we had here safely terminated our tour in the Morea.

Vostitza stands on the edge of a fertile plain, within a short distance of the Gulf of Corinth. It occupies the site of Egium, one of the leading cities of the Achaian confederacy, and the place where the Achaian congress was held. It was one of the most ancient and renowned cities of Greece, and is mentioned by Homer, as having furnished ships for the Trojan war. The earthquakes, which so frequently devastate the plains of Achaia, have swallowed up all traces of Egium, so that hardly a stone remains to indicate where once stood this powerful and opulent metropolis. The town of Vostitza, which had been nearly destroyed by the war, has been rebuilt, and is now quite a neat and flourishing place. It is subject to earthquakes, but their frequent recurrence seems to render its inhabitants insensible to danger. Near to Vostitza, on the road from Megaspelion, we passed the site once occupied by the cities of Helice and Buris, which were swallowed up by an earthquake in the 100th Olympiad. The whole of the surrounding plain is rent into chasms, and tossed up into mounds and hollows by the restless heaving of earthquakes. This volcanic region extends along the northern coast of the Morea, on the Gulf of Corinth, from Corinth at its eastern extremity, to Patras near the western end, and thence passes over to the Ionian islands, one of which, Zante, is so frequently agitated by tremblings of the earth, that it may be said to be rocked upon earthquake billows. In this island the shocks occur several times a year; when there is any long interruption in their recurrence, the inhabitants apprehend the visitation of some disastrous earthquake.

Vostitza contains a good bazaar, in which, as in the streets of Naples, all trades and occupations pursue their business, exposed to the public gaze. Here we found the best tailors in the Morea, and the inhabitants, as a necessary consequence, the best apparelled. We bought some elegant Albanian costumes, and richly embroidered belts, that would have vied with the sumptuous fabrics made at Stamboul. We arrived

at Vostitza completely hatless, shoeless, and I might also say, clothesless, if I may be allowed to coin such a word, for our European dress was torn to tatters by the rocks and thickets among which we had been travelling in the Morea. For the want of hats, in order to shield our heads from the sun, we had covered them, like the victors of the Olympic games, with crowns of myrtle. Arrayed in this fanciful head-dress, we excited not a little curiosity on entering the streets of the town. On reaching our lodgings, we immediately despatched the guide to the bazaar for a tailor. He returned with one, loaded with a variety of costumes, from the Albanian camese and gaiters, and the flowing robes of a Turkish mufti, down to the blue cotton drawers of a Hydriote sailor. We chose the Albanian dress, as the most fanciful, and the most national. It was rather singular to see a Gaul, a Briton, and an American, equipping themselves in the costume of the Macedonian soldiers of Alexander and I must confess, that it was some time before we could adapt ourselves to this heroic dress, which is a good copy, in cloth, of the steel armour of the Grecian knights, the high cap, full-breasted jacket, camese and gaiters, answering for the helmet, breastplate, mailed shirt, and greaves of the ancient warrior. There is something very martial in the port and bearing of the Greeks. They are generally tall and erect, of admirably-proportioned limbs, with "an eye, like Mars, to threaten and command," a firm and elastic step, and a physiognomy expressive of sternness and intrepidity of character. They wear the hair long, like their ancestors of old, the "long-haired" Greeks of Homer.

The plain behind Vostitza was covered with plantations of currant bushes. The currants are collected in the month of August; they are then laid out to dry, and in short time become ready for exportation. Vast quantities are exported from the plains of Achaia to the Italian ports, and to Patras, whence they are distributed over the rest of the world. The heavy export duty, which formerly served as a tax upon the production of this lucrative article of commerce, has lately been much diminished, and has, of course, increased its production. The exorbitant duty 41s. 4d. a cwt. on currants imported into England, was reduced, in 1831, to 22s. 2d. a cwt. The currant is a very tender plant, the bushes rarely yield any fruit until after six or seven years growth. It can only be cultivated with success in dry countries, where but little rain falls. The secretary of the demarch, at Vostitza, informed us, that the commerce of the place had nearly doubled from the increased cultivation of currants, which was altogether

owing to the removal of the legislative restrictions that had formerly fettered the trade.

As there was nothing of interest to detain us at Vostitza, we went down to the beach in the afternoon, to obtain a boat to carry us over to the opposite coast of Hellas, where we were to disembark on a tour, by Delphi, Thebes, and Platæa, to Athens. Near to the beach stands a magnificent plane tree, upwards of thirty-eight feet in circumference, with branches spreading wide enough to shelter the whole population of the town. At its foot was a fountain, whose cool waters gushed out into a marble basin, through twelve artificial jets. This fountain is mentioned by Pausanias, who travelled in the year 97 A. D. As I have had frequent occasion to cite Pausanias, I may as well mention, that he was a celebrated orator and historian, who travelled in Greece in the first century of the Christian era. He left a complete account of the country, in ten books, describing its topography, cities, and antiquities, with illustrative notices of its mythology and history. Each of his ten books are devoted to a description of a separate kingdom; that on Attica is particularly full and interesting. The work of Pausanias is a most invaluable guide for the modern traveller, as many of the ruins remain in precisely the same condition as in his time. It is too voluminous to be carried in a tour through the Morea, but it should at least be consulted before the traveller commences his journey, else he will miss much that deserves to be seen, and what he sees he will see but imperfectly.

CHAPTER VII

Cross the Gulf of Corinth.—Scala.—The Delphic valley.—Ruins of Delphi.—Temple of Apollo.—Treasures of Delphi.—Halleck's Ode.—View of Delphi.—The Corycian cave.—An adventure.—Grecian Thebes.—An inhospitable host.—Walls of Platæa.—Return to Athens.

At Vostitza we obtained a two-masted boat, to carry across the Gulf to Scala, at the head of the modern Bay of Salona, anciently called the Gulf of Crissa. Our fellow-companion, the Frenchman, who was anxious to arrive in Athens in time to meet the steamer for Egypt, whither he was going in

midsummer to see the Pyramids, left us at Vostitza, to return by way of the isthmus of Corinth. Here also we parted with the horses with which we made the circuit of the Morea, as we could find no boat large enough to carry them across the gulf. Constant climbing of mountains, and scanty fare, had reduced them to skeletons. The mule seemed to have improved from the hardships of the journey, both in flesh and temper, having in the latter part of the tour become quite fat and tractable.

We spread our sails to the wind, as the sun was sinking behind "Morea's hills." The mountains around were invested with a soft rosy tint, that lit up their tops with a mellow halo, and the waters of the gulf were crimsoned with the slanting rays of the declining sun, who, in these regions, always goes down in "unclouded blaze of living light." Soon after night had set in, the moon rose full and clear, and poured a flood of light upon the mountains, plains, and waters. The summit of Parnassus lifted its hoary head into the blue depths above, and the mountains of the Morea, with the plains at their base, and the irregular line of the Achaian coast, were distinctly traced into the soft illumination of the moonlight. Our crew consisted of the captain and his two sons, boys from fifteen to seventeen years of age. They navigated their little bark with much dexterity; it was employed chiefly in carrying currants from Vostitza to Patras, but they had once doubled Cape Matapan with it, and sailed around the Morea to the Piræus. A fresh breeze arose after midnight, and by daybreak brought us to the harbour of Scala, at the head of the Gulf of Crissa, which puts up about twenty miles inland, from the Corinthian gulf. Scala consists of some dozen houses, with a custom house and a Greek khan. After an hour's delay we obtained five mules to carry us and our baggage to Athens.

From Scala we started for Delphi, by way of the Crissean plain. The path lay through a cultivated part of the plain, beyond which it passed through thickets of oleander, and an olive grove. A mile and a half to the east of Scala, the mural remains of Cirrha, the ancient port of Delphi, were pointed out. From the olive grove we commenced to ascend, passing on the way the village of Krissa, the ancient Crissa, where the Pythian games were held. From this point we had a view of Galaxidi on the Crissean gulf to the southwest, and Salona, the ancient Amphissa, celebrated for a temple of Minerva, to the northwest; before us were the cliffs of Parnassus. On turning around the face of the stupendous precipice, which shuts up the Delphic valley to the west, we saw several Pan-

cient tombs hewn out of the rock, like the sepulchral chambers I subsequently saw at Petra, and in the mountains of the Thebaid in Egypt. These tombs differed in size, some of them being destined to hold only one body, and others large enough to contain a whole family. We entered the largest through an open doorway; it contained three recesses, with sarcophagi on each side of the chamber, and one in front, over each was a small niche in the wall. This tomb, which may have once held the body of a Pythia or Sybil of the sacred shrine, was now used as a cow-house. From these tombs we continued to ascend, until we attained a lofty summit, when the dark and sombre valley of Delphi suddenly burst in view, with the forked cliffs of Parikassus, and the village of Kastri picturesquely situated upon the top of an amphitheatrical hill against the side of the mountain. We lodged with the demarch, in the village of Kastri.

Our first visit was made to the Castalian spring. The spring rises near the foot of the two sharp cliffs, which formerly gave to the mountains its epithet of *Brups Parikassus*. Between these cliffs, when the spring rains fill the level lands above, a cascade of water tumbles down, the summer heats had dried up the sources of the waterfall, when we were at Delphi, and this picturesque feature in the scenery of the oracular city was wanting. The Castalian fount gushes out into a large stone basin, which abuts against the side of the rock, five steps form a descent into this reservoir, through the last of which a hole has been drilled, by which the superfluous water escapes, and falls into the reservoir, of a modern fount, where it is used by the villagers for the unpoetical purpose of washing dirty linen. In the reservoir of the Castalian spring the Pythia performed her ablutions, before she mounted the tripod in the temple, to give the oracular responses. The water of Castalia is as cool and limpid as when, of old, it inspired those who drank of it with the true fire of poetry. It has lost its ancient properties, for though we drank it in every prescribed position, we felt as promiscuous as ever. Wheeler, a testy traveller, of the time of Rochester and his contemporaries, very aptly remarks, that its waters are "fit to quench the thirst of those hotheaded poets, who in their bacchanals spared neither God nor man." At one end of the fountain is a small stone chapel, dedicated to St. John. Within the chapel we observed the names of many a pilgrim to this classic spot—among others, that of "Byron, 1809."

From the fountain we returned to examine the chasm between the two cliffs; but there is, in fact, three, one being lower than the rest, and rising to the west of the two most

prominent, which are separately called Naupleia, and Hyam-pleia, from the latter Æsop, the fabulist, was precipitated by the Delphians, 561 B. C., for having satirically compared them to floating sticks, which appear large at a distance, but are nothing when brought near. The Delphians must have been rather "thin skinned" to have taken offence at such a trivial piece of satire. Unwilling to have it known that they took his life for such a cause, they invented a story that he had stolen one of the sacred vessels of the temple of Apollo. As usual in such cases, the mob cried "over with him," and down the rock he was thrown. The Romans probably derived their punishment of the Tarpeian rock from this circumstance. A flight of steps, cut in the rock, now nearly worn away, lead up some six or eight feet to a level between the cliffs; from this point, on the west side, we saw a large cavern or hollow in the rock, but, it being inaccessible, we could not discover that it contained any thing.

The town and sacred edifices of Delphi were built upon terraces, rising one above another, like an ancient theatre. The concave bend and sweep of the terraces, with the huge walls of hewn stone that supported them, yet remain. No traces exist of the temple of Apollo, its very site is a disputed point among antiquarians. We found the surface of the earth covered with fragments of ruined structures, and, in one place, the base of a column had been just unearthed by the share of a peasant's plough. The temple must have stood upon the highest terrace, and near to the spring of the chasm, over which the Pythia was wont to take her stand; and where she was thrown into paroxysms when about to utter the oracular responses, no traveller has been able to discover any trace. This chasm or fissure was in the sanctuary of the temple of Apollo; it was probably an artificial excavation, into which some drugs were thrown, the fumes of which intoxicated the brain of the Pythia, and threw her into convulsions. The shrine and temple of Apollo at Delphi existed as far back as the time of Homer, who speaks of its great wealth and sanctity. The old temple, which was burned down, was rebuilt by the Amphictyonic council, 513 B. C., at the expense of all the states of Greece, the cost of its construction amounted to 300 talents, near 360,000 dollars. The front was of Parian marble, and it was decorated with the highest ornaments of sculpture, statuary, and painting, with the trophies won by victorious monarchs, and with precious offerings. Among other of its most remarkable objects was a huckler of gold, sent by Cræsus, king of Lydia, and a statue of bronze,

consecrated to Apollo, by the people of Marseilles, for a victory over the Carthaginians. There were some trophies within which were proofs of the discord of the states of Greece, and which must have produced not a little ill feeling among the citizens of rival states, such as the nine statues presented by the Tegyans for a victory over the Lacedæmonians and the statues given by the Lacedæmonians after the defeat of the Athenian fleet by their king Lysander. There was one noble trophy, in which every Greek might feel a pride—the statues consecrated to the god for the victory obtained over the Persians at Marathon, by the arms of united Greece, cast out of spoils taken from the field of battle. Some idea may be formed of the value of these treasures, from the fact that the Phocians plundered the temple of gold and silver to the value of 10,000 talents, about 12,500,000 dollars. For this plunder of the shrine of Apollo, all Greece armed to punish the Phocians for their impiety. Their territory was laid waste, a heavy fine imposed upon them, and they were deprived of the right of sending deputies to the Amphictyonic council.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to plunder the temple. The soldiers of Xerxes advanced to Delphi with that purpose, but were so frightened by the portentous noises that issued from the sacred valley, that they fled in dismay. The Gauls also, who made a similar attempt, were alarmed by mysterious sounds, which they took for angry mutterings of the god, and abandoned the design. Sylla was made of sterner stuff, he treated the accounts of prodigies which the soldiers brought to him, when he had sent to rob the temple, as idle tales, and told them that what they heard was a sign that Apollo would be happy to oblige them. Nero took from it 500 brazen statues, and Constantine the Great completed its ruin by carrying off to Constantinople the sacred tripod, and the statues. Of the following tradition related by Dodwell, we could learn nothing at Kastron. "The Kastriotes have a tradition, that at the birth of Christ, a priest of Apollo, who was sacrificing at this place, suddenly stopped the sacrificial ceremonies, and declared to the multitude that the son of a God was at that moment born, whose power would equal that of Apollo, but that the Delphian god would ultimately triumph over the new-born divinity. The words were scarcely uttered, when the rock was rent in two by a clap of thunder, and the priest was consumed to ashes by a flash of lightning." It is certain that the oracle had ceased to give answers in the time of Juvenal, 128 A. D., for he expressly refers to it

— "quoniam Delphis oracula cessant,
Et genus humanum damnat caligo uturi."
SAT. vi. 551.

The church of St. Elias, which stands a little below the Castalian fount, is built up with the capitals and shafts of columns; it contains nothing of any particular interest. When we entered it, an old Greek priest, with a long beard, was engaged in flogging a young Delphiad for neglecting the oracles of ancient learning. It was not until this affair was terminated, that we could induce the *pappas* (priest) to shew us through his church. When we asked for traditions of the oracle, he was as mute as that fountain of superstition itself; when we spoke of Marathon Miltiades, his eye kindled, and he burst out with an encomium on Bozzaris and Suli, and protested, that though he knew but little of the ancient history of Greece, he was sure that the heroism of the Suliote chieftain paralleled both that of Miltiades and Leonidas, and that modern Greece only wanted a Homer and a Pindar to make it as famous for valour as ancient Greece. I showed him a translation, in modern Greek, of Halleck's Ode on Marco Bozzaris: he read it with much emotion, and begged it of me in the most earnest manner, offering to give me in exchange any quantity of Delphian coins. I gave it to him, and we left him, drilling his refractory pupil in the martial sentiments of the heroic ode.

We were accompanied, during this inspection of the ruins of Delphi, by the son of the demarch. We were not permitted to visit them alone, as the government had recently sent orders, that the utmost vigilance should be exercised to prevent travellers from carrying away or defacing any of the remains of art. We left the little village of Kastri early in the morning of the day after our arrival. We proposed to go hence to Arrakhova, by way of the Corycian cave, which lies above Delphi, on the mountains, near to the base of the topmost peak of Parnassus. Our departure was delayed for some time, from the difficulty of finding a guide, as the road lay through a desolate and dangerous country, which was still the haunt of robbers. The Athenian guide declined to go with us, and professed to know nothing of the existence of such a cave. He proceeded along the valley of Delphi to Arrakhova, where we were to rejoin him. The brother of the demarch was at last persuaded to conduct us, and we set out on foot, properly armed. The road, which here, as every where else in Greece, was nothing more than a mule path, ran up to the top of the precipice, which overhangs Delphi on the west. Here we turned to take a parting glance at the oracular city. The deep valley was but dimly lighted, the sun not having yet climbed

above the high mountains which surround it. As we traced the terraces which rise from the bottom of the valley, it required but a slight effort of the imagination to conceive the original splendour of the sacred city, when the temples rose tier above tier to the lofty platform, crowned by the magnificent shrine of Apollo—with the intervening space filled up with statues, the valley sprinkled with fountains and altars, from which the smoke of sacrifice ascended, the multitudes walking in the groves; kings, warriors, and people, from the remotest climes, who had here gathered to consult the oracle, the solemn awe that pervaded the throngs when the doors of the temple were thrown open, and the Pythia mounted the tripod, the loud shouts with which some hero was hailed, as he returned from the hill of mysterious counsel with the prophetic promise of victory. No spot could have been found better suited for the purposes of the superstitious worship to which it was dedicated, than this dark and mysterious valley. As we turned to pursue the way, the sun wheeled above the mountains, and illuminated the sombre vale with the broad glare of light, so fled the dark superstitions that once dwelt in it before the effulgent light of the Christian revelation.

The precipice on which we were standing still contained the traces of an ancient stadium, which to this day is called Pentathlon, from the five species of exercise practised in it, viz., darting, quoiting, wrestling, leaping, running. From this precipice the path ascended to the summits of the neighbouring mountains, over whose bare and rocky surface we walked until we came to a scraggly forest of firs, and beyond, a deserted village. Some distance farther we arrived at the base of a steep hill, whose sides were covered with rocks and loose stones. With considerable difficulty we made our way up it, followed by a mastiff dog belonging to the demarch. In fifteen minutes we reached the mouth of the cave, the narrow entrance of which is almost concealed from view by the bushes that overhang it. We left the dog at the mouth of the cave, as a sentinel to admonish us of the approach of any one. Upon entering we found ourselves in a most magnificent chamber, 350 feet long, and 200 feet wide. The roof was hung with stalactites, that fell in graceful folds nearly to the pavement, columns of stalagmites supported the arched ceiling, and the sides were pierced with numerous apertures and caverns, that seemed to open into the heart of the mountain, while a blue mist enveloped the whole place, and gave to the cavern a dim and vague infinity that was exceedingly imposing. We descended to some depth below the entrance, until we came to an ascent which conducted to a

lesser cave at the bottom; we climbed up it, and looked down the declivity, but seeing no end to it, and not wishing to descend into the bowels of the mountain, we declined pursuing our researches further.

The bottom of the cave was strewn with circles of stones, in the midst of which the earth was blackened with the smoke of fires kindled by the troops and gipsies who had resorted here: it frequently served as a hiding-place for the villagers of Castri during the revolution. With the ancient Greeks this beautiful grotto was regarded as a residence of the Nymphs, and on a rock near the entrance, an inscription records that it was consecrated to Pan and the Nymphs. While we were in the lower part of the cave, the narrow aperture at the entrance gave such little light, that we could hardly find our way out; here, while we paused to look around, a loud shrill whistle proceeded from some invisible being, that made the many chambers of this court of the "Sarand Auli," or "Forty Halls," as it is called by the Greeks, ring with multiplied echoes. We were but three persons, and it was in the power of any single individual to shut up the mouth of the cave, and prevent us from escaping. We at first looked around, to see if the sound had proceeded from any one concealed in the numerous recesses in the sides of the cavern. We saw no human being. The guide, immediately on hearing the whistle, fell upon his knees, and uttered the solitary exclamation of "Robbers!" and there he remained pale, and shivering with fear.—We concluded that we were in the hands of robbers, so we advanced to the entrance to meet the foe, determined, if not overmatched in numbers, to defend our lives to the last extremity. As we advanced, the light revealed the entrance, but no robbers; in a minute more we rushed out, but the same desolate scene presented itself as when we entered the cave. Not a human being was in sight, and even the dog was gone. We hallooed, and traversed up and down the mountain for an hour, in the hope of finding the dog, or some clue to this singular mystery, but our efforts were all in vain, and we departed without the dog, who had probably been spirited away by some nymph, for this intrusion upon her ancient haunts. Nothing was ever more heard of our canine companion. The Corycian cave was formerly the haunt of a desperate band of robbers, and it is not unlikely that some one of their number had given this intimation of their presence.—After this singular adventure, we crossed over the mountain to the south, and descended to the village of Arrakhova.

From this place we started, on the succeeding day, for Livadia, in Boeotia. Two hours before arriving at this place,

we entered a mountain pass, which separated the kingdoms of Phocis and Boeotia. Near the end of the pass we came to an encampment of soldiers, who had just had an encounter with a band of robbers from the neighbouring mountains; no lives had been lost, but some of the soldiers were severely wounded. The field of battle was covered with spoils of war, such as broken attaghans, Albanian muskets, and tarbooshes riddled with bullet holes. The robbers had apparently got the worst of the affray. Livadia is the capital of Boeotia. Before the war its population amounted to 10,000; it is now reduced to about 6,000. Consistently with the proverbial humidity of the Boeotian climate, it rained all the time we were at Livadia. Our lodgings were besieged at Livadia, by many of the wretched beings whom the unhealthiness of the climate afflicts with disease and suffering. As every Frank is supposed to be a doctor, we were called on to administer relief. It was in vain that we disclaimed being of the medical fraternity, we were compelled to distribute the last of our stock of Siedlitz powders among them, and they went off, full of faith in their healing properties.

At Livadia we visited the cave of Trophonius, within which was anciently enacted a villanous jugglery that cozened people out of their senses. Near at hand we drank of the fountains of memory and oblivion, the waters of Lethe were muddy and turbid, while those of memory were clear and tranquil as a mirror which reflects all that passes before it. From Livadia we turned to the north, and followed the plain of Thebes until it conducted us to the city of Epaminondas, at the foot of a mountain, at the head of a broad and fertile plain that stretches before it to the limits of Boeotia. On our way across the plain we saw traces of the ancient road that led from Thebes to Athens. It was uncovered by the labourers engaged in laying out a new route between these celebrated capitals. It consisted of broad parallel slabs of stone, with earth between, like the modern tramways, the tracks of chariot wheels were yet quite distinct. I much regretted that we were not able to visit Cheronæa, the birth-place of Plutarch, and the scene of the fatal battle that gave Philip of Macedon the easy conquest of the rest of Greece.

“——— that dishonest victory

At Cheronæa, fatal to liberty,

Whose tidings killed that old man eloquent.”

Thebes has utterly disappeared from the face of the earth; nothing remains but a few scattered and disjointed columns of

the city of Cadmus and Epaminondas. It was levelled to the ground by Alexander, with the exception of the house of Pindar, and thirty thousand of its inhabitants sold into slavery. As an author remarks—"Strangely as have vanished from all the cities of Greece, Athens excepted, the monuments and evidence of their former magnificence and civilisation, from no one of them have they so completely disappeared as from Thebes. Corinth has had its heavy Doric temple; Argos its theatre; Sparta the presumed tomb of Leonidas; Messene its splendid walls and towers; Delphi its excavated tombs, and the foundations of its temples; but *Thebes has nothing.*"

We started from Thebes for Plataea, by the road which leads from Leucta and Thespiæ. On the battle field where Epaminondas humbled the power of Sparta, we stopped a while to form some idea of the position of the two armies. The Spartans had evidently the worst ground, and it was very rash in Cleombrotus to give battle, notwithstanding the great superiority of his numbers; but it may be doubted whether he could have prevailed, under the most favourable circumstances, against the valour and skill of Epaminondas. We arrived at Plataea long after night; before we reached it, it grew intensely dark, and we could no longer keep the path. We were completely lost, and wandered about in the darkness, not knowing whither to direct our steps. At last we perceived the fire of a shepherd in the hills; we clambered up to his encampment, through the midst of his flock, that was scattered in a wide circuit around the watch-fires. He was alone with his sheep and dogs; we asked him for the way to Plataea, but he knew of no such place; we unrolled the map by the fire, and found that the modern name was Kokla, which he at once recognised as the name of a khan a mile distant—a sad commentary this, on the instability of human glory, when a modern Greek roams over the fields of the ancient glory of his country, and knows not that he treads upon the dust of heroes, who have made his country famous to all races and generations of civilised men.

Under the guidance of the shepherd we arrived at the khan of Kokla in about half an hour more. It was then about nine o'clock at night; the khan was closed, and the lights extinguished. We roused the master of the khan with a knocking that threatened to bring the frail tenement about his ears. He came out with a light in one hand, and a pistol in the other. Soon after the landlord appeared, a guest rushed out in a great rage, with a drawn sword,

vociferating oaths in some half dozen different tongues, and swearing stoutly that we should not enter the house, that we were a band of robbers, and that no honest man would be travelling about the country at that time of night. We endeavoured to explain to this Bombastes Furioso the cause of our tardy arrival, but he grew only the more furious, and insisted that we should immediately leave the premises, or he would be the death of some of us. With that intent he entered the inn, to obtain his pistols. Our guide now grew furious, he unsheathed his own scimitar, ascended the steps of the khan, and prepared to meet his enemy when he should return from his chamber, he saw fit, however, to remain within and did not re-appear, but contented himself with muttering threats. It was now the landlord's part to play the braggadocio. He obstinately refused to allow us to enter, we offered him money, we threatened, and coaxed, but it was all in vain. At last the guide bethought him of a shooting license he had with him, with the royal seal and coat of arms. He held this up before the eyes of the inhospitable host, and threatened him with the vengeance of King Otho. The effect was instantaneous, no sooner did he see the emblems of his royal master, than he begged a thousand pardons, opened the doors, knuckled a toe, and gave us a good supper. The next morning the stranger with whom we had the wordy skirmish of the previous evening, rode off without speaking to us. He was a Pole, who, having been in the Greek war, had settled in Greece, and taken up a considerable quantity of land near Kokla.

The ruins of Plataea lay a few paces to the south of the khan. The walls are admirably preserved, tier upon tier of the huge blocks of stone, of which they were built, still remaining, and extending in all the sweep of their original circuit. Foundations of the houses within the enclosure exist, with the usual quantity of broken tiles and pottery ware, several columns, and the impost of some of the gates, lay scattered in broken fragments around. Plataea lies upon one of the lower declivities of Cithæron, near the eastern extremity of the plain of Boeotia. The site of the original city is unoccupied, the fountains and streams of water yet remain which induced the Grecian forces to resort to it. In making this movement they were followed by the Persians, under Mardonius, who supposed that they were retreating. The forces of the Greeks amounted only to 70,000, while those of the Persians were upwards of 350,000. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, they fought with a desperate valour, and obtained such a decisive victory, that the Persians were driven

from Greece, and never again crossed the Hellespont. It was upon this occasion that the prize of valour was bestowed upon the Plataeans by the acclamations of united Greece. Subsequently, upon the siege of their city by the Lacedæmonians, the Plataeans referred to the achievements of that memorable day, which secured the liberties of Greece. In appealing to the besiegers to spare their city, they said—"Cast your eyes on the monuments of your ancestors, which you see here, to whom we annually pay all the honours which can be rendered to the names of the dead. You thought fit to intrust their bodies with us, as we were eye-witnesses of their bravery; and yet you will now give up their ashes to the Thebans, who fought against them at Plataea. Will you enslave a province, where Greece recovered her liberty? Will you destroy the temples of those gods, to whom you owe the victory?" This siege was one of the most singular on record. The besiegers drew a wall around the city, and endeavoured to overtop its walls by elevating other walls above them, but the besieged kept pace with them, and piled tower upon tower, until the walls rose to such a prodigious height, that they threatened to fall and crush the defenders upon their lofty ramparts. The Lacedæmonians took the city and razed it to the ground. Alexander after the victory of Arbela, where he annihilated the Persian power, wrote to the Plataeans, from the field of battle, that he would rebuild the city from the spoils taken from their ancient enemies, to reward the zeal and bravery by which their ancestors had distinguished themselves in defending the common liberties of Greece. He kept his promise, and the walls which we inspected at Plataea were the remains of those raised by Alexander. I was more interested in viewing the territory of this gallant little Republic, than in any other spot of Greece, for it was owing to the constancy and bravery of the Plataeans, that the liberty of Greece was saved from destruction by the Persians.

From Plataea we directed our course to Athens, by way of the pass of the pass of Eleutheræ and the Eleusinian plain. At Eleusis we entered upon the Sacred Way, by which we had travelled from Athens when descending into the Morea, and, at ten o'clock at night, upon issuing from the defile that leads to the Gulf of Salamis, we again beheld the Acropolis, glittering in the moonlight with its cornet of temples. On riding up to the hotel, we were hailed from the window by our fellow-traveller, the Frenchman, who had left us at Vostitza, to return to Athens by way of Corinth. He had just arrived; having taken a boat at Calamachi, he had got becalmed in the Gulf of Salamis, where he lay, drifting to and

fro, during the time that we were travelling from Delphi to Athens.

We had now accomplished the tour of Greece. In about one month and a half we had traversed the Peloponnesus and Hellas, visited every state of ancient Greece, contemplated the sites and ruins of Sparta, Corinth, Argos, Messene, Achaia, Ithaca, Plataea, Thebes, Leuctra, and almost every spot memorable in Grecian history, either for the deeds of valour, of which it was the scene, the temples and architectural monuments which it contained, or the legislation and laws which characterised it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure for Egypt—Steamboats in the Mediterranean—The Island of Syra—Turkish and Egyptian fleets in the harbour of Alexandria—Arrival at Alexandria—Hotels—Polyglotism of the Arabs—Choosing a servant—Modern Alexandria—Climate of Egypt.

SUFFERING under a violent fever, contracted during a tour through Greece, I was obliged to separate from my *compagnons de voyage*, and return to Luxor. I left Athens in the Austrian steamer for Aukona. The usual quarantine of fifteen days at this place, for persons coming from the Levant, was reduced to five days, in consideration of our fellow-passenger, the Prince of Cambridge. The prince had been travelling for some time in Greece and Turkey, and was then returning to Europe, to pass the summer in Switzerland. He was exceedingly affable and frank in manner, and manifested much interest in the United States, particularly touching our state and national governments and the public works, and evinced a cultivated and well informed mind, that was no less becoming to him as a gentleman than as a prince.

In the November of the same year, I again stood upon the shores of the Adriatic, having, during the summer and autumn, made the tour of Central Europe, and descended through Austria, by Vienna and Trieste. I was now about to realise the long-cherished idea of a tour to Egypt. I embarked in the Austrian steamer 'Mettermich' for the island of Syra, in the Aegean, where we were to take the French steamer from

Malta, on her way to Alexandria. The Mediterranean is now traversed in all parts by steamboats, so that travellers meet with no difficulty for want of conveyance. Four lines of steamboats ply constantly between Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome. The French government steamers depart from Marseilles every ten days for Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, Malta and Alexandria, touching at Leghorn, Naples, and Civita Vecchia. The English steamers touch also at Marseilles every fortnight, on their way to and fro between England, Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria. A line of steamers leaves Marseilles every ten days, and runs down the Spanish coast to Cadiz, touching at all the principal ports. At Constantinople there is a semi-monthly line of steamers to Trebizond, on the south side of the Black Sea, whence travellers may cross into Persia; another line goes to Odessa, the road to St. Petersburg; and another goes from Constantinople, through the Black Sea to the Danube, up that river to Pesth, and thence in smaller boats to Vienna. There is also an occasional boat, which, starting from Constantinople, touches at Rhodes, Cyprus, and Beyrout, Sidon, Acre, Jaffa, &c., on the coast of Palestine, from any of which ports the traveller may reach Jerusalem or Damascus in a few days. In ten days from Marseilles the traveller may transport himself to the city of the sultan, or the sands of Egypt; and in a few days more, he may be on the high road to Ispahan, St. Petersburg, Thebes, or Palmyra. A few years ago, the traveller who ventured beyond Malta, was obliged to be tossed about for months by the contrary winds and waves of the Mediterranean, before he could attain places which now, by the aid of steam, without inconvenience, he reaches in a few days. Six years have effected this great change in the Mediterranean. This constant intercourse between the Christian and Mahomedan extremities of the Mediterranean, is destined to materially advance the cause of civilisation and letters. In twelve days the Atlantic may be crossed to England, two thence to Paris, three to Marseilles, and ten to Constantinople or Alexandria; so that in *one month* from the departure from America, the traveller may be standing by the ruins of the Parthenon, beneath the shadow of St. Sophia, or at the base of Pompey's Pillar. •

We arrived at Syra in seven days from Trieste; here we found that the steamer had departed for Alexandria, so we were obliged to remain until the arrival of the next packet from Marseilles. Syra, being in a central part of the Archipelago, has been chosen as the point of junction for the Austrian and French lines of steamers which traverse the Adriatic

and Mediterranean; here they meet and exchange passengers for Marseilles, Venice, Athens, Alexandria, Constantinople, and the other ports of the Levant. It is one of the 'shining Cyclades,' Delos, the birth-place of Apollo, Rhenea, the burial-place for the dead of Delos, within which, from its being consecrated to Apollo, no one could be interred; Tenos, now, as of old, celebrated for its wines, Myconos, anciently uninhabited, from its frequent earthquakes, and Paros, famous for the quarries from which Praxiteles, and the other Grecian sculptors, derived the marble for their statues, are all in sight of Syra. This is the island described by Homer as

"Not large, but fruitful - stored with grass to keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep,
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn."

POPE ODYS. lib. xv.

It is sadly changed since Homer's time - at least in one respect - it still preserves its ancient barrenness, not being more than seven or eight miles long and four broad. But few mantling vines adorn the hills, and of rich valleys waving with golden corn, I saw none - there are not thirty acres of tillable land in the whole island. It consists, for the most part, of steep and precipitous hills, rising from either side of the island, to a high peak in the centre, with a few ravines, or rocky dells, clearing their sides, clothed with a scanty covering of earth, and sprinkled with olive trees. A small valley among the heights back of the town, about a quarter of a mile in length, containing an orange grove, is a charming oasis in the sterile wilderness of rock around it. A colony of Ipsariotes, recently settled at Syra, are cutting the rocky precipices into terraces, and strewing them with soil, which is imported from the main land. They have succeeded in rearing some vines and fig trees, but the mountain torrents constantly threaten to wash away and destroy their labours.

The town of Syra rises like an amphitheatre upon the sides of the mountain. An open space of ground about the middle of the hill, serves as a line of division between the portion of the town inhabited by the Roman Catholics, and that occupied by the members of the Greek church. Such an irreconcilable animosity exists between the Greeks of these two religious sects, as to prevent them from living peaceably together in the same town. The port, which is of a semicircular form, is sheltered on the east, west, and south, and is one of the best harbours belonging to the kingdom of Greece. The town is built around the port, and on the acclivity of the hill, and

presents quite an imposing appearance on the sea side, but within, it is one of the worst-built towns in the East. There is but one street, on the narrow level between the foot of the mountain and the river, and that is so wretchedly paved that it is hardly passable. The other parts of the town are traversed by narrow and filthy lanes. For the want of walks upon terra firma, the inhabitants resort to promenades in boats upon the harbour, which on Sundays and fete days is covered with gay parties. Syra is the most flourishing place in the new kingdom of Greece, its advantageous position on the great highway between Egypt and Turkey and Europe, and its excellent harbour, has made it the *entrepot* for the rest of Greece. Before the war it was nothing but a nest of pirates, but it has now risen to be a place of the first importance. Ship-building is extensively carried on. It contains several flourishing missionary and government schools, one of the former of which, founded by the American mission, has exercised a most favourable moral influence upon the rising generation. Some idea of the extent of the mercantile commerce of this rocky little island may be gathered from the fact that in 1835 1,122 vessels entered its port, the tonnage of which amounted to 107,267 tons, and the value of their cargoes to about 2,226,715 dollars;

2,635 vessels were cleared in the same year, the tonnage of which was 111,196 tons, and the value of their cargoes nearly 2,037,600 dollars.

The British consul at Syra acts also as the American consul.

On the morning of the fourth day after our departure from Syra, a little after sunrise, the word was passed through the cabin of the steamer, that the coast of Egypt was in sight. We were all soon upon deck. The first object that caught my attention was the tall shaft of Pompey's Pillar, rising among a forest of masts. The coast and town lay so flat as to be hardly discernible. The sand hills of Aboukir, though at some distance, dazzled the eye with their strong reflection of the sun-light, and beyond them stretched the desert. In a few moments, however, the ancient capital of the Ptolemies rose in full view. Rapidly urging our way through the narrow entrance, against which the sea was violently dashing, we rounded into the harbour of Alexandria.

A more magnificent sight I have never witnessed; the whole harbour seemed to be covered with fleets. As we slowly pushed on to anchorage ground, abreast of the town, we passed through the midst of the fleet. Upon one side of us rose the gigantic Mahmoudieh, bristling with upwards of one hundred and forty cannon, and with her four decks, and great height, resembling a floating fortress. Farther onward,

we passed the most beautiful of corvettes, the *Damanhour*, commanded by Seyd Bey, the second son of the Pasha. The fast, trim-built air of this vessel was striking. Her tall, tapering masts, raked like a cutter, while her sharp, cut-water bows, her elegant mould, and high finish, and the grace with which she cut upon the water, struck me as the *beau idéal* of ship building. We passed immediately under the bows of the Nile, a fine, imposing-looking armed steamer. We were continually on the gas wire, running from side to side, to see here a beautiful cutter, there a ship of the line, by whose side we dwindled into insignificance, then an armed yacht. And what, with the immense size of these leviathans of the deep, the beauty of some, the gorgeous decorations of others, and the great number of all, we were interested in the highest degree. But our admiration was excited up to the highest degree when we dropped anchor alongside of a frigate lying near to the landing.

This was a long double-banked frigate. There she lay, a perfect model of naval beauty. The sharp, elongated bows, the swelling sides, and the immutable grace with which the stern was rounded off—and then her very tall masts, which rose to such a height, and tapered off so gently, as to appear lost in air, and the air of defiance and proud confidence she wore, at once removed our preconceptions in favour of the corvette. We were all eager to learn her name and origin. The captain informed us she went by no other name than that of *The American*, and that she was built by Mr. Rhodes, the American constructor to the sultan, &c., of course, was most agreeably surprised, and being the only American on board, was warmly congratulated at this exhibition of American skill. I subsequently made a visit to the principal vessels of the fleet. The Portuguese vice-consul obtained us an interview with Seyd Bey, the son of the Pasha, on board of this corvette. We were conducted to the corvette in his own barge, and introduced to the bey upon the deck of his own vessel. He was a large, ungainly personage, and for some reason or other always kept his eye closed, which made him appear blind. He received us, however, with much cordiality, and addressed us in very good French. His crew went through all the manoeuvres of a gun-boat with great dexterity and facility. They ran out the guns, and imitated the process of loading and firing; the muzzles showed the belwarks for boarding; the muzzles ran up to the tops to fire upon the decks; the muzzles ran down below; a separate corps of men, armed with buckets, extinguished the fire, and returned to their posts. We boarded, we fought; the foe

surrendered, and the shout of victory was raised by the army in which, so much had we all been interested, that, losing all sense of propriety, his highness and the rest of us all joined. The whole affair was so admirably conducted, and the discipline was so excellent, that we could not but be enthusiastic in our congratulations to the boy. He conducted us to his chamber: the floor was covered with Persian carpets, and the whole apartment was furnished with great sumptuousness. The boy did me the honour to make several inquiries after the United States, and I was much moved by the admiration which he expressed for that remarkable example of

"Virtue confessed in human shape."

Washington. I replied to his highness, that should he ever be called to the Divan, I hoped he might find this great character worthy of imitation, even in the exercise of oriental sovereignty. He responded that, as a general, a statesman, and a man, a sovereign could have no worthier example than Washington.

Leaving this corvette, we rowed over to see the American. The Arabs call her by no other name than that of "Marika Amerikan"—the American vessel. Upon sending up our names, we were very politely received by her Turkish commander. If we were struck with her external beauty, we were no less so with the interior. The clean decks, the polished guns, the well-dressed crew, and the simple equipment of every thing, much delighted us. Her commander spoke only Turkish, but he invited us to his cabin, where coffee and pipes were served to us, though, as it was the eve of the Ramazan, he himself did not partake of them. He made us observe that the beautiful wood with which the cabin was decorated was American; most of it was bird's-eye maple. After a thorough examination of this splendid frigate, we desired our dragoman to express our sense of the civilities of her captain, and we then passed to visit the other vessels.

There were in the harbour nineteen ships of the line—seven teen frigates, and twenty other armed vessels, in all about sixty. This great fleet almost filled the harbour. It constituted the whole force of the combined Turkish and Egyptian fleets. It may be remarked that the Turkish were much better built, in general, than the Egyptian vessels. An armed brig in the Egyptian service is called Washington. The number of men in the fleet is estimated at more than forty thousand. The floating population, with the fleet,

residents of Alexandria, augmented the population of that place to eighty thousand.

When I returned to Alexandria from Syria, the plague was on board the fleet, and it was in a state of quarantine; but such was the cleanliness and good condition of the vessels, that it made but few victims.

The steamer anchored a short distance from the custom-house quay. She was immediately boarded by the agents of the hotels, to one of whom we confided our baggage. There were nearly one hundred passengers, most of them British officers, going on to India by way of the Red Sea and Suez. On landing, we found ourselves in the midst of an immense rabble of donkey and camel drivers, who were fighting for the possession of us. It was hardly possible to get a footing on shore without flourishing our sticks right and left; but we were discomfited at the first charge, and were carried off by main force, and thrust on the backs of donkeys, without any question as to our destination. As we went, however, at full gallop, with a little Arab imp at the donkey's heels, behavouring him at every step with a stout cudgel. We dashed on at this break-neck pace through the bazars, and up and down the narrow streets, overturning not a few fruit women, until we drew up before the "Hotel d'Orient," in the open square, on which stand the consulates. The first flag that caught my eye was the "stars and stripes," floating over the hospitable mansion of Mr. Giddens, our estimable consul in Egypt. It was pleasant, in the semi-barbaric dominions of Mohammed Ali, to see this sign of the guardianship and watchfulness of one's country.

The semi-monthly departure of the steamboat from Suez to Bombay brings a great number of India travellers to Alexandria. This has led to the establishment of several well-kept hotels in Alexandria and Cairo. We were much surprised, on entering our hotel, to find it fitted up with a comfort and elegance that is often sought for in vain in Italy. The hotel stands on one of the sides of a large hollow square. This square is surrounded by ranges of imposing houses of stone, built with much taste and effect. They are occupied by the different embassies and consulates, and are owned by Ibrahim Pasha. The hotel of the French ambassador, however, is the property of the French government. In the middle of the square is a fountain of Mahommah marble. Upon and in the immediate vicinity of this square is concentrated all the Greek population of Alexandria. The consuls of Christian powers in Mahommedan countries have the national coat

of arms suspended over their doors, and their flags floating over their roofs. A Christian is amenable only to his consul for criminal acts. The justice of Turkish cadis is rather too arbitrary and venal to be deemed safe for the judgment of Christian culprits. Sultan Mahmond deserves to be ranked among the benefactors and reformers of his time, for that memorable declaration, "all are equal before the sultan and the law," by which, with a single stroke of his pen, he obliterated the factitious and unjust distinctions of ages, and released the Hebrew and Christian part of his subjects from the tyranny of the Turks, who had, until then, regarded themselves as their masters and superiors.

Modern Alexandria is much better built than Constantinople. The houses are of stone, coated with plaster. Stone and building materials are abundant, as the earth beneath the modern town is but a mass of ruins of the ancient capital of the Ptolemies. The houses are lofty, with but few windows, enclosed court-yards, and so constructed as easily to be shut off from communication with the street during the plague. The streets, which, from the heat of the climate, are necessarily narrow, are unpaved. Brick or stone pavements would not be endurable under the torrid rays of an African sun. The sand is compactly trodden and smooth, and as there is no rain at Alexandria but for a few days in winter, they are more clean than the well-paved streets of European cities. A high wind, however, raises the sand, and fills the air with floating particles very injurious to the eyes. The streets are filled with a motley crowd, and a striking contrast of costume and physiognomy. The tall sleek Armenian, the supple Greek, in his close-fitting jacket, flowing camose, and gaiters, the down-cast Jew, the sombre, heavy-featured Copt, the haughty Turk, resplendent in a diamond-lilted sword and Cachmere turban, the wily, bronzed-faced Arab, the dark, thin-faced Bedouin, in his *bermoss* and sandals, the Savage Arnaout, rattling in pistols and scimitars, the Franks of every tongue and nation, jostle through the thronged avenues of the bazaar, presenting a scene that, to the stranger, seems to partake of the fantastic show of a masquerade. Such a confusion of tongues, where you can hold no general communication, unless you be something of a polyglot, is most perplexing. An interpreter is an indispensable companion, if you wish to transact business, or interchange ideas with the Orientals. The Franks all speak French, but the Turks know no language but their own. This variety of languages renders their study a matter of course with the residents of the country. I have frequently met

merchants speaking with equal facility French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, and Turkish. Indeed, so common is this acquisition of languages in the East, that no surprise is expressed at a man speaking half a score, or so of different tongues.

Before commencing our walks in Alexandria, we provided ourselves with two servants, who acted as our dragomen, cook, and *factotum*. We were honoured, the day of our arrival, with the visits of numerous applicants, seeking the distinction of being attached to the service of our honourable selves. They all presented certificates of character and fitness, as long and numerous as the petition of an office-hunter at Washington. I selected a black from Darfour, who had been in the service of Cleot Bey. He spoke half a dozen tongues. My companion chose an Arab, who had been to Petra and Palmyra, the *los dorados* of all ambitious travellers. These two worthies negotiated all our bargains in the bazaar, for which, in addition to their monthly pay of twelve dollars, they charged us a liberal per centum. We found the cunning of the Arab, and the keen wit of the Darfour black, rather too sharp for us, so we were obliged to pick up a little Arabic ourselves, to escape the imposition their combined knavery was continually practising upon us.

We arrived at Alexandria in December, yet the sun was oppressively hot, and vegetation was as green and flourishing as with us in the month of May. We were dressed in summer apparel, and so strong was the heat of noon, that we followed the custom of the country, and took a siesta until the waning of the sun's force. The perennial vegetation and cloudless skies of Egypt, where nature never slumbers, nor the sun is shorn of his glory, where this night, with a cope illuminated with shining stars, and a brilliant moon, seem but a pale reflex of day, constitute a source of great pleasure with the denizen of less favoured regions. The air seems clearer, the sun, moon, and stars brighter, in Egypt than in any other country I have seen. This dazzle of light, by day and night, is at first very trying to the eyes. No wonder the ancient Egyptians were such great astronomers, when the heavens present such a magnificent spectacle of planets and stars, and the arch of night is so brilliantly illuminated, from the zenith down to the horizon.

CHAPTER XIV.

Alexandria.—Castle of the Pharos.—Wild dogs.—Cleopatra's Needles.—Obelisks.—Their object.—Pompey's Pillar: history, dimensions, &c.—First view of the Libyan desert.—Ancient city.—Tomb of Alexander the Great.—The catacombs.—Baths of Cleopatra.—The Egyptian donkey.—Gardens of Ibrahim Pasha.—Arab coffee-house.—Interview with Mohammed Ali.—The divan.—Boghos Bey.—The person and character of the Pasha.—The palace.—Ibrahim Pasha.

MODERN ALEXANDRIA does not occupy the site of the ancient city. It is situated on the narrow tongue of land forming part of the causeway which connected the island of Pharos with the main land. The ancient city lay along the shore. The strip of land projects some distance out upon the sea, nearly at right angles with the main land, and makes a double harbour. The eastern harbour, notwithstanding its bad anchorage, was, until within a few years, the only one Frank vessels were permitted to enter. The western was reserved exclusively for the vessels of the Faithful. This invidious distinction is removed, and the Crescent and the Cross now wage in peaceful rivalry over the same waters. The extremity of this piece of land branches out into two arms, extending over both harbours. Upon one is built a fortification, and upon the other stands a lighthouse. This building is erected upon or near the site of the ancient Pharos; and the causeway which connects it with the strip of land on which the city stands, is the original construction raised by the ancients to join Pharos to the main land.

The lighthouse, built upon this island by Ptolemy Soter, was one of the most magnificent works of antiquity. It was of white marble, and so lofty as to be visible a hundred miles at sea. It is succeeded by a fortress, surmounted by a tower, terminating in a lantern. The fortress was, until recently, jealously closed against the curiosity of the Franks. We crossed the long causeway which leads to it, without any previous permission. Passing the drawbridge, we arrived at the gate; it was open, and we entered without meeting a soldier. After considerable knocking and hallooing, we arose

ed a dog and a Nubian slave, who seemed to constitute all the garrison. The Nubian gave us to understand that he was keeper of the light, and pointing to the vacant barracks with a triumphant chuckle, intimated that he was commandant of the fortress also. The castle is a large, quadrangular building, with more solid walls than usually belong to a Turkish fortress. It is encircled by a water battery, which is so low that the guns cannot be used in very rough weather. On the spacious square within the fort were large piles of cannonballs, and numerous pieces of artillery and mortars, for the firing of bombs. A tower, shaped like a minaret, rises from the castle, and serves by night as a lighthouse, and by day as a landmark to the mariner steering for the flat shores of Egypt. The castle entirely covers the islet, so that we could not discern any traces of the ancient Pharos, unless the broken columns and blocks of stone lying along the causeway be fragments of that stupendous edifice. Rewarding the Nubian for his services as *cicerone*, we retraced our way back over the causeway, which is bordered on both sides by a high wall, and washed by the sea.

Crossing the sand-hills, on our way to Cleopatra's Needles, we found ourselves in the midst of a troop of savage dogs, fighting for the carcass of a camel. Our sudden apparition interrupted their civil broils, and they directed their attacks against us, whom they seemed to regard as a common enemy. We were assailed at once by a score of these half-famished brutes. They seemed to be more eager to taste our flesh than to drive us from their prey. One fellow, who was a cross between a jackal and a wolf, gave us a good deal of trouble, heading the attack, and pushing his onset so far as to divest one of us of a part of his nether garments. We kept our ground for a few minutes, defending ourselves in the best manner possible, until our foes, increasing in numbers and ferocity, obliged us to retreat. We withdrew slowly, with faces turned upon the enemy, until we had crossed over into a neighbouring canine territory, when we were received by another set, not so ferocious, but equally annoying. Having raised the howling of these dogs, we found, as usual, all the others in full cry upon our way to the city. The outskirts and cemeteries of Alexandria are infested by troops of dogs. They have lost all traits of the domestic dog, and possess the wild and savage nature of the wolves, jackals, and foxes, among which they burrow. They have a most amusing variety of physiognomy, indicating the mixed character of ~~the~~ ^{their} ~~ance~~ ^{ancestry}. By day they lie sleeping on the sand-hills

which encompass the city, with a sentinel on guard to admonish them of the coming of some unlucky Frank. (they never trouble Turks) whom they assail with more than Mussulman virulence and hate. By night they prowls about among the cemeteries, where, in the time of the plague, they frequently dig up the bodies which have been interred during the day. On my return to Alexandria the plague was raging in the city, and carrying off numbers of victims daily. Walking out one day to look at the cemeteries, I saw a pack of dogs gnawing at the flesh of a human body, which they had dug out of the grave the preceding night. As is the custom of the Turks, it was buried but a few feet below the surface, and they had easily disinterred it by scratching away a foot or two of loose sand that lay over it. It was a disgusting spectacle, but one which struck me with less surprise, as I had observed the same thing at the cemetery of Scutari, opposite Constantinople. These dogs have all their separate districts, well defined and marked off, into which it is death for a stranger of the canine race to enter. At night, the sharp cry of the wolf, and the howl of the jackal, may be heard mingling with the barking of the dogs, in the desert waste which surrounds Alexandria.

Cleopatra's Needles stand in an angle of the walls on the eastern harbour, near to the sea shore. These beautiful obelisks are each sixty-five feet high, of solid block of red Syene granite. Only one is standing, which is covered with hieroglyphics, as fresh as when first from the hands of the sculptor, except on the side where the top of the obelisk is exposed to the drifting sands. The prostrate obelisk was presented to England by the pasha. A proposition, in 1832, was made in the House of Commons to remove this obelisk to England. Its weight was estimated at two hundred and eighty-four tons, and the cost of its transportation at 80,000 dollars; the proposition has not been carried into effect. The French have adorned the *Place de la Concorde*, at Paris, with an obelisk taken from the entrance to one of the temples at Thebes. The ancient Romans ornamented the metropolitan city, and the provincial capitals, with obelisks transported from Egypt, and they also served to embellish Byzantium. Eleven entire obelisks, and the fragments of many others, brought from Egypt, yet exist at Rome, and are among the most elegant monuments that survive the fall of the imperial city. Obelisks were placed before the entrances of the palaces and temples, both as ornaments and historical monuments. In their mysterious hiero-

glyphics were inscribed the names and lineage of the kings whose palaces they fronted, or an account of the dedication, building, and history of the temples. They are of the same material, and have been all hewn from the same quarries of granite at the Cataracts of the Nile. Previous to the invasion of Egypt by the Persians, under Cambyses, they existed in great numbers in all parts of the country. They were visited with the same desolating fury which this mad conqueror inflicted upon the other monuments which then adorned Egypt. It is to Cambyses we owe the destruction of the finest monuments of Egypt. Heliopolis, then a magnificent city, he razed to the ground, so that not a memorial of its existence remains, save a lofty obelisk, rising in solitary grandeur from a field of ruins. The Greeks and Romans, cruel and barbarous as they were in warfare, spared the works of art.

Half an hour's ride hence, over mounds of ruins, brought us to Pompey's Pillar. This majestic column is, like the obelisks, of Syene granite; and its immense shaft, more than one hundred feet high and nine feet in diameter, is a single mass of granite. It is surmounted by a Corinthian capital, of very rude workmanship. Excavations around its pedestal have revealed the base of an obelisk of white marble, which is inverted in the earth, and serves as a foundation for the pillar. Antiquarians are at a loss to whom to ascribe the erection of this pillar. The honour is divided between Diocletian, Julius Cæsar, and Pompey. It is more probable, however, that it was one of the columns of an Egyptian temple, and that it was removed to this place, as the capital and pedestal but ill agree with the superior taste and skill displayed on the shaft. It was adopted by the Romans as a monument to commemorate some general or emperor. If, as some contend, it belonged to the temple of Serapis, what must have been the dimensions of that edifice with columns one hundred feet high! The feat of mounting the pillar was performed, when I was at Alexandria, by means of a kite, by the officers of the English steam frigate Gorgon, then lying in the harbour. The top of the capital is broad enough to contain several persons seated. Several holes are pierced in it, which seem once to have held clamps for the securing of a statue. This gigantic monolith strikes the eye of the beholder, no less for its proportions than for the beauty and finish of the shaft, which is fully polished, and rounded off with a most graceful and swelling swell. It is defiled, however, by the names of men, whose ambition for notoriety has exceeded their self

respect. Names in all characters are marked upon it in the various colours of the prism, even up to the cornice of the capital.

This pillar stands on an elevation which commands a view of the city and harbour. How changed the prospect from the time of the Ptolemies! Then from this spot, the most magnificent city in the world outspread itself to view, with colonnaded streets running from the lake to the sea; temples dedicated to the Grecian Jove, and the Serapis of the Egyptians; forests of obelisks, breaking the air with their pointed tops; the marble tower of the Pharos, rising to such an altitude as to appear lost in the air; the harbour, bordered with palaces and thronged with elegant Greek galleys and barques from the remotest seas; while, above all, loomed up from a lofty elevation the temple of Serapis, with its peristyle of gigantic columns, and around this splendid city stretched a circle of turretted walls more than fifteen miles in circuit. The modern prospect presents a meanly-built town, on a sandy neck of land, while upon the site of the ancient city nothing is discernible but mounds of rubbish and ruins, and a wild waste of sand, terminating on one side in the desert of Barca, and on the other, in the great Libyan desert.

This first view of the desert was exceedingly impressive. I turned from the ruined glories of man to the desolation of nature. There was a melancholy uniformity in the prospect. From the wrecks of human pride that lay before us, the eye turned to the blasted surface of the desert, looming away in the distance, till it seemed to mingle with the horizon—a broad, trackless, illimitable waste of sand, upon which not a shrub or plant was to be seen—silent, as at creation's dawn—its mysterious depths beyond the ken of civilised men, its borders rife with the tales of murdered travellers, and inhabited only by the Nomadic tribes, who go and come none know whither or whence. There is something awful in the silent gloom and desolation of the desert. It brings the imagination back to the time when the surface of the earth lay naked and savage, ere yet it had been beautified by the changes of the seasons and the elements, or ere its primeval solitude had been broken by the voice of animated beings. I stood gazing upon the wild expanse before me, lost in that dreamy musing which its vagueness was calculated to excite. Not an object was in sight except a caravan, with its long string of camels, winding its way along the edge of the desert. The tinkling of the camel bells, and the cries of their Arab drivers, grew more faint as

they pushed across the desert, until they were lost to view. The setting sun, whose rays yet faintly purpled the horizon, and the howl of the jackal, admonished us of the coming on of night, and the security of our civilised inn; so, remounting our donkeys, in half an hour more we were within the civilized precincts of the Frank quarter.

The third day of our arrival at Alexandria was passed in exploring the site of the ancient city. It is now covered by mounds of earth, composed of fragments of pottery ware, and the *debris* of ancient structures. With the exception of Memphis and Heliopolis, I know of none of the great capitals of antiquity whose ruin is so complete, and yet Alexandria belongs to what may be called the middle age of ancient history. The era of the foundation of Memphis and Thebes is so remote, that the most enterprising of historical inquiries have been baffled in their endeavours to arrive at the period of their origin. Of Thebes, the colossal grandeur of the temples of Karnac and Medinet Abou, and the gloomy magnificence of the sepulchres of her kings, remain to attest the departed glory of

"The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spread her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And poured her heroes through a hundred gates."

The pyramids, immoveable and solid as the rock on which they are based, still lift their giant masses to the sky, while every other vestige of the capital of the Pharaohs, which lay at their feet, is swept away, save the colossal statue of the greatest of her monarchs—Sesostris.

Alexandria, founded by the Macedonian conqueror, B. C. 332, continued in its pristine splendour until the invasion of the Saracens, in the seventh century. These barbaric conquerors, who esteemed nothing worthy of human ambition but the glory of arms, and the devotion of fanaticism, despoiled it of all its principal monuments. The Alexandrian library in which were deposited all the literary treasures of antiquity, was sacrificed to the quibble of a sophist, and the writings of the ancient sages served for six months as fuel to the four thousand baths in which the luxurious Mussulman bathed his voluptuous limbs. Omar, on its capture reported it to the caliph as containing four thousand baths, four thousand palaces, four hundred theatres and other public edifices, and twelve thousand shops, and among the population of which the enumeration of forty thousand Jews, would indicate a city of great population and extent. The very site of this ancient seat of science and power is now untenanted, save by the

beasts of prey and savage dogs that burrow among the tombs of its former inhabitants. The diversion of the India trade from Egypt, by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, extinguished its commercial greatness; but the destruction of its architectural splendour is owing more to the fanatic ignorance of its Saracenic conquerors, than to the encroachments of the desert, or the desolation of time. The climate is wonderfully conservative of the ancient edifices, while the purity of the air has preserved many of their choicest embellishments unstained to this day.

We first examined the ruins of an ancient Greek Church, recent excavations in which had disclosed the walls of an apartment, covered with rude paintings, which seem to have been overlaid upon others, for we counted six layers of different colours. The earth was embedded with fragments of granite columns, and seems to be an abundant mine of antiquarian riches. The church stood upon the site of a temple, which was built over the tomb of Alexander. A sarcophagus of white marble was disinterred here a few years since, and was transported to England. It is supposed to be that which contained the ashes of Alexander the Great. Hence we proceeded to the Catacombs, passing on our way, the Necropolis of Rhacotis, the memory of which place is lost in the fame of Alexandria, which occupies a part of its site. We had ordered our servants to provide us with the necessary guides and lights to assist us in exploring the catacombs. They had accordingly secured the services of a troop of Arab boys, who lived around them, whom we found to be, like most supernumeraries, very troublesome. Though their wild cries and ragged attire added nothing to the dignity of our march, yet they rendered considerable service in driving off the dogs which assailed us with most courageous obstinacy.

We found the entrance to the catacombs closed by a door, which, finding no janitor, and being unable to open it by fair means, we prostrated by the effort of our united strength. We entered into a species of vestibule, whence, having lighted our torches, we passed into another apartment of great dimension. This may be called the entrance chamber, for from it passages lead off in different directions into the heart of the rock. On the left was a small chamber, with three recesses, and on the right was another chamber, of large dimensions, with a curved roof, excavated in the rock, and having the appearance of a dome. Every thing was rude and insignificant, and the absence of the winged orb left no doubt on our minds, that it was not the work of the ancient Egyptians. Groping along

on our knees, we followed two of the many passages which descend into the earth from this chamber. We found nothing but a succession of narrow niches for coffins, in one of which we paused a moment to regain our breath, as we were nearly suffocated with the dust and heat. We were discouraged at seeing that all the accessible passages had been trodden by previous travellers, and finding nothing to reward our toil, we returned to the entrance chamber. We were embarrassed, however, by the number and intricate winding of the passages. We separated, each to pursue his own way to the surface, while one of my companions remained behind to push his explorations a little farther into the interior. We had, before entering these subterranean abodes of the dead, attached cords to a stone in the vestibule, in order that we might retrace our way through the labyrinthine mazes. We were much alarmed, after waiting some time for our companion at the surface, not to see him appear. Touching the cord, we found it broken, and one of the guides, on applying his ear to the ground, heard an indistinct moaning. He had evidently lost his way, and we were much afraid lest he might be suffocated. Two of the guides, with cords around their waists, instantly descended the passages we had traversed. We waited impatiently for some time before they reappeared; at last they emerged from the earth, bringing with them our companion, covered with dust, and so exhausted with heat and anxiety, that he fell prostrate on the earth. We carried him to the sea side, which is a few paces from the mouth of the Catacombs, and bathed his face and arms in the water. We had given the guides a small bottle of brandy, a portion of which we had directed them to offer to our companion as a stimulant. Mussulmen as they were, they broke the bottle and drank the contents, the consequence of which was, that we had no stimulant to revive the exhausted strength of our companion.

The brandy rendered our guides perfectly wild and ridiculous, and the donkey boys cudgelled them with the most liberal impunity. I was never so sensibly struck with the efficacy of the method to render intoxication odious, adopted by the Spartans, of turning loose a drunken slave in the streets, to be hooted at by their children. Our companion had, as we surmised, lost his way, and unable to advance further from the extinction of his torch, he turned to come back; he took a passage which conducted him from the surface, instead of towards it, and at last became so faint, as to be unable to proceed farther, when he was found by the guides. He recovered in half an hour after his return to light. The number of these

passages is astonishing, but it is impossible to say what their length may be, as they are so cloaked with sand as to prevent exploration for any great distance. One of the Arab guides solemnly assured us, that one of them conducted under the desert to Cairo. They undoubtedly served as a Necropolis for the ancient Alexandria, and must be of great extent. The Catacombs of Paris are excavated with more care, and those of Rome are no less dangerous from their dark and unexplored passages.

Leaving the Catacombs, we proceeded to the Baths of Cleopatra, which are close at hand. They are three contiguous chambers, about eight feet broad, and ten feet high, scooped out of the rock. They border upon an artificial basin, into which the sea enters at the rising of the tide; a stone divan extends around the three sides of each of these chambers. They are entirely open, and in rough weather, are dashed by the surges of the ocean. It is not probable that the voluptuous and beautiful wife of Ptolemy Dionysius ever layed her languid form in these rocky caves. The conjecture is more reasonable, that they answered as funeral baths, where the body was washed previous to embalming. And yet, in the burning heat of an African midsummer, then cool and sequestered situation might be exceedingly agreeable to the languid frame, though their vicinity to the mansions of the dead would be by no means acceptable to the votary of pleasure and luxury.

Remounting our donkeys, which had all the while been patiently standing in the sun, we returned towards the city. And here I must be allowed to introduce the Egyptian donkey to the notice of those unacquainted with his merits. He is about the size of a Shetland pony, with a close-shaven coat, leaving only a tassel of hair to adorn the extremity of his tail. His ears are long and pointed, his eyes of a patient enduring expression, and he carries himself with an air that seems to say he knows his duty, and is ready to perform it, hard as it may be. He bears a parti-coloured pack saddle, which, though rather broad, makes an easy seat. A neat bridle and saddle complete his equipment, and when well fed and dressed, he carries his head with as anocratic an air, as any biped of the assinine breed. The donkey is always accompanied by his driver, an Arab boy, clothed in a blue cotton tunic, of rather scanty longitude. The boy carries a stick, which, from time to time, he plies upon the flanks of his donkey, to urge him on. Mounted on a donkey, you may pursue your way through the most thronged avenues of the bazaar, the boy running before, and shouting *negleek* (take care of your legs.)

and occasionally calling out loud noisily by a sharp rap over the back of the pedestrian. There being no carriages donkeys are the only means of conveyance through the streets, and it is astonishing with what dexterity they will thread their way through the narrow and crooked avenues. The donkey will trot, canter or gallop, but at the injunction of the driver to "josen the bridle" is not strictly controlled, he will be very likely to pitch you over his head, an accident which once threw me into the shop of a Chibonk seller much to the detriment of his pipe bowl. These little animals are invaluable companions for the traveller in his ramble and excursion. The donkey boys are a put and parcel of their beasts. By day they lay down behind the saddle, with their donkey for a pillow, and by night the head down side by side, and sometimes put the one over the other.

On our way back to the market we visited the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha. They cover a large tract of ground, which was formerly a barren water course. The soil has been rendered tillable by irrigation. In this vicinity, and in other gardens, all of which have been reclaimed recently reclaimed from the desert. This was the first illustration we had of the necessity of the waters of the Nile to Egypt. These gardens are supplied with water from a subterranean canal, which conduits the water is of the Nile from the canal of Maimoudieh. The water is raised from the surface of the earth by a machine called "saqi". It consists of a wheel, turned by oxen, upon which is bound a long string of earthen pots, which fill as they touch the water, and empty as they revolve and deliver into a reservoir, whence the water is distributed by numerous canals to all parts of the garden. The gardens of Ibrahim Pasha are stocked with dates and palm trees, peach and orange trees. A hedge of lofty cypresses served as a fence, which in some places, I observed was composed of the prickly cactus. There was nothing remarkable in the gardens of the pasha, save in elegant kitchen, commanding a view of the Mueoon like the canal of Maimoudieh, and a part of the city. They were laid out in the French style, and contained a number of exotic flowers and shrubs. I observed that the house was not shaded by a single palm, which I was informed was owing to the popular belief, that the shade of a palm tree was deleterious to health, as they collect it might render vapour, and render the air humid and heavy. A part of the tent of Imad has been introduced from the desert by irrigation, and the environs of Alexandria begin to present quite a verdant and cultivated appearance, from the number of these beautiful gardens.

As we were returning to the city, the pasha and his suite, on horseback, passed us. With his usual disregard of forms, the pasha saluted us first. He was mounted on an Arab steed; threescore and ten, as he is, the pasha displays a bodily vigour and activity that is possessed but by few men in the meridian of life. He may be daily seen riding about the environs of Alexandria, almost invariably on horseback, the constant use of which exercise has probably, for so long a time, preserved his constitution from the enervating effects of the voluptuous life of the Ottoman.

We arrived at Alexandria during the *fête* of the Ramazan. This *fête*, which lasted forty days, is observed with the most scrupulous fidelity by all classes of the people. A rigid fast is maintained from sunrise to sunset; no kind of sustenance is touched during this period of time, not even water, abstinence from which, for so long a time, in the hot climate of Egypt, is only endurable, from the frequent practice. Even the pipe, that constant companion of the Oriental, is laid aside. The setting of the sun, announced by the guns of the forts, is hailed with great joy. The fruit-sellers reappear in the streets; the pastry-shops are thronged by famishing customers, and noise, bustle, and merriment, succeed to the languid existence of the lay. The bazaars are brilliantly lighted, and the coffee-houses are full of people. We passed our evening in wandering through the bazaars, and looking at the amusements of the population. The coffee-houses are the centre of attraction on the nights of the Ramazan. A large one near the slave-market, seemed to be the Arab Tortoni. On entering it, we found it densely crowded, and the atmosphere redolent with the fumes of tobacco and coffee. With some difficulty we made our way to the raised seats near the musicians. Our appearance, habited, as we were, in Frank apparel, attracted no notice. This absence of vulgar curiosity is a characteristic trait of politeness with the people of the East, and enables the traveller to pursue his walks as much at ease in the avenues of an Eastern bazaar, as in the streets of a Christian city. Without request, pipes and coffee were brought us, as a matter of course. The musicians, on our left, were scraping away on a double string of catgut, from which, by dint of wax and sweat, they contrived to extract a running flow of sounds, which threw them and the audience into a paroxysm of musical frenzy, if not so rational, at least quite as ecstatic as that which sometimes astonishes a stranger at the French Opera.

This musical entertainment was succeeded by the performances of a story-teller. He entertained the audience with a

long and extravagant tale of magic, love, and fairies, much resembling the fictions of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, one of which I subsequently heard recited at a coffee-house in Cairo. He told his tale with much art, and an abundant use of gesture and grimace, exciting peals of laughter among the vivacious Arabs, and disturbing even the equanimity of the Turks. Though understanding the language only through an interpreter, we were bound to laugh, in order to be even with the rest of the audience. Next followed tricks of magic, and the phantasmagoria of a species of magic lantern, in which all kinds of ridiculous figures were displayed, most of them so gross as to show a very depraved moral taste in the audience.

There was a temperate enjoyment here that pleased us much. No intoxicating liquors are sold in these coffee-houses. The stimulus of alcohol is superseded by pipes and coffee. There were, however, some few Turks, whose incoherent exclamations, and wild eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," indicated that they had been smoking the intoxicating *Hhasheesh*.

The receptions at the palace take place in the evenings during the Ramazan. A personal friend of my fellow-traveller, a diplomatic agent, was kind enough to offer to introduce us to Mohammed Ali. We drove down in a carriage to the palace, and found, upon arriving, that we had been preceded by several other travellers. A ragged soldier, half-asleep in a sentry-box, at the foot of the staircase, was the only guard on duty. We ascended the flight of marble steps from the courtyard, and found ourselves in a large hall, paved with marble. Proceeding a few steps, we came to the door of the divan, which being open, we observed the pasha, at the end of the room, surrounded by several English officers, and the English vice-consul. We waited a few moments till they had retired, and then entered. We were introduced by name and nation to the pasha. He bade us be seated, and with a waive of the hand, directed coffee to be presented to us. He was seated on a raised divan, in a corner of the room, in the Turkish posture, cross-legged. He wore a plain costume, covered with a light cloak robe, edged with fur. Within a few feet of him, on a rich salver, was placed the *narghile*, or water-pipe, which, from time to time, he smoked in the pauses of conversation. His head was covered by a turban of Cashmere, drawn down close over the eyes, which were of dark grey, and full of animation and fire. There was nothing in his countenance, indicative of a cruel, or tyrannical disposition, but a marked expression of energy and decision.

Several of his councillors were in the room, and among others, Boghos Bey, his prime minister. He is an Armenian of great ability, and is said to exercise much influence over the councils of the pasha. His history is a singular one, like that of all the Oriental courtiers. He is of obscure birth; his talents attracted the notice of the pasha, and procured him the honour of a seat in the councils of the divan. Irritated by the failure of some measures recommended by Boghos Bey, the pasha, in a moment of passion, ordered him to be strangled. He escaped, and was for several months concealed in the house of a wealthy Greek merchant at Alexandria—Anastasi. The pasha soon became sensible of the loss of his favourite minister. In a moment of perplexity he regretted his friend Anastasi that, by a rash mandate of passion, he had deprived himself of the services of so able a councillor. Tearing his beard, with an oath of Allah, he lamented his folly, and wished that it were in his power to recall him back to life. Anastasi, on the hint, spake out, and revealed to the astonished pasha the existence of the minister, supposed to be strangled. Mohammed Ali received him with great joy. Ever since, Boghos Bey has stood first in his confidence, and he has been rewarded with the most valuable tokens of esteem.

The pasha inquired our object in coming to Egypt, to which we answered—as in courtesy bound—primarily, to see the progress Egypt had made in civilisation under the government of his highness; and secondarily, to examine its antiquities. He replied, that we might travel with the utmost safety in all parts of his dominions. We granted our request for a *firman* with much kindness, at the same time declaring that it was superfluous, as every Frank traveller in his dominions was under his special protection. I mentioned, that the enterprise of his highness was making Egypt a formidable rival with the United States in the production of cotton. This caused him to revert to the visit of the Delaware, under Commodore Patterson, to Alexandria, in 1834, which seemed to have left a very favourable impression on his mind, as to the power and character of the United States. He expressed surprise that he was so seldom favoured with the visit of an American vessel of war, whilst Alexandria was frequented by the vessels of all other nations. One of us ventured to ask his highness if the declaration attributed to him by an English traveller, that he was preparing an autobiography, was true. He looked at us a moment, as if to read the motives of the inquirer, took a whiff at his pipe, and replied emphatically that it was true.

The conversation then changed to other topics, and we took our leave, after an audience of near three quarters of an hour.

We were very favourably impressed with the pasha from this interview. He possesses a quick, intuitive perception, that is in some degree expressed by the rapid and searching glances of his eye. He is evidently a good judge of character, and accustomed to weigh well the worth of men, before he admits them to intimacy or confidence. There is less of dignity in his manner than in his views and sentiments, which are those of one who would have been a real benefactor to his subjects, had he been educated in a better school of moral sentiment. His ideas of reform are too vast to be encompassed in a single generation. The character, pursuits, and prejudices of a people, cannot be changed by an edict from the divan. Time and mental enlightenment alone can raise a people up from a state of approaching barbarism to civilisation. Mehemet Ali, however, has done good which will not pass away with him. The foundation of schools and colleges, the canal from Alexandria to the Nile, the numerous canals for irrigation opened throughout Egypt, the increased quantity of land brought under cultivation, the numerous exotic plants, trees, and products, transplanted to Egypt, the production of cotton and tobacco, the other staples, which promise to materially augment the resources and wealth of the country—all of these things will remain as permanent benefits to Egypt, and as memorials of the wisdom of its present ruler.

Mehemet Ali is what the world calls an extraordinary man, if the possession of rare endowments of mind, and a rise from the lowest condition of life to one in which he has become master of the lives and properties of millions of his fellow-men, entitle him to that appellation. Most of the great men in the oriental despotisms, like those in republican governments, "make themselves," rising by their own force of character to whatever post their ambition urges their aspirations. The pasha of Egypt, when possessed of power, has used it like most conquerors, for selfish gratification; but he has endeavoured also to benefit his kingdom at large. He has, however, been placed in an unnatural position; he has been obliged to keep constantly on foot a large fleet and army, to be prepared, at any time, to resist any attempt of the sultan to divest him of his conquest. This necessity of immediate readiness for war has obliged him to drain the country of a large part of its population, to draw them from the tillage of the soil to learning the art of war. A most oppressive taxation has ren-

dered the condition of the Fellahs, the agricultural part of the population, so miserable, that life itself is hardly supportable. The whole country, and all classes of the people, suffer from the magnificent schemes of regeneration entertained by the pasha. But yet, on this important point, the absolutism of the pasha has been beneficial to Egypt. Before his assumption of the vice-regal power, Egypt was in a most lawless and disturbed state. He has established such profound internal quiet and order, that for security of life and property, the traveller in Egypt has as little to fear as in the most civilised kingdoms of Europe. The whole valley of Egypt, from the Delta to the Cataracts, is perfectly safe, and may be traversed without the least apprehension of danger. Whether I travelled, in the dominions of Mehemet Ali—by the shores of the Red Sea, in the wild and gloomy wilderness of Sinai, the deserts of Arabia, among the lawless inhabitants of the ancient Inumea, in the deserted regions that surrounded the Dead Sea, or among the mountains of Palestine—I found the terror of his name a shield and protection. Even among the Bedouins, independent and inaccessible as they are in the deserts, I found the sign manual and seal of Mehemet Ali to inspire respect and regard for the humble person who travelled under the protection of a firman from his highness.

Mehemet Ali owes nothing to the study of books or mental discipline. He has been educated in the camp, and possesses all that self-reliance, strong common sense, and vigorous judgment, which peculiarly belong to self-educated men. At forty, he could neither read nor write the Turkish—the only language which he speaks. Ignorant as he may be in book-learning, he is a close observer of men, and intimately acquainted with the springs of human action. He is the first man in the Turkish empire, and the most remarkable character, both in a military and civil capacity, that has appeared in the East since the time of Saladin. The palace of Alexandria is quite plain; the pasha lives in much simplicity, and is accessible to all classes of his subjects. The absence of ceremony at the palace is remarkable; it is constantly open, and strangers are at liberty to walk through all the public rooms, and it is not unfrequently the case for persons to enter the audience chamber, and introduce themselves to the pasha. We passed several evenings at the palace, walking in the hall, and conversing with the persons we met there. It is, in fact, much more open and accessible than the mansion of our republican president. Mehemet Ali is about seventy-three years old; he has passed the ordinary limits of human life, and

his dominions must soon descend to his eldest, Ibrahim Pasha. Though not possessed of the great capacity of his father, Ibrahim Pasha is a man of considerable military genius, and much force of character, but a most abandoned voluptuary. His views as a statesman, are said to be more liberal, and his policy more humane, than that of Mehemet Ali. He is the best warrior in the East, and under his reign Egypt will have nothing to fear from surrounding nations.

CHAPTER XV.

Voyage to Cairo.—Canal of Mahmoudieh.—Sailing on the Nile.—Egyptian scenery.—First sight of the Pyramids.—Cairo.—Visit to and ascent of the Pyramids.—A night's sleep on the Pyramid of Cheops.—The Pyramids.—Entrance into the interior.—Chamber of the King.—Subterranean vaults and galleries.—A new theory.—The Sphynx.—Mummy pits.—Memphis.—Statue of Sesostris.

WE arrived at Cairo in six days from Alexandria. In leaving Alexandria, we embarked in one of the kandjis, or sailing-boats of the country, on the canal of Mahmoudieh. This canal opens a communication between Alexandria and the Nile. In its construction Mehemet Ali seems to have caught something of the spirit of the ancient kings of Egypt. It was completed, notwithstanding its considerable length, in an incredibly short space of time. Orders were given to the sheiks of the villages in Lower Egypt, to turn out all the disposable part of their population, and to conduct them to the site of the proposed canal. In a few weeks after the command of the pasha had been issued, more than three hundred thousand men, women, and children, were at work along the line of the canal, from the Nile to Alexandria. They were unprovided with tools, and were obliged to use their hands in excavating the earth, and then carry it in baskets, and deposit it on the embankments. Ill fed, wretchedly clothed, and toiling from break of day till night, in the fierce heat of an African sun, they suffered dreadfully, and upwards of twenty-three thousand persons perished. Their carcasses

were thrown on the banks of the canal, without any of the usual rites of burial. The iron will of the pasha was executed, and in *six weeks* the waters of the Nile were let into the canal, and Alexandria, after a lapse of several thousand years, was once more connected with the Nile. The Mahmoudieh is forty-eight miles long, about ninety feet wide, and from fifteen to eighteen feet deep.

Our boat was small, of slender frame, and shallow draught, but she carried immense lateen sails. We had a spanking breeze, and in eight hours we were at Atfê, on the Nile. We slept at Atfê, and the next morning, having taken the cabin of one of the large grain boats of the country, we launched into the stream for Cairo. The stars and stripes were run up at the mast head, my companion, a Venetian, an unwilling subject of Austria, preferring to sail under the ensign of liberty than under the imperial eagle of Austria. The river at Atfê presented a very lively scene. More than a hundred boats were lying along the bank, unloading cotton for Alexandria and Damietta, some of them from Upper Egypt, beyond Thebes. The arrival and departure of boats, the busy multitude on shore, composed of Turks, Armenians, Cops, Arabs, and Franks, with the contrast of their various costumes, and the loud cries of the vivacious Arab sailors, more voluble than even the French, gave a busy and animated air to these distant shores, that resembled more the quays of Havre or Marseilles, than what we had expected to find in these regions, so remote from the great marts of commerce.

I was now upon the Nile. The imagination kindled at the associations connected with this mysterious stream. I thought of its shores covered with historic glory, of the Pyramids, Thebes, Denderah, and Memphis, whose majestic ruins still strike the traveller with amazement, as in the days of Herodotus. The names of Moses, Cambyzes, Sesostris, Napoleon, at once sprung to the lips, and as the turbid stream rolled on, I thought of its undiscovered fountains which have lain hidden in the inaccessible regions of the south to this day. There is an air of mystery hanging about this singular river from its connexion with the earliest history of man, the hoar antiquity of the cities that cover its banks, the remarkable mixture of the fabulous and real in every thing touching it, the dependence of the valley of Egypt upon it as a barrier against the incursions of the desert, and the silent and almost imperceptible rise and fall of its waters, that strongly interest the mind, and invites it into an illimitable field of speculation. Our musings were suddenly interrupted by a sharp breeze,

that filled the drooping sails, and urged us upward against the current with great velocity. The river had been falling about four months, so that it had sunk considerably below the banks. It was still turbulent and muddy, but the current had lost much of its force. The water, when filtered, has a pungent, fresh, and cool flavour, that is exceedingly agreeable to the taste.

The river turns and doubles upon itself so frequently, that its navigation is very difficult, both from its sharp bends and the inability to keep the wind. Moreover, we were frequently aground upon the sand-banks, which are raised and destroyed with every new inundation, so that it is impossible to escape shoaling. The boatmen, however, the moment the boat grounded, would strip and plunge into the stream, and there remain until they had shoved her off. We made but slow progress up the river. The wind was inconstant, sometimes lulling into a perfect calm, and then again chopping round, and blowing in our teeth. We were unable to make headway against the wind and stream. When thus opposed by the wind, the boatmen would go ashore and tow the boat. We were too much interested in the landscape around us to regret the loss of time. As far as the eye could see the land was flat, until broken by the mountains, which, on either side of the river, separate the valley of the Nile from the surrounding deserts. Cultivation extends to the base of the mountains. The mountains become visible, however, only within a few miles of Cairo. Below Cairo they stretch off to the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and leave the luxuriant flats of the Delta in their broad expanse, unbroken by a single elevation. The monotony of the landscape was varied by groves of tall and majestic palms, and numerous villages, dotting the country in all directions. These villages appeared very picturesque and pleasing at a distance, but on entering them the enchantment of the distant view is entirely dispelled. They consist of clusters of mud huts, of which the only furniture is a few culinary vessels of pottery ware, and a mat. They contain only one apartment, the floor and walls of which are of mud, baked in the sun. Before the hut is an enclosed area, in which, at night, the family lie down *pell-mell*, with the goats and poultry. In our eyes, these are miserable habitations. Poverty in Egypt, is however, not such a foe to human comfort and happiness as in the rougher climates of Europe and America. A light cotton robe is the only covering necessary for the day; the shelter of a roof is not needed, but as a protection against the vertical rays of a midday sun. The

rude storms of snow and rain, accompanied with cold and damp, which send the poor shivering to their wretched fires in our stern climates, are unknown in Egypt. There the sun dispenses a genial heat in all seasons of the year; the few clouds which flit across the sky reserve their showers and concentrated blasts for other regions. At night the peasant casts himself down on the bare earth, wrapped in his cotton tunic, and surrenders himself to sleep, with the certain consciousness that the morning's sun will break in the same unclouded splendour, as the moon which he sees wheeling into the starry sky above him. Civilisation has not created those numerous artificial wants which harass even the richest among us. Interdicted by the Koran from the use of intoxicating liquors, the Egyptian peasant feels no privation in the want of them; nor is he afflicted with the terrible mental and physical ailments they produce. The only real poverty in Egypt consists in the want of sufficient food. Clothing and fire are almost superfluous. Nature here is the kindest friend of man—his fellows are his only enemies.

On the evening of the fifth day, at twenty-five miles from Cairo, we saw the sun set behind the pyramids. At that distance their lofty summits were distinctly visible. A favourable breeze during the night brought us next morning to Boulac, the port of Cairo, where, after a farce of a custom-house examination, which the Arab inspectors, collectors, &c., willingly abandoned for a few piastres, we mounted donkeys, and rode to Cairo, a mile inland. We found excellent quarters in the English hotel of Mr. Will. The next morning we set off to visit the pyramids. The invaluable donkey was here again our companion. We rode down through old Cairo to the Nile, and there crossed the river to Gizeh. On our way across the river we stopped at the island of Rhoda, to examine the Nilometer. It is a tall square column of marble, enclosed in a stone house, divided into cubits and inches, for ascertaining the rise of the river. It stands in a large square basin, into which there is a descent by steps. On these steps Moses is said to have been discovered by the daughter of Pharaoh, in the ark of bulrushes. The island of Rhoda lies in the channel of the Nile, between Cairo and the opposite village of Gizeh. It is a charming spot. It is laid out as a garden, in groves, bowers, and pleasant walks, by an Englishman, who resides upon it, with a handsome salary from its proprietor, Ibrahim Pasha.

On landing at Gizeh, the pyramids, though several miles distant, appeared to be directly before us. In three hours, after

a ride across the intervening plain, we arrived at the base of the rocky elevation on which the pyramids are erected. Here begins the desert, the pyramids marking the limit of cultivable land. A number of Bedouins, who live around the pyramids, came running to us and offering their services as guides. Ascending the rocky foundation of the pyramids, we stood at their base, and here for the first time, we had some idea of their mass and size. Standing at the base of the great pyramid of Cheops, and looking up its sides, it seemed to lean against the sky; we were too eager to scale the summit to stand long at the base. We ascended at one of the corners; a Bedouin, mounted upon the stone above, extended his hand to the person ascending, while another aided him with a lift of his shoulder from below. The pyramids being built with receding layers of stone, a ledge of about three feet in width is left upon each layer, which affords a secure landing-place. In this manner the ascent was easily made in fifteen minutes. Instead of an apex hardly wide enough to stand upon, we found the apex of the pyramid of Cheops a flat square at least fifteen feet broad. A large stone is in the centre, indicating that the original sharp apex of the pyramid has been destroyed, which, of course, has diminished its height. According to Herodotus, the pyramids were originally covered with a smooth coat of cement, which rendered it impossible to ascend them. The broken, jagged sides of the pyramids show that several attempts have been made to destroy them, a labour which one of the Arabian caliphs found a task equal only to the power of those who built them. The view from the top of the pyramids extends over the whole breadth of the valley of the Nile, from the Mokattam mountains back to Cairo, to the Lybian desert. While we were on the pyramids the sun went down. My companions descended to sleep in tents at some distance on the plain, while I remained on the top of the pyramid, having resolved to pass the night there. I retained the shuk of the Bedouins and two of his men, and sent down another to bring up the pipes and coffee I had brought from Cairo. The promise of a backsheesh silenced their protestations and fears. The Bedouins kindled a fire with charcoal under the lee of the stone, and made us some excellent coffee, after their manner. Washing the coffee down with a bumper of claret to the memory of old Cheops, we lit our pipes, the Bedouins leaving me to contemplate the darkening landscape, while they, gathered in a group, indulged in suspicious surmises as to my object in being on the pyramids. The last ray of light was gradually fading from the horizon, and the landscape was every

moment becoming darker and darker. On the one side stretched a green plain, dotted with villages and clumps of palms, the bright crest of the Nile, gleaming in the expiring rays of the sun, and meandering through it in gentle curves, relieved the dark green of the landscape. Beyond, the minarets of Cairo were indistinctly seen tipped with the departing light. Turning to the north, the eye ranged over the great desert of Libya, which stretched away a black expanse of sand, upon which not a human being was to be seen. The solitude was as profound as that which reigned within the chambers of the pyramid beneath us. Across the plain, as day declined, the villages were indicated only by fitting lights and the baying of dogs. By midnight the moon was in the zenith, and the heavens presented a brilliant host of planets and stars, such as the old astronomers had probably gazed upon from this very spot. The Bedouins were all asleep, so burying myself in the folds of a Greek capote, I turned my back against the stone and fell asleep. The bull Apis, (heops, the transmigration of souls, with speculation on Egyptian theology and orology, occupied my dreams, and I was engaged in a very interesting dispute with Herodotus, touching the architects of the pyramids, when the Bedouin sheik awoke me, and told me the sun was rising. The earth was yet robed in the twilight of morning. The horizon in the quarter of the sun was streaked with pencilings of light, while the rest of the heavens were almost perfectly dark. As the sun approached the edge of the horizon, light shot around it in a moment more the top of the sun's orb was visible, and instantaneously afterwards he wheeled up with a majestic bound, and poured a flood of light over heaven and earth. It was as magnificent as the first sun that rose upon the first morning—when “*God said let there be light, and there was light*.” Immediately afterwards I descended, and rejoined my companions with no other unpleasant effects from my night's sleep on the top of the pyramids than a purse enlightened by a liberal backsheshin, and a rather uneasy appetite.

Having made the ascent of the pyramid of Cheops, we next turned our attention to the interior. This pyramid stands on a platform of rock a hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding desert, and near fifty more above the valley of the Nile. We found the entrance in the centre of the north side. Several Arabs accompanied us as guides. We clambered up to it, about thirty feet above the base. We proceeded down the passage, brouching and groping our way along, each preceded by a guide holding a taper. Having descended this passage to some

depth, we struck another passage which ascends into the body of the pyramid at a rather sharp angle. We followed this until our way was obstructed by a rock, which overhangs the mouth of the well. Climbing over this impediment, we came to the point whence a long horizontal gallery branches off to the Queen's chamber. We continued our way however up the passage, leading with a gentle inclination to the King's chamber. After considerable toil, we arrived at the great chamber of the pyramid. The guides had brought with them a large quantity of tapers, but their united illumination gave us but a faint idea of the size and appearance of the chamber. We could see, however, that the ceiling and walls, like the passages we had just traversed, were lined with immense slabs of Syene granite, and porphyry polished to an extraordinary brilliancy. They were so compactly joined together, as to present a surface of uniform smoothness, having the appearance of one entire block of stone. The chamber being in the centre of the pyramid, is supposed to communicate with other apartments. The entrance, if there be any, is hermetically closed, and nothing less than an earthquake will ever rend it open. In the middle of the apartment we observed the sarcophagus, broken and mutilated. This apartment is thirty-seven feet two inches long, seventeen feet two inches wide, and nearly twenty feet in height. One of the Arabs discharged a pistol while we were in it. The reverberation was deafening. The sound seemed to gather force as it rolled through the many chambers of the pyramid; echo followed echo, until the din became appalling, now lulling, then again breaking forth into a louder roar, as it rushed into some new chamber. At last, with one explosive peal of thunder, it burst its way out and ceased. These multiplied echoes indicate that there are other chambers in this pyramid not yet discovered.

The Queen's chamber, which is directly beneath the one we had just visited, is of smaller dimensions, but finished with the same compact masonry, polished granite, as that of the King's. These were the only chambers we entered, the access to even these being attended with much difficulty. We were obliged to grope our way along in the dark, on our hands and feet, half choked with the dust which our progress excited, not knowing whither we were going, but following blindly at the heels of our Bedouin guides. A new chamber was discovered several years ago, directly above the King's, of small dimensions, by Mr. Davidson, the British consul at Cairo. And, in 1836, Caviglia opened three new chambers directly above this, the largest of which is more than thirty-eight feet

long. The chambers, as far as opened in this pyramid, are directly above each other, the object of which succession Colonel Vyse supposes to have been to lessen the superincumbent weight of one upon the other. The well, the mouth of which we crossed at the termination of one of the galleries, has been descended to the depth of one hundred and fifty-five feet, without attaining the bottom. Caviglia found a shaft which conducted towards the foundation of the pyramid; where he entered a large chamber sixty feet long. This chamber is in the centre of the pyramid, directly beneath the upper chambers. In it is the mouth of a well, which has been opened, but it is supposed to lead below the level of the Nile, to subterranean passages, or probably to some canal which is connected with the Nile, and served as an auxiliary in the religious solemnities enacted in these subterranean caverns. Caviglia found many passages leading from this chamber, in different directions, sealed up however, at some distance from the opening, by blocks of stone. Should a perfect exploration ever take place of the wells of the pyramid, and these lateral passages, it would be found that they communicate with the adjoining pyramid of Cephres; and as there are the same kind of subterranean galleries in that pyramid of an equally intricate labyrinthine course, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that they communicate with the neighbouring pyramid of Mycerinus.

The whole rock beneath the pyramid is excavated into subterranean galleries and caverns, which once, probably, opened upon the great avenue of stone which conducted to the Nile, at the head of which stood the Sphinx. We know enough to conclude that the pyramids were erected for a triple object, as mausolea for the kings—astronomical observatories—and for the celebration of religious mysteries; and in my humble opinion, their founders had in view the combination of these three objects. A few facts are sufficient to sustain this hypothesis. The sarcophagi found in them afford evidence of their destination as royal sepulchres. The exact position of the four corners of the pyramids with reference to the four cardinal points of the compass—the uniform angle of 26° of the sloping channels of entrance, and the observation made by Caviglia, that the polar star, during his exploration of the pyramid of Cheops, was to be seen from the bottom of the first galley, and that it passed over it during his stay at the pyramid,—all these facts indubitably prove the adaption of the pyramids to astronomical purposes. That they were in some manner connected with the religion of the Egyptians it is reasonable to conjecture,

from the mysterious nature of that religion, its dark and secret ceremonies, secluded from the eye of the vulgar in gloomy temples, and hidden caves, and the perfect adaptation of the subterranean chambers, vaults, and galleries, beneath the pyramids, to its rites and ceremonies.

The pyramid of Cephrenes is several hundred feet distant from the great pyramid. This pyramid was opened by Belzoni. It contains several chambers of great beauty. It is better preserved than the pyramid of Cheops, part of the original cement on the outside still remaining. Beyond this again, on the same level, is another pyramid, and several miles distant, nearly in a line with the pyramids of Gizeh, on the edge of the desert, are the pyramids of Sakkarah and Abousir. The pyramids of Sakkarah are quite inferior structures to those of Gizeh, being loosely built of small stones, and of very meagre dimensions in height and extent. The pyramid of Cheops towers above all, while the others gradually diminish in height, as they recede from the great pyramid. Caviglia is of the opinion that all these pyramids are connected by subterranean galleries. The hollow sound which the earth gives back to the footstep, between these pyramids, would seem to give a show of plausibility to such an opinion. This underground communication would traverse a distance of nearly ten miles! Connect this reasonable hypothesis, and the time and labour necessary for the excavation of such immense works beneath the earth, with the absence of hieroglyphics, or any signs of writing in the pyramids, and you may have some idea of the prodigious antiquity of the pyramids and their yet undeveloped mysteries.

In the midst of all this mystery and confusion sits the gigantic figure of the Sphynx, smiling placidly and benignly, and seeming to exult in the baffled curiosity of the bewildered traveller. The head and neck alone remain above the sand, a height of about thirty feet. The face has been so much marred by the iconoclastic Mahomedans, that the features are left of almost all their original beauty. The outlines of the face indicate it to be a sculpture of much merit, though it may be justly doubted whether it ever possessed so much beauty and expression as is ascribed to it by the ancient authors. With the aid of a ladder, we ascended to the head, where four of us sat down together to breakfast. The whole figure of the Sphynx was cleared of the sand which now surrounds it by Belzoni. Between the legs he found a tablet and altar, which appeared to be stained with the blood of sacrifices. On one of the paws of the legs, which stretched out fifty feet from the body, he found a temple. This gigantic figure, when thus fully

exposed to view, must have been very imposing. A doorway is said to have anciently existed between the legs of the Sphynx, which gave entrance to the subterranean vaults beneath, which formed part of the labyrinthine chambers and galleries that traverse the earth between the pyramids.

The pyramids are surrounded by an immense number of mummy pits, which stretch over the desert for several miles. We descended into one of them, which was filled with jars, containing the bones of the Ibises, and other sacred birds. At Thebes, those jars contain the mummy of the Ibis, swathed in linen, well preserved; but here the bones alone were preserved in the jars. We penetrated, with much difficulty, into a mummy pit, where were piled up vast numbers of human mummies, which we crushed at every step, filling the narrow cave with dust, and almost stifling ourselves with the odour which issued from the perfumed cements. The earth above was strewn with the legs, skulls, and bodies of ancient Egyptians, which the ruthless Bedouins had dug out of the pits, and stripped of their covering, in their search for treasure. The jackals burrow in the mummy pits, but the sapless bones of the mummies are left undisturbed by them. In approaching one of those pits, we were suddenly startled with the apparition of a troop of Arabs, men, women, and children, who issued out of it, and came running to us, each holding up an arm, leg, or skull of a mummy, which they were emulously screaming to us to buy of them. A naked little urchin, who was tugging along with the body of one of Cheop's subjects on his shoulders, most vociferously demanded of me to buy his prize, and when I refused, impudently broke it over the head of my donkey. Neither our guides nor servants manifested any sympathy for us, so we were obliged to compound with the beggars by the distribution of a few piastres as backsheesh, which we left them contending about like so many hungry dogs.

On our return to Cairo, we diverged from the direct route, to examine the site of ancient Memphis, now occupied by the village of *Mitraheni*. Positively nothing remains of the mighty capital of Sesostris, but the colossal statue which is arbitrarily called the statue of Sesostris. It is prostrate upon its face, but the earth is sufficiently excavated around to show the features, which are mild and handsome, more resembling the face of a woman than a man. We found the Arabs of the village very civil, but cautiously watching our movements, lest we should chance to find some treasure which had escaped their duller perceptions. They were so poor as to smoke only straw in their pipes. We gave them some good Lattakie tobacco,

for which they were abundantly grateful. 'Our way, after leaving this village, was through a forest of date palms, near sixty feet high, which, with their tall columnar trunks, and graceful crown of foliage, spreading out like a bunch of ostrich feathers, had a most majestic appearance. They were planted in rows, with wide echoing walks between. The vast Necropolis of her common dead, and the stupendous sepulchres of her kings, are the only existing memorials of Memphis. Never was a city more utterly obliterated from the face of the earth. Could the countless generations of her ancient inhabitants, which now rest beneath the pyramids, and the desert, burst their cerements, and walk the earth with its present tenants, they would more than quadruple the whole of the actual population of Egypt. Millions upon millions are heaped together, in that great Necropolis, which stretches along the edge of the desert for more than ten miles in extent. Nowhere can the traveller see such an impressive example of the vanity of human existence, and human glory, as in the naked plain, once covered with the temples, and palaces of Memphis, and in the countless tombs of those who once animated it with busy life and action.

The sun had set before we reached Cairo, and the gates were closed, but a few piastres lodged in the hand of the guard, had as much effect as the *open sesame* upon the gates of the cave of the Forty Thieves.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cairo.—Winter climate of Egypt.—Bazaars.—Turkish beauties.—Slavery in the East.—Mosques of Cairo.—Citadel.—Massacre of Mamelukes.—Well of Saladin.—View from the Citadel of Cairo.—Departure for Upper Egypt.—An Egyptian kandja.—Life on the Nile.—Beniscuef.—Birds on the Nile.—A wild-geese chase.—A desert and river storm.—Tombs of Beni-Hassan.—The Nile.—A family of crocodiles.—Siout.—Arab cemetery.—A Turkish judge.—Sepulchral caves of Siout.—Anteopolis.—Temple of Denderah.—Its beauty and preservation.—Bird's-eye view of Thebes.

Our stay in Cairo was insensibly protracted to three weeks before we had made any preparations for our voyage to Upper Egypt. Cairo is undoubtedly the most interesting of all the oriental cities to the traveller. The finest models of Saracenic architecture, four hundred mosques of unrivalled elegance, all the trades and professions, all the wares and merchandise of the East, and representatives of all the different nations, presenting a most astonishing variety of costume and physiognomy, combined with the purely Oriental character of the place, give to Cairo an interest not possessed by any other of the Ottoman capitals, where the manners and customs of Christendom have insinuated themselves. The short, spare Bedouin, from the deserts of Sinai—the tall, muscular Bedouin, from the Lybian desert—Nubians from the Cataracts—Abyssinians from the fountains of the Nile—Negroes from Darfour and Middle Africa—Moors from Tunis and Tripoli—Turks from Constantinople—Persians from Bagdad—natives of India from this side of the Ganges—with a sprinkling of Franks, Copts, Jews, &c. make up the motley crowd that throng the streets of Cairo, dazzling the eye with the contrasted colour of their costumes, and confusing the ear with their many different tongues. The city is also traversed by an infinitude of streets and lanes, and there are so many mosques, and other buildings of interest, involved in their labyrinthine folds, that it requires no little time and patience to find them out.

The temperature of the air while we were at Cairo was delightful. It was clear, bland, and fresh, giving an elasticity to the spirits, and a tone of health to the body, that harmonised the mental and physical sensations. The nights were cool, and so brilliant from the light of the moon, that the finest print could be read. Though it was the month of October, the country was covered with verdure, and the early wheat was already rising, while the husbandman was following the retreating Nile, and scattering the rich loam it had deposited, with the seed that in a few months was to cover the fields with a golden harvest. Cairo contains more than eleven hundred coffee-houses, and a proportionably large number of baths. The coffee-houses are the resort of all the idlers and newsmongers. Many Turks pass the day between the bath and the coffee-house. The latter constitutes a kind of social exchange, where friends meet to talk and learn the news of the day. Here also gather the story-tellers, who entertain their auditors with the recital of tales from the Arabian Nights, and extravagant fictions of their own composition, in which, with the aid of magic, all kinds of dramatic catastrophes are produced, and satisfactorily explained.

The bazaars of Cairo are the best constructed of any in the East. Like those of Constantinople, they consist of small shops, or rather stalls, occupying both sides of a covered avenue. In them are to be found all the manufactures and products of the Levant, Arabia, Egypt, and the remotest East.—The bazaars of Cairo are so constantly thronged by such a multitude of persons, camels, donkeys, dromedaries, jostling, shouting, and braying, that if you succeed in escaping from being crushed from the crowd of men and beasts that are struggling along, you are yet deafened with the din of these busy marts. Besides the merchants, who sell from their shops, there are walking vendors of second-hand articles, arms, apparel, &c., crying at the top of their voices their goods, followed by a train of bidders, cheapening them as they march along, sometimes maintaining a cross-fire of bids with others in the wake of a rival chapman. Amusing scenes occur in such a crowd. The lady Caireens bustle along, enveloped in vast mantles of silk and satin, shod in yellow slippers, and so closely veiled, that nothing of the face is visible but a pair of melting eyes, that speak love to everybody. My friend, who got bewildered between two beauties, knocked off the slipper of one, and as he turned to apologise in his best Arabic, he unfortunately rent the veil of the other, disclosing to our inspection the fair round features of a Turkish beauty. The

Cerberus of a Eunuch who attended them, in his rage, looked more hideous than ever. The lady with the torn veil, after a pause of a moment, for propriety's sake, uttered a slight scream (fainting not being fashionable,) while she of the slipper rapped the eunuch over the head, and bade him hunt the slipper. A crowd began to gather, comments were made on the impudence of Franks, and a row was evidently brewing, when a Turkish officer came up, to whom we explained in French the cause of the trouble. With much suavity he apologised for us in French to the offended beauties. They cast a responsive glance at us, which forgave all. We bought several bernooses in the bazaars. My friend purchased some made of the finest wool and silk interwoven, white as the driven snow, and soft as down. They were sold at ten dollars; they are used as a covering against the damps of night. This is the finest article I have ever seen—as a summer cloak, nothing can be more elegant or rich.

The slave-market was crowded with slaves, as several caravans had recently arrived from the interior. Franks are not prohibited here, as at Constantinople, from buying slaves, so we were much pressed by the slave-dealers to buy some of their live stock. My friend offered 1600 piastres (80 dollars) for an Abyssinian girl, but when the bargain was concluded, my lady grew sulky, and protested she would not be sold to a Frank; so the bargain was broken up. Some of these slaves came from as far south as Timbuctoo, but most of them are taken in the predatory wars, which the numerous tribes of Abyssinia are constantly waging against each other. They are sold to the slave-dealers, who resort at certain seasons to Dongola, and other places on the Upper Nile beyond the Cataracts, to meet the caravans which bring them to those markets for sale, with gold dust, ivory, and other articles from the interior of Africa. Slavery has continued in unintermitted existence among all the nations of the East from the time of Abraham. The poorest Bedouin family in the desert has two or three slaves. Slaves in the East, however, are regarded in the family of the master rather as household servants than slaves, and are rarely sold. It would be considered monstrous in a man to make a traffic of his slaves. They become component parts of a family, and are treated with such humanity, that, though it may not palliate the violation of the first rights of man, yet it tends much to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate victims. Slavery belongs to no particular colour in the East, the Abyssinians and Georgians are nearly white. Nei-

ther is colour a prejudice against a man there! I have seen black boys and black officers in Egypt on equal footing with the Turks, possessed of as much authority, and as much respected. A few months' residence in Cairo soon removes one's prejudices against a black skin.

The streets of Cairo are no wider than our narrowest lanes. Wide streets would be intolerable in the burning clime of Egypt, where the sun is so intensely hot, as to render exposure to its rays very dangerous from ten A. M. till sunset. The houses of brick and stone are lofty and spacious. They are built around court-yards, which give air and light to the house. The furniture is plain, and not over-abundant, the harem being the only apartment furnished with much elegance. Mirrors are rarely used. The ceilings are lofty, and the rooms large and airy. The windows are of lattice-work, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, without glass. In the better houses some of the rooms are paved in marble, with a fountain in the centre. The roofs are terraced, and at night the families resort to them, to enjoy the moonlight, and the fresh air of the night. Outside the houses are painted in stripes of green, white, and red, with front doors handsomely carved, and inscribed with Arabic characters, signifying—"God the Creator, the Everlasting," "An hour of justice is worth forty hours of prayer," &c. The habits of the Caireens, like that of all the other Orientals, are very temperate. They are early risers, drink nothing but the pure waters of the Nile, retire early, and sleep on mats laid on the floor. Immediately on rising, a slave presents a cup of black coffee, and a pipe, which is hardly a moment out of hand the rest of the day. An Oriental places happiness in repose and quiet. He is averse to all exercise, but when driven to action, is capable of fatigue and exertion. Sensual passions ravage the soul, which, though ordinarily tranquil, is tenanted by some of the worst passions that deform the human character.

The mosques of Cairo are constructed with great taste and beauty. That of Sultan Hassan is the most elegant specimen of the pure Saracenic that I have ever seen. A flight of marble steps conducts into the court-yard from the street. In the middle of the court-yard is a beautiful fountain, covered by a cupola, suspended at some height on light airy columns. The open net-work is cut in the stone, with a delicacy and neatness that rivals the filmy texture of Brussels lace. The doors, of large proportions, are of bronze, and the exterior walls are covered with decorations in Arabesque. The interior contains the tomb of Sultan Hassan, covered with Persian carpets.

The ceiling is exceedingly lofty, the walls bare of ornament; light descends through a dome. From the corners of the mosque rise the loftiest minarets in Cairo. The severe simplicity and chaste architecture of this mosque is no less striking than its majestic proportions; it is built of a dun-coloured stone. There is another mosque that is built in a most *unique* style. It consists of a great square, half the size of Washington-square, surrounded on its four sides by galleries paved with marble, and supported by columns of Egyptian marble, of which there are several hundreds. The effect of this assemblage of columns is, however, lost in the vastness of the space they encompass. We visited also the mosque of Lazarus, in which it was formerly death for the stranger or Christian to enter. Mohammed Ali has abolished these fanatical customs. We may expect ere long to see the holy cities of Mecca and Medina open their gates to the infidel, if the social revolution continues to advance which he has set in motion.

The Mokattam range of mountains which skirts the bank of the Nile from the cataracts, suddenly terminate in a bluff at Cairo. The city lies on the plain at the foot of the mountain. The citadel which occupies the extreme edge of the mountain dominates the whole city; it is a better check to the rebellious population beneath its walls, than a strong point of defence against well-armed assailants. We entered on the long gallery which winds to the top of the mountain, through an imposing gateway, flanked by massive towers, and decorated in the richest style of Arabesque embellishment. This passage, cut out of the rock, is enclosed by high walls, and is shut up at either end by strong gates. It was in this passage that the slaughter of the Mamelukes was effected on the 1st of March, 1811. Mohammed Ali, having securely seated himself on the throne of Egypt, resolved upon a magnificent scheme of reform, by which he hoped to assimilate Egypt to its glorious existence under the Pharaohs. Fond of glory, and ambitious of being the renovator of the prosperity of his kingdom, with his characteristic impetuosity, he immediately commenced the work of reform. The religious prejudices of the people were shocked at the introduction of Frank customs. The Mamelukes too, who held the balance of power between the sovereign and the people, stimulated these prejudices, and resolutely opposed the pasha at every step. Mohammed Ali, convinced that he could not succeed against the factious opposition of the Mamelukes, at once resolved upon their extermination. For this purpose, he invited them to a grand banquet at his palace, in the citadel. Unsuspicious of the motives

of the pasha, they equipped themselves in their most splendid attire, as was their custom when invited to the feast of their sovereign. They entered the gate of the citadel, and rode up this narrow passage. As soon as the last horseman had passed, the gates at either end were closed, and the pasha from his palace gave the signal of massacre, the walls above were covered by a host of soldiers, who poured down upon the devoted Mamelukes an incessant stream of fire. Hemmed in on all sides, their enemies beyond reach, they fell without resistance. More than five hundred of the brave race of cavaliers that had guarded the throne of Saladin and his successors were slain. But one escaped, who, when the gates were opened, covered with wounds as he was, mounted his horse, and, like a bloody apparition, dashed up the steep through the ranks of his enemies, and at one bound, made a frightful leap over the parapet to the earth beneath—a descent of near a hundred feet. Strange to say, the rider escaped and yet lives.

Within the citadel of Cairo there is a remarkable well, dug in the reign of Saladin, and called from him the well of Yousouf, or Joseph. It is two hundred and seventy feet deep, and about forty-five feet in circumference at the top. It is dug to this great depth entirely out of the solid rock. Water is raised by a wheel turned by oxen, on which is bound a string of earthen pots, which draw the water from a reservoir one hundred and fifty feet below the surface. This reservoir is filled by a similar machine, turned by an ox, who passes his days in this subterranean abode. A wide gallery between the shaft of the wheel and the rock forms a road of easy ascent, by which the ox descends and returns from his daily labour. The water of the well is brackish, and is derived from the Nile, which, filtering through the nitrous earth, gives it this peculiar taste. Within the citadel is a mint and printing press of the pasha, both of which perform their respective labours in a very clumsy and imperfect manner.

From the platform of the citadel the view presented a combination of most interesting objects. The Nile was visible to a great distance, winding its serpentine course between green shores, jealously hemmed in by the deserts on either side. To the west of us, on the opposite side of the Nile, loomed up, from its lofty platform of rock, the great pyramid of Cheops, while to the south, at distant intervals, on the border of the Libyan desert, stretched the pyramids of Sakkarah, Abousir, and Dashour. Between these pyramids and the river lay a green plain, about five miles wide, once covered by the

cities of Memphis, Babylon, (so called by the soldiers of Cambyse, after the Persian Babylon,) Troia, and Acanthus. The Nile was studded with beautiful islands, and enlivened with the sails of innumerable boats passing up and down the stream. To the east were the tombs of the Caliphs, standing beyond the city in the desert, which stretches from its walls to the Red Sea. Beyond, to the north, we saw a solitary obelisk, the sole surviving monument of the ancient Heliopolis. Towards the river was old Cairo, where the Virgin Mary dwelt with the infant Jesus, and nearer to us were the tombs of the family of the pasha. Before us lay *El Kahira*, the victorious, glittering in the sun, with the minarets of more than four hundred mosques, and innumerable palaces, the great seat of Mohammedan religion and Mohammedan despotism. Immediately back of us commenced the Mokattam range of mountains, which separate the Arabian desert from the Nile, and follow its course to the heart of Nubia. The pyramids, the deserts, and the Nile, the three great characteristics of Egypt, were all before us at a glance, and there they have been beyond the beginning of recorded history.

Dec. 27.—This day we embarked on the Nile for Upper Egypt. We have a very commodious boat. It is a *kandja*, or decked boat, double masted, and bearing two immense triangular sails, which, when filled with a strong breeze, urge the light frame of the boat along with great force. Our apartments consisted of a deck-cabin, divided into three chambers, each about six feet in length. These are very comfortable sleeping apartments. An awning stretches from the front of the cabin to the mainmast, beneath which we have placed two divans, upon which we recline during the day, costumed *à la Turque*, smoking the Chibouk, sipping coffee, and looking at the scenery. Our crew consists of eleven Arabs, and an Armenian *reis*, or captain. We have two servants, who cook our meals, act as interpreters, and serve as guides. We are absolute masters in our little domain, being armed with a firman from the pasha, by the authority of which we may have any of our refractory subjects bastinadoed into obedience. The captain has entered into a written agreement to place the boat at our entire disposal, to go whither we choose, and to retain it as long as we please, all for the sum of eighteen hundred piastres, about ninety dollars a month. My fellow-companion is a Venetian. Being a great sportsman, he has induced me to provide myself also with a gun. I picked up one at the Bazaar, at Cairo, which, having borne bloody execution in the war against the Wahabees, will no doubt answer the

inglorious uses to which I destine it. We have quite a formidable magazine beneath our cabin, over which my companion, with true insensibility, shakes the ashes out of his pipe bowl, when going to bed, to my great horror.

Dec. 28th.—This day we arrived at Benisouef, a town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It contains the first minaretted mosque we have seen since leaving Cairo. The pasha has here a large cotton manufactory, built in the style of his palaces at Alexandria. The town contains a bazaar, but is a miserable collection of mud huts, and for rags, filth, and dogs, bears away the palm from any thing we have yet seen in Egypt. Benisouef, is the port for the valley of Faïyum, a rich valley, formed by the recession of the Lybian range of mountains. This valley is celebrated for its plantations of roses, and for the great artificial excavation, called Lake Moeris.

Dec. 29.—The wind is sending us up the stream in gallant style. It blows strong all day, but ceases at night, which obliges us to lay to along the shore. The sand-banks in the river are covered with immense flocks of geese and ducks, there frequently being more than a thousand in a flock. They are unapproachable by day. The sight of such fine game, and so inaccessible, is provoking beyond endurance. Last night I resolved upon a surprise, under cover of darkness. I got into the canoe about two hours before sunrise, when the moon had set, and with three of the crew to man the boat, pushed off to steal upon a flock of geese sleeping on a sand-bar, a mile up the river. We muffled the oars, rowed above the bar and dropped down on the opposite side to where our prey was encamped. It was too dark to see clearly, but we could see by the black mass that lay across the bar, that there were a great number of wild geese upon it. I cautiously landed, examined the priming of my gun, and glided along in a bending posture, that I might not attract notice. After advancing near a quarter of an hour, I found myself almost within shooting distance. The geese were getting alarmed—two or three of the night-watch were cackling. As I advanced, the cackling increased, and just at the very moment when I had adjusted my aim for a deadly shot, a malicious mosquito tickled my nostrils into a sneeze. One deafening scream, like the united cry of a thousand infants, broke from the flock, and they rose with such a flapping of wings, and such frightful screams, that I was alarmed lest they might onset on me. There was no seeing the foe, but I away with both barrels into the black mass that was

rising before me, and I had the satisfaction to hear a plunge. It was a goose wounded in the wings, but he used his feet with great dexterity. He pushed for the middle of the river. We put after him, following him up and down the stream; but he led us a wild-geese chase for near two hours, by diving when we approached him. Not being able to take him in any other way, cold as the water was, we plunged in and followed, swimming with him down the stream, our canoe descended with us. At last one of the Arabs, seeing him about to dive, made an expert dive, and caught him by the leg. We were then several miles below the kandjia. We had a long pull against the current; and did not reach it until eight o'clock in the morning. As this was rather too severe sport, I did not make any more such midnight excursions. Our prize proved to be a large wild-geese, very fat, and measuring over five feet across his wings.

January 1.—Arrived to day at Minyeh. This is the best built town we have yet seen. It contains several mosques, and a well-stocked bazaar. Our reis here begged permission to lay by the boat while he paid a visit to one of his wives, located at this place. I say one, because he, like the other boatmen on the Nile, has a plurality of wives, disposed at convenient distances, between Cairo and the cataracts. Our reis was moderate, having but two, one at Cairo, and the other at Minyeh. The *moustamil*, or steersman, whose whole property consisted of the rags on his back, and the tobacco in his pipe, had four. And to our inquiry as to how he maintained them, he coolly replied that they supported themselves.

Jan. 3.—We are constantly passing villages. The banks are lined with hamlets and towns. The whole population of Egypt is pushed on the banks of the Nile, which occasions almost all its internal commerce to be carried on by boats on the river. The inhabitants are clustered together in villages. There are no isolated farm-houses on the fields, a sign of the former insecurity of the country. Mohammed Ali has now made life as safe, and well protected by the laws, as in the oldest Christian state of Europe. This afternoon we stopped at a steam sugar factory of the pasha, directed by an Englishman. White loaf-sugar is manufactured of different qualities, and sold at from ten to thirty cents a pound. Here, also, is a distillery of rum, the sale of which, in Egypt, will never be very extensive, until the pasha induces his subjects to disregard the doctrines of the Koran, and adopt the customs of more civilised states. In passing through a narrow part of the Nile, where the Arabian range of mountains rise in per-

pendicular cliffs from the river, we heard voices crying to us from the heights of the rocks. Shortly afterwards a man swam out to us, and mounted the bulwarks, begging in the name of all the saints, for alms. He was a monk from a Coptic convent on the summit of the mountain, which is supported by alms from travellers. We gave him a few piastres, and he left us with a blessing. It probably saved us from shipwreck, for after passing the convent the boat was struck with a flaw of wind, which set it turning round us as in a maelstrom. She was nearly on her beam ends, and the water poured in upon us in such quantity as to threaten to engulf us, boat and all. We had divested ourselves of all indispensable clothing, and stood prepared for the worst, when the squall subsided. We owed our preservation rather to the lenity of the wind, than to the skill of our helmsman. After getting clear of the mountains, we were assailed with a tremendous hurricane, which, blowing off the desert, clouded the air with a tempest of sand, and almost suffocated us with the oppressive heat and sand it bore along with it. These violent squalls, occasioned by the breaks in the mountains, and the tortuous course of the river, render the navigation of the Nile, in unskilful hands, very dangerous.

Jan. 4.—Provisions cheapen as we ascend the Nile. To-day we bought eggs at the rate of forty a piastre (5 cents); milk a halfpenny a quart; forty rice-wheaten cakes for five cents; four live pigeons for five cents, &c. We made fast this even to the shore, near the sepulchral chambers of Beni-Hassan. As these were the first antiquities we had examined since leaving Cairo, they possessed great interest in our eyes. The tombs of Beni-Hassan are excavated in the face of the rock. They extend in a straight line along an excavated platform, across the waste of the mountain. Traces remain of a broad avenue, bordered with columns, which led from the river to the tombs. They are square chambers cut in the rock, with lofty ceilings and fronts, some of which are supported by columns resembling the Doric so much, as to impair the claim of the Greeks to the invention of that order. The walls are painted in various colours, and contain most interesting delineations of the private life of the Egyptians. Here may be seen their mode of tilling the ground, the gathering in the harvest, the vintage, gymnastic sports, their manner of hunting, fowling, fishing, &c.

In one compartment, the labours of the field are most admirably represented—the reapers are seen cutting the grain, with the modern sickle, winnowing and stacking it, and in

another part is seen a plough, made like the plough of the modern Egyptians, of the branch of a tree, drawn by oxen, and followed by the sower. The barbarous taste of Frank travellers has been less lenient to these relics of ancient art than time itself. Where they are not defaced by modern vandalism, the colours remain fresh and vivid, as when first laid on. These tombs, though not comparable to the magnificent mausolea of the kings at Thebes, are very interesting from the simple portraiture they give us of the customs of the ancient Egyptians. We are now on the threshold of the great region of Egyptian antiquities. From Beni-Hassan to the cataracts, the banks of the Nile are strewn with the ruins of temples, palaces, tombs, and cities. In a few days more we shall be on the borders of the Thebaid, covered with the majestic remains of Luxor, Carnae, and Gournou.

Jan. 7.—We have had a clear run from Beni-Hassan to Siout, the wind holding fair for three successive days. Yesterday, for the first time, we saw a crocodile. This ancient denizen of the Nile has been gradually retreating from the lower part of the river, and he is now rarely found below Minyeh, one hundred and sixty miles to the south of Cairo. We passed great numbers of them yesterday and to-day. We counted no less than eight on one sand-bank, dozing in the sun. They were attended by their inseparable companion on land, the *Trichilus* of Herodotus, and the *Siksak* of the Arabs. The siksak still performs the same friendly offices for the crocodile as in the days of Herodotus. It is a small bird, with a long pointed bill, and armed at the point of each shoulder of the wings with a sharp talon. According to the Arabs, when the crocodile is basking on the sand, with his mouth open, vermin creep in, which cause him so much pain, that he is unable to close it again. The siksak pursues his tormentors into his throat, and destroys them. The crocodile, forgetting the presence of his friend, sometimes closes his mouth, and imprisons his benefactor. The siksak immediately extending its wings, pricks his throat, and obliges him to open it, and thus escapes. This group of crocodiles appeared to be members of the same family. Two of the smallest, about four feet long, were gambolling on the sands in great glee, around their venerable parents, who were stretched out upon the sand full twenty-five feet in length. At the approach of the boat, the siksaks uttered an admonitory cry, and the whole party made for the water, with all possible speed. We poured in a shower of shot and musket balls upon them. It rattled upon their backs like hail, and just as harmlessly.

Jan. 8.—This morning, on rising, we found the boat moored at the landing of Siout. Siout is the capital of the *Said*, or Upper Egypt. It stands a mile back from the river, and is approached by a high causeway, bordered with palms and sycamores. It is a large town, of about eight thousand inhabitants, and is seated on a rich plain, covered with plantations of dates and orange groves. A busy multitude thronged its bazaars, among which were many Bedouins, from the great desert of Sahara, tall stalwart figures, clad in bernouses, with muskets slung across their backs in the true Ishmaelitic spirit of distrust and hostility, and wearing a physiognomy of gloomy ferocity. Three of our boatmen had been robbed in the night of all their money and clothes. Failing to discover the robbers, they began to accuse each other, and we found a civil war raging among our subjects on returning to the boat. The reis begged us to interfere. We went with him to the governor of the place, whom we found in his court-yard, administering justice by the wholesale. The yard was filled with motley groups of Arabs, Bedouins, and Copts, who had gathered here to pay the *miri*, or land-tax. Attendant scribes were registering the payment of the tax, and in another part of the yard, the *Koorbash* was falling thick and fast on the soles of unhappy culprits. So what with the cries of the victims of the bastinado, the angry expostulating among the tax payers and tax receivers, the noise of camels and donkeys urging their way through the mass of people, for the road lay directly through the court-yard, and the supplications of beggars, who had been drawn hither by the jingle of piastres, the whole presented a most amusing scene of confusion. We presented ourselves to his excellency through the firman of the pasha, which served as a letter of introduction, and as an authoritative preface to our complaints. We were politely received, seated among his staff, and presented with pipes and coffee. After these preliminaries, we stated the robbery, and our desire that it might be investigated, and its perpetrators punished. His excellency, who seemed to have a great relish for these things, immediately sent for the crew, and the people of the boats, lying at the landing. Numerous questions were propounded, all of which failed to elicit any clue to the author of the robbery. This wise judge then turned to us, and propounded a very sound syllogism, whence he drew a very logical corollary. It was somewhat in this form:—Some one has committed this robbery—we cannot discover the thief—therefore he must be one of the crew. Upon drawing this logical sequence, he very quietly ordered the whole crew to be bas-

tinadoed. It was in vain to attempt to refute such reasoning. The governor insisted that justice should take its course, and that whether our Arabs were guilty or not, a bastinadoing would not be unmerited, as they belonged to a race of scoundrels. The governor was a Turk, and like all the foreign rulers of a subdued people, entertained a profound contempt for his subjects. This was the last time we asked for the interposition of Turkish justice.

In the rear of the town the mountains are perforated with numerous sepulchral chambers. They are much inferior to those of Beni-Hassan. We were induced to visit them from the imaginative descriptions of *Demon*, who has invested them with an ideal beauty, which, it is to be regretted, they do not possess. The splendid paintings he saw have never gratified the eyes of succeeding travellers. This is not the only instance in which I have found the great work of the French *savans* on Egypt to be marvellously false to the originals it was intended to portray. Descending the mountain in which these caves are excavated, we passed through a cemetery at its base. The tombs were chiefly of the governors of the town, rich Turks, pashas, and beys. They were ornamented with domes, cupolas, and minarets, and placed upon avenues which run in straight lines through the cemetery. The tombs were placed in enclosed courts, entrance to which was had through a wicket. The massive and house-like built tombs, opening upon wide streets, with doors, gave to the whole the appearance of a city of the dead. Many of them were constructed with much architectural effect. The cleanliness, quiet, and beauty of the place, with the white dome-mounted tombs, shadowed by tall palms and sycamores, had a highly pleasing effect.

Jan. 8.—This evening we passed Gau, the site of the ancient Antepolis. The descriptions of its ruins in our guide books are of no avail now, as the elegant portico and columns of the temple, which formerly stood upon the brink of the river, have been all swept away by a recent inundation. The houses in the villages of Upper Egypt are all surmounted by pigeon cotes. The pigeons are common property, and are kept only for the rich manure they yield for the vegetable gardens. They may be seen in flocks of several hundreds, crossing the river, and feeding in the fields. We went ashore to-day, pigeon-shooting; but we found the prey so tame, that after killing twenty in two shots, we abandoned the sport, if such wholesale slaughter can deserve that name.

Jan. 11.—This day we arrived at Denderah. The temple

and surrounding ruins are upon rising ground, a mile back from the river. On approaching the grand temple, the first object that arrested our attention was an elegant propylon, which, though much defaced, yet serves as an appropriate ornament to the threshold of this exquisite temple. Passing under the propylon, we crossed the dromos, or way which connects the propylon, with the temple. We had expected to see a ruin, but what was our surprise to see a temple perfect in every part, with the minutest embellishments as fresh and well preserved as if but just from the hands of the sculptor. We stood in mute astonishment, rapt with the beauty, finish, and elaborate elegance of every part of the temple. It has not the magnificent extent of the temples at Thebes, but it exceeds every other in Egypt for the richness, profuseness, and neatness of its decorations. The length of the temple is two hundred and sixty-five feet by one hundred and forty broad. The portico consists of six columns, the square capitals of which, on their four sides, present the head of Isis, sculptured with much beauty. The head of the goddess is coiffed with a shawl which crosses the crown of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the ears. The columns are quadrilateral, and are covered on each side with sculptures in low relief, the elaborate finish and execution of which it is impossible to convey any idea of other than by the pencil. The temple is dedicated to Isis, and her image appears in every part of it. The whole style and embellishment of the temple is in consonance with the attributes of this voluptuous deity. The rich swelling curves of the cornices and mouldings, the love-beaming face of Isis, which smiles upon you on every side, the scenes of joy and pleasure depicted in the processions, dancing choruses and bacchantes, the figures of voluptuous women reclining on soft couches, all breathe the luxurious ease, elegance and grace of the Goddess of Love. Immediately over the entrance is the winged globe, the emblem of eternity, on both sides of which are the sacred hawks, eagles, and vultures, with outspread wings. The frieze is filled with an immense number of figures representing Isis and Osiris seated on thrones, receiving tribute and worship from a long procession of figures more than thirty in number. Among them are priests with lofty mitres, suppliants with outstretched hands, others bearing offerings of the sacred lotus, and a variety of figures with the heads of hawks and eagles on human bodies, and those other monstrous combinations which the Egyptian mythology delighted to invent. The profusion of figures and hieroglyphics scattered over the facade of the portico is astonishing, and imagination

loses itself in conjectures as to the mysterious history which lies concealed in their emblematic language.

Entering under the portico, we stood within the *pronaos*, or ante-chamber. This apartment is adorned with twenty-four quadrangular columns. The ceiling, which is divided into seven compartments by immense rafters of stone, is painted blue, and is covered with astronomical and mythological figures, gilded stars, and a countless variety of decorations, which cover also every part of the walls, so that there is hardly an inch of bare space in the building. The whole, according to a credible source, represents the birth of all things from the womb of Athor, who appears floating through immeasurable space, with all the stars, planets, constellations.

And all the host of heaven moving in her train. Such is the magnificent picture delineated on the ceiling in the most vivid colours, and with a boldness and grandeur of style that fills the mind of the observer with awe and astonishment. The other apartments are decorated in the same ornate style of embellishment.

One of them contained the Zodiac, from which the French philosophers drew an ingenious theory to disprove the Mosaic account of the creation of the world. This Zodiac, covered with a multitude of astronomical figures, and which is supposed to contain the key to Egyptian mythology and astronomy, is now in the Royal Library at Paris. Another of these apartments contains a minute representation of the loves of Isis and Osiris, and the others are filled with sculptures illustrating the mythological position of these two deities. The exterior walls are covered with spirited scenes of celestial warfare, in which Osiris is represented triumphant over rebellious foes. The figures of the gods are of colossal proportions. There are, also, within the enclosure, two other smaller temples, partially ruined, and which seem to have been subsidiary to the great purposes of the great temple.

We spent a day in examining this beautiful temple of Denderah, and left it with much regret, that we had not more time to give to it. It is not the vastness of the plain, or the stupendous piles of masonry, that excite the wonder of the traveller, as at Thebes, but it is the richness and finish of ornament, the elegance and perfection of the workmanship, in which painting and sculpture have done their best, and sumptuous, yet befitting style of the architecture, that commands our admiration at Denderah.

Jan. 15.—I am standing on the temple of Luxor, near the river's bank. The sun is lighting up the great valley of Thebes,

which is visible from the point at which I stand in its whole length and breadth. Turning to the east, I dimly trace the avenue of Sphynxes till it reaches the colossal piles of Karnac, from the midst of which two lofty obelisks still lift themselves proudly erect among prostrate ruins. To the west I can discern the stupendous propylon of Medinet Abou, boldly rearing its bluff and massive front against the assaults of man and time. Between it and the river are the twin colossi one of which is the musical statue of Memnon, but which now alas; no longer greets the rising sun with strains of æthereal music. The surrounding plain is covered with the skeletons of temples and palaces, among which the eye rests with pleasure upon the well defined outlines of the temples of Gournou and the Memnonium. A circle of mountains, in whose bowels are entombed the kings and people of the 'hundred-gated' Thebes, enclosed the valley against the incursions of the desert.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival at Thebes.—A Turkish Antiquarian.—Temple of Luxor.—Dancing girls.—Avenue of Sphynxes.—Palace of Karnac.—Stupendous propyla.—Obelisks.—Grand hall at Karnac.—Sculptures of the temple.—General view of the ruins.—Their extent and magnificence.—Grand hall of Karnac by moonlight.—Midnight reveries.—Juckal.—Western Thebes.—A Turkish horse.—Palace of Medinet Abou.—Musical statue of Memnon.—Arab antiquaries.—Temple of Memnonium.—Gigantic Colossus.—Gournou.—Tombs of the kings.—Their magnificence and extent.—A slave-boat.

ON arriving at Thebes, we made our boat fast to the ancient Quay, directly in front of the temple of Luxor. No other boat was at the landing except a small sail boat, which had followed us from Denderah. Some half dozen Arabs constituted the crew. In the stern, under a silken awning, reclined a Turk, elegantly costumed, smoking his *chibouk* and sipping coffee, and evidently enjoying the luxury of doing nothing. I had watched this gentleman for several days, and observed

that he passed the day in the profitless alternations of smoking, drinking coffee, and chatting with the crew. He was an epitome of the universal Turk. We had frequently exchanged visits, and dined with each other. We found him a pleasant, gentlemanly character, and somewhat of an antiquary, being tolerably acquainted with the ruins of Thebes and Denderah, a portion of which, Turk as he was, he had the curiosity personally to examine. His knowledge of the rest was drawn from the relations of Frank travellers. For his antiquarian researches, the pasha had appointed him guardian-general of antiquity in the Thebiad. He passed his time in cruising up and down the Nile between Denderah and Thebes, and watching the boats of Frank travellers, that they were not engaged in the interdicted trade of exporting ninnies. He jokingly admonished us against carrying off any of the propyla, obelisks, or colossi of Thebes. On arriving at Thebes, he procured us an excellent guide, and gave us a *carte blanche* to call for as many donkeys as we chose.

Attended by an Arab guide and our servants, we started off at sunrise to commence the road of the ruins. We had exhausted the contents of our library in studying the antiquities of Thebes, and our imagination had been wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the accounts of travellers whom we had met at Cairo, returning from Upper Egypt. In order to keep alive our curiosity to the last, we adopted a progressive plan, by which we commenced with the temples on the east side, and then crossed to the ruins on the west side, terminating with what caps the climax of Egyptian art and magnificence—the tombs of the Kings. In this manner the six days we passed at Thebes were a period of the most agreeable mental excitement, constantly increasing in fervour, until it kindled into the most unbounded enthusiasm.

At a few hundred yards from the river is the temple of Luxor the first object that strikes the eye on approaching Thebes. It stands on an artificial foundation, sufficiently elevated to place it above the inundations. We turned into the Arab village immediately before it, and approached it on the north side. A stupendous propylon, more than two hundred feet broad, and eighty feet high, gives entrance to the temple. Two colossal statues, half buried in the sand, are placed against the propylon, and immediately in front of them were two beautiful obelisks, eighty feet in height, and covered with hieroglyphics cut in the granite, near two inches deep, with a finish and niceness of touch that is as fresh now as when first sculptured. One of these obelisks now adorns the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris;

the other still maintains its original positions. The whole surface of this propylon is covered with representations of battle scenes, cut in *intaglio rilievo*. The prodigious number of human figures, horses, and chariots, is no less astonishing than the spirit and animation which pervades the whole. It is a speaking picture, and excites the most vivid emotions of sympathy with the vanquished, and exultation with the proud victors that are seen riding in triumph over the battle-field. The flight of the enemy, the rapid pursuit, the contending cohorts, the rise and fall of glittering standards, denoting the alternations of success and repulse, the invincible victor of the day, rushing into the midst of the opposing hosts, discharging clouds of javelin from his chariot, the fiery steeds of which are urging their way over the bodies of the slain, with all the tumult, shock, and confusion of a great battle, are depicted upon the wall of the propylon with a spirit and truth that may rival the happiest efforts of the pencil. This is a most interesting historical picture of ancient warfare. The hero, whose glories are here so vividly celebrated, is most probably Sesostris, whose victorious car, if we believe the ancient writer, rode in triumph over all the known regions of the world.

Passing under the portal of the propylon, we entered into a court, two hundred and thirty-four feet long by one hundred and seventy-four feet wide, where the remains of a double range of pillars, with the bell-shaped capital, are still to be seen. This court is much obstructed by an Arab village built within it, the huts of which, erected against the walls and columns, much impair the effect of the whole. A portion also serves as a magazine of grain. Beyond this court are other propyla, behind which is a double row of seven columns, with lotus capitals, each twenty-two feet in circumference. This row of columns conducts into a court one hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and forty wide, terminating at each side by a row of pillars. Beyond this is another portico of thirty-two columns, and then follows the sanctuary or innermost part of the temple. It is impossible, by description, to give an adequate idea of these extensive ruins. Luxor is supposed to be of great antiquity. Great cost and labour were expended in its construction, and though it does not equal the grandeur of Karnac, it exhibits much of that gigantic architecture which characterises all the works of the Egyptians, and display a finish and skill in its sculptures that denotes a highly-advanced period of art. The interior of the temple is, however, so much filled up with sand heaps and Arab huts, that it is impossible to get an idea

of it in its original state. The exterior colonnades remain in almost unbroken line, while the interior is completely unroofed and ruined. It is still the skeleton of a magnificent temple.

Our appearance among the ruins attracted a troop of dancing girls, who followed us, dancing to the sound of cymbals and Arab tambourines. They are called *Ghawazze*, and are as distinct in form and feature from other Arabs, as the gipsies from the people among whom they dwell. They were attired in a rich costume, which set off their voluptuous figures with much effect. As we reclined against the base of a column, costumed *a la Turque*, smoking our pipes, and surveying the ruins, with this band of Almeh before us, performing some of those wild Oriental dances which have more of grace than modesty in them, striking their cymbals, and throwing themselves into every variety of attitude, with some half-naked Arabs from our boat, and a cluster of Bedouins standing behind us, with their muskets slung across their shoulders, we formed quite a picturesque group. In the abstraction in which we had been thrown by the music, the dance, and the ruins, we had forgot the thievish character of the Bedouins behind us. They much increased the picturesqueness of the scene, by decamping with our breakfast, which abruptly put an end to the reveries in which we had been indulging. We walked into the bazaar of the village, and made a breakfast on raw eggs and Arab cakes.

We mounted donkeys and made our way across the plain to Karnac, about two miles distant, the lofty gateway of which, in a direct line with the propylon of Luxor, was distinctly visible at that distance. The plain was uncultivated, and entirely denuded of trees until we reached a grove of palms near the ruins. An immense vulture, of a plumage of deep funereal black, startled us not a little as he shook the palm with his heavy wings, and flew off with a loud scream. It was the sacred vulture which we had seen so often painted over the portals of Denderah. As the Egyptians believed in metempsychosis, it was probably the soul of an ancient priest of Karnac, startled at the profanation of the shrines by our infidel presence. Passing out of this grove of palms, we entered upon the avenue of Sphynxes, and followed it till it brought us beneath a lofty portal. We passed many of the Sphynxes, bordering the avenue, but they were all headless, and otherwise mutilated by Mohammedan iconoclasts and European antiquaries. But few remain of the immense number that lined each side of the broad avenue which led from Karnac to Luxor, though

among the ruins of an edifice at right angles with the avenue, we observed several perfect specimens of the Crio sphynx (a sphynx having a ram's head and a lion's body.) The avenue of Sphynxes terminates at an isolated gateway, which rises upwards to the height of more than sixty feet, overtopping the loftiest of the palm trees in the neighbouring grove. This portal is covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, and in the centre is ornamented with the winged globe, the emblem of eternity, richly coloured. It is in an admirable state of preservation, and is a work of the highest beauty and finish. Turning this gateway, we came to the main entrance on the north-west side. The propylon here is indeed of gigantic proportions, with a base as long as the bases of most of the pyramids. It is 200 feet long, 40 feet thick, and near eighty in height. This stupendous structure is built of large blocks of stone, one of which would form an architrave of itself for a modern portico. Like all the propyla, it contracts towards the top, and leans backward, apparently reposing on its own strength.

Passing this propylon, we entered into an open court, two hundred and seventy-five feet by three hundred and twenty-nine, with a covered corridor on either side, and a double row of columns down the centre. The court is now a heap of ruins. But one column is standing in the centre, the last of a race of giants. The other columns are prostrated across the yard several lying in the most regular order, with hardly a stone displaced, seeming to have been gently removed from their base, and laid upon the earth. Most of them have probably been shook from their foundations by an earthquake, which has produced great devastation in other parts of the temple. These columns are each more than sixty feet high, and twelve feet in circumference. Crossing this court-yard, we came to another propylon, fronting the grand hall of Karnac. Two colossal statues are seated at the foot of a flight of steps, about thirty in number. Ascending these steps, we stood upon a level with the great hall of Karnac. I had seen all the temples of Rome and Greece, and I conceived in imagination a magnificent idea of the scene I was about entering. But nothing I had seen or imagined equalled the grand and magnificent reality that now extended before me. From the point at which I stood, the vista was superb. I turned back to the stupendous propylon by which we had been ushered into the temple, traversed at a glance the court-yard, with its corridors and gigantic colonnades, passed the colossi, reascended the flight of steps to the vestibule in which I was standing, and

then carried my sight down the body of the great hall of Karnac. The central avenue of the hall is supported by twelve massive columns, near eighty feet high, and thirty-six feet in circumference, sustaining immense slabs of stone, which once formed part of the roof. All the transverse stone rafters have fallen. Entering a few steps, the whole area of the hall was visible in all its extent with the forest of columns that crowd its pavement. Besides the twelve columns of the central avenue, we counted one hundred and twenty-two others of nearly the same proportions, all of which were covered from top to bottom with hieroglyphical sculptures. Wherever the stone rafters remain, they are covered with coloured sculptures; the walls also are crowded with Italian sculptures and hieroglyphics. Every stone and column contained a chapter of history, in which the priests read to the worshipper in this stupendous fane, the history of a glorious reign, or the records of countless ages. The eye was bewildered by the variety of objects that attracted its gaze, and the imagination was overpowered at the mysterious religion to which this mighty temple was dedicated, and the civilised character of the age which reared such a sublime piece of architecture. The vista beyond the great hall embraced a view of two lofty obelisks, standing in a field of ruins, covered with the remains of colossal statues, obelisks, columns, and propyla, until it reached the sanctuary of the temple, whose ceilings of cerulean blue were studded with stars of gold. My feeble pen is inadequate to convey any idea of the true sublimity of this, the grandest work of human architecture. I must borrow of others. Denon says:—"The imagination which rises above our porticos sinks abashed, at the foot of the one hundred and thirty-four columns of the hypostyle hall of Karnac;" and Belzoni declares, that the most sublime ideas which can be formed, from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very inadequate idea of these views.

To give an adequate idea of the immensity of the great hall at Karnac, the author of the work on "Egyptian Antiquities," in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," adopts the following ingenious analogy. The church of St. Martin's in the Fields, one of the finest and largest of modern edifices in London, is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet long, and eighty-one feet wide. This will give an area of nearly eleven thousand one hundred and fifty square feet, which is not so much as one-fifth part of the great hall at Karnac. Four such churches as St. Martin's might stand side by side in the area of this hall, without occupying the whole

space. In making this calculation, the *outer* measurement of St. Martin's church has been taken, and the *interior* measure of the great hall at Karnac. Leaving this apartment, we passed along an enclosed passage, which conducted to the more sacred precincts. In one part, we noticed the remains of several colossal statues, near which are standing two of the finest obelisks in Egypt. They are of rose granite, and are ninety-two feet high and eight square. Two others lie prostrate at their base, one of them being cut in half, to facilitate its removal, probably, by the Romans. Continuing in a direct line, we came to the sanctuary, the greater part of which is yet entire. It is built throughout of granite, and is divided into three apartments. Three blocks of granite form the roof, and the ceiling is covered with stars, dashed over a bright field of blue. The columns are yet in a good state of preservation. Beyond this building is another range of porticoes and galleries extending to a propylon on the outermost verge of the ruins, which is two thousand feet distant from the great propylon, on the western extremity.

Entering through this propylon upon the open fields, we wound around the ruins, till we came to the gateway which we had at first observed on coming from Luxor. This gateway opens into the great temple Karnac, the abode of the gods. Behind it is a gallery of colossal rams, and beyond this another propylon gives entrance to the main body of the temple, preceded by twelve monolithic colossal statues. Then follows a numerous suite of apartments, covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, some of which are of great merit. One represents a long train of priests, paying adoration to the moon. Another, in one of the suite of three small chambers on the north side, covered with the most delicately executed figures, represents Isis suckling the child Horus. The figures are most admirably sculptured upon the walls in a bold and graceful style, that breathes the very soul into inanimate forms. There is in this group less of that stiffness so common to the generality of Egyptian sculpture, and more of the faithful imitation of the graceful forms of nature, which mark the production of the Grecian chisel. The great temple is the best preserved of the ruins at Karnac. The walls are entire, and seem to have survived some tremendous concussion, which shook down the massive blocks of granite that formed the roof. These much impeded our progress through the temple, lying across the doorways, on the top of columns which had fallen with them, or completely blocking up the space between the piles of heaps of sand and the roof. Were the ruins of Karnac

disinterred from the mounds of rubbish which choke them up, they would be doubly grander than they now appear; and even in its ruined state, would remain among the proudest memorials of human greatness. An embankment, about thirty feet high, extends around the ruins, and serves to protect them. Ascending this embankment, we obtained a complete view of the whole field of ruins. Upwards of twelve of these beautiful *clancé* gateways, which served as entrances to the parts of the palace and temple, stand isolated upon remote points, the indices and landmarks of the boundary of the ancient buildings. Within the circuit they enclose rise the massive walls of numerous propyla, upwards of one hundred feet in height, overtopping the loftiest points of the adjacent edifices. Two obelisks, whose aspiring shafts shoot upwards to meet the solar ray they image, point out the great hall of Karnac, the capital of whose stupendous columns are seen rising above the walls of the palace. Around the palace is a chaotic sea of ruin: obelisks, propyla, statues, columns, walls, prostrated in confused heaps of ruins, as if blasted by the curses of an angry deity. The sublime prophecy of Jeremiah of the destruction of the temples of Egypt, by Nebuchadnezzar, here seemed to find its fulfilment. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; behold I will send and take Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, my servant, and will set his throne upon those stones that I have hid; and he shall spread his royal pavilion over them. And when he cometh, he shall smite the land of Egypt, and deliver such as are for death to death, and such as are for captivity to captivity. And I will kindle a fire in the houses of the gods of Egypt; and he shall burn them, and carry them away captives. And he shall array himself with the land of Egypt, as a shepherd putteth on his garments. And he shall go forth from thence in peace. He shall break also the images of Bethshemesh that is in the land of Egypt; and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall he burn with fire."

The temple and palace of Karnac cover an extent of ground over three miles in circumference, and yet they occupy but a part of that immense city, the circuit of whose walls enclosed a circumference of eighteen miles. From the point at which I stood, the whole of the site of this city of temples and palaces was visible. Each of the twelve propyla was approached by the avenue of Sphynxes, which shot off from them like so many radii. The great avenue of Sphynxes which led to Luxor, two miles distant, containing some thousands of these singular monuments, each of a single stone,

separated by the lofty palms which overshadowed them, must have formed a magnificent approach to the temple, terminated, as it was, at either end by the stupendous propyla, which seemed to defy the advance of this army of monsters. The temple of Luxor looms up from its elevated foundation among the most prominent objects on the plain. Upon the west side of the Nile I distinctly saw the temples of Medinet Abou, Gournou, and the Memnonium, all of which seem to have been placed in a direct line with the main entrances of Karnac. The mountains, on either side of the river, recede from the plain, making a semicircular sweep back upon the desert, as if to give space to the "hundred-gated" city that extended between their bases. The private habitations, which seem to have been of very small dimensions, and built of baked earth, occupied the space on the east side of the river around the edifices of Karnac, and between them and the Arabian mountains. Nothing could be finer than the *coup d'œil* of this immense plain, bounded by bold ranges of mountains, which, with the Nile coming from remote regions in the south, seemed to do homage to the mighty monuments of human greatness that cover its surface. This splendid picture of mountain, plain, river, palm groves, temples, palaces, obelisks, over-canopied by the stainless blue of an Egyptian sky, and set in an horizon which enclosed it with a band of gold, formed the richest combination of the beautiful in nature, and the sublime in human productions, that I had ever seen.

It would be a vain task to essay the description of the sculptures that cover the exterior walls of all the edifices at Karnac. Hosts of warriors, sieges, battles, chariots, religious processions, and insignia, are sculptured upon the walls, and grouped into every kind of combination. In truth it may be said, that there is not a stone which presents itself to the eye, that is not sculptured with hieroglyphics or human figures, all relating a history known only to the initiated few in the mysterious tongue of ancient Egypt.

We had hardly made half the circuit of the ruins before we were overtaken by night. It stole so gently upon us that we did not perceive its coming on, except in the softer hues of the sky and the mellowing tints with which it invested the majestic ruins around us. As we had designed returning to Karnac on the morrow, we did not think it worth the trouble of going back to the boat that evening. Fortunately for my companion, a full moon rising early after sunset, gave him an opportunity of sketching Karnac by moonlight. We made a frugal meal of eggs, milk, and bread, on the back of a Sphinx,

beneath a propylon, whose gods and goddesses seemed to frown upon us in the dim twilight. We stabled our donkeys in the sanctuary, under the protecting guardianship of Isis and Osiris, and then disposed of ourselves for the night. My companion, with a servant and donkey-boy, stationed himself on a commanding point of view to sketch the ruins, while I, with my servant Abdallah, strolled among the halls and corridors of the palace. I entered the great hall. The glare of day was gone; not a zephyr was stirring, and as we walked down the central avenue, our footsteps woke the slumbering echoes. I felt a religious awe in disturbing the solitude of this ancient shrine. I threw myself at the base of one of the gigantic columns, unwilling to break the eternal silence that seemed to repose here. Wherever I gazed, colossal figures of gods and kings looked down upon me from the walls and columns. The moonlight threw its slant beams through the crevices and holes in the wall, enveloping all in a dim religious light. The roof was gone, and the columns that rose from the interred pavement beneath, seemed to support the blue canopy above, fretted with a countless host of stars. The lofty capitals were indistinctly seen, buried in the blue void, and seemed to commingle with and be lost in the depths above. Two thousand years ago, and this forest of columns was standing; these walls were then as firm as now, and that stupendous propylon, which casts its shadow down these pillared isles, excited the astonishment of those distant ages, as it has of all subsequent time. What changes has the world seen since the foundations of this edifice were laid! what countless generations of men have rose and fell, and passed away! what transitions from barbarism to civilisation, and from civilisation to barbarism, in that wide interval of time! That distant world from which I, a pilgrim, have come to these deserted shrines of ancient greatness, then lay undiscovered, brooding upon the bosom of an unknown sea. What mighty armies have passed through this hall! Here Cambyses stayed his chariot wheels to gaze in wonder at the triumphs of architecture. Here Sesostris was welcomed back, with the loud acclaims of millions, from his conquest of the world. The sublimity of this hall stayed the destroying hand of the Ptolemies. The Caesars were awed into humility when they trod these aisles—and even the Arab hosts, as they swept by on the tide of victory, paused to admire—and the armies of France, as they rushed by in pursuit of the flying Mamelukes, were so struck with amazement at the ruins, that they fell

upon their knees in homage, and rent the air with shouts of applause.

Losing myself in these reveries, I fell asleep, with a drowsy owl over my head, hooting at his image among the hieroglyphics on the columns. About midnight I was awake by the distant tread of my companion. As I opened my eyes, I was surprised to see an object seated at the base of a column, about twenty feet distant, glaring upon me with the most diabolical pair of eyes I had ever seen. As I slowly recovered my sight, I made out the stranger to be a peculiarly ferocious-looking jackal. He seemed to be in as deep an abstraction as that which put me asleep; for, as I gently unslashed my gun, he did not move an inch. I certainly was as much surprised at his impudence as he at my impudence. He did not recover his senses until I had planted a few shot between his bright orbs. He then betook himself to flight with a dismal howling that scared all the birds, sacred and profane, from their haunts among the capitals of the columns, stunning my ears with their confused plaints. As we had no desire to give our bodies up as food to jackals, we mounted our donkeys and rode back to the boat.

Having examined the ruins of Thebes, which lie on the east side of the Nile, we crossed the river to inspect those on the west side. On landing we found a number of donkeys and horses, with their masters, awaiting our arrival. We chose the horses. They were equipped in true Turkish style, with high pommelled saddles and shovel stirrups. Having rode over the Morea, and other parts of Greece, on a Turkish horse, I was somewhat acquainted with the characteristics of this animal. My companion, who was less experienced, though a better horseman, incautiously pricked his steed with his stirrups, and set him off at full gallop. Mine followed suit, but so far in the rear, that my admonitions to be careful of a bolt did not reach the ears of my fellow-horseman. "Away we went, at a break-neck pace, for a quarter of an hour, when the foremost horse came to a sudden bolt, and pitched his rider clear over his head. I narrowly escaped the same fate, by pushing my horse on till I was prepared for a halt, and then reining him up. The runaway did not continue his flight farther than a patch of *halfah* (grass), a few rods ahead. Turning our way, we continued in a westerly direction across the plain, till, after an hour's ride, we reached the palace of Medinet Abou.

We entered this palace on the north side, through two im-

mense propyla, leading out of a court-yard into the interior, covered with hieroglyphics and figures of Osiris, and other Egyptian deities. After this we passed into a court surrounded by galleries and colonnades. Crossing this court, and passing a second and smaller propylon, we entered a magnificent peristyle court. This is one of the most elaborately-finished specimens of Egyptian architecture. On the east side is a range of eight tall pilasters, bearing upon their fronts colossal figures of Osiris. Fronting these pilasters, on the opposite side of the court, is another similar range, and upon the other two sides of the court are five columns, with plain capitals. Behind these columns are covered galleries, running around the whole area. The ceilings of these galleries are painted in brilliant azure, bespangled with gilded stars, all of which remain fresh, and almost unstained, to this day. The whole of this enclosure is in a good state of preservation, which is in part owing to its having been once occupied by the early Christians as a place of worship. They covered the paintings with stucco, which has protected them against the weather. The sculptures on the walls are very spirited, and exhibit great proficiency in art. On one side is represented a victorious monarch, returning from battle in a triumphal chariot. He is preceded by numerous files of captives, bound together. In another compartment, the royal combatant is represented as engaged in the heat of battle, standing upright in a chariot and discharging arrows upon the enemy, in the midst of whose serried ranks he is rushing with the fury of a lion. Upon other parts of the wall is seen the general combat, in which the opposing armies are engaged in desperate conflict with chariots, lances, and all the engines of war. Upon another side, the king is seen receiving an account of a battle, seated upon his throne, at the foot of which soldiers are throwing down the hands and arms of the enemy cut off in battle, while attending scribes are recording their number. These inhuman practices are delineated with an air of horrible reality that sickens the soul, and causes one to turn away in disgust, that a people so civilised as their monuments prove the ancient Egyptians to have been, should have exhibited such brutal ferocity in warfare, and should have had the bad taste to defile the walls of their most beautiful temple with such examples of their cruelty and barbarism.

The ceiling of the portal, which opens into this court, is painted with gorgeous splendour. The winged globe and serpent, coloured with most vivid shades of blue, red, and white, expands its protecting wings over the stranger as he enters,

and seems to consecrate the place. This court is called by the Arabs 'the beautiful,' and it well deserves the epithet. Though not displaying the magnificence of Karnac, it exhibits a richness of decoration, brilliancy of colouring, and high finish, that elicits the warmest admiration from the rude Arab as well as the refined traveller. I returned, time after time, to examine it, and always found something new to admire. Its perfect condition adds much to one's satisfaction in contemplating it. The exterior north wall of this palace is covered with a sculpture representing a naval fight, in which an immense number of combatants are engaged, contending hand to hand with great desperation. The Egyptians are armed with bows and arrows, and javelins. The enemy, which is distinguished by a crown of feathers, like a Peruvian head-dress, is armed only with a short sword. The boats of both squadrons have square sails and a single bank of oars.

Remounting our horses, we proceeded in a northerly direction across the plain to the two colossi, one of which is celebrated from the remotest antiquity as the vocal statue of Memnon, which, on being struck by the rays of the rising sun, emitted sounds of music. On arriving at these statues, we found a troop of Arabs assembled, provided with mummy images, beads and saudlas, scarabæi, pieces of papyri, broken pottery, cracked Ibis jurs, and numerous other antiques, which they insisted on our purchasing immediately. They were very exorbitant in their prices, but we brought them to terms, by refusing to deal with them; they then lowered their demands, and we made a selection of the most curious. These fellows were nearly naked, having only a ragged gown thrown over their shoulders, and falling to the knees. Their heads, which were shaven almost to the skull, were protected against the fierce heat of the sun only by a thin cap which covered the crown of the head. A wilder-looking set of savages I have never seen even in the forests of North America. The favoured few of whom we had made purchases found themselves an object of enmity with their companions, who declared that the articles sold were common property. They insisted upon a distribution of the 'spoils,' which, being refused, led to a battle royal, in which the skulls and bones of the ancient Egyptians were pretty severely tested upon the bodies of their descendants. Our horses, frightened by the clamour and tumult, started off as if a pack of devils were at their heels, whereupon, with our Arab attendants, we fell upon the whole party, and with the vigorous application of our sticks, soon put them to rout. They returned one by one, not long after, and continued

during the rest of the day dogging at our heels, and pestering us with cries of 'Howadji edinne backsheesh.'

Relieved by the flight of these indefatigable *virtuosi*, we sat down to contemplate the statues. These two colossi seem to have stood at the head of an avenue of colossi which led to the tomb of Osymandyas, as the plain around is strewn with the remains of other gigantic statues. The northernmost is the most interesting. This is undoubtedly the famous musical statue of Memnon, as the legs are covered with inscriptions in Greek and Latin, by ancient travellers, attesting that they heard it salute the sun with airs of welcome. Among the persons who heard the voice of Memnon, are Julia Romilla, Bulitha Balbitha, the poetess of Balba, and others, who accompanied the Emperor Adrian in his visit to Thebes. The following inscription is very plainly cut upon one of the legs:

Imp. Domitiano

Cæsar Augusto Germanico

• T. Petronius Secundus. Pr.

Audit Memnonem Horai Pr. Idus Mart.

This inscription records that T. Petronius, in the reign of Germanicus, heard the vocal sounds issue from the statue of Memnon. One person writes—'Audio Memnonem' (I hear Memnon,) and another—I heard the Memnon sitting in Thebes, opposite to Diosopolis.' There are no modern inscriptions, but there is a kind of traditionary record of the former vocality of this statue still lingering among the Arabs, for they call it *Salamant*, or the statue that bids good morning. In order to have personal proof of the silence of Memnon, we had tents pitched at its base, and slept there the succeeding night. We were awake an hour before sunrise, but heard no sounds from Memnon. Various theories have been started as to the cause of these sounds, and amongst others is one drawn from the fact, that Humboldt heard similar sounds issuing from the crevices of rocks in South America, when struck by the first rays of the sun. The best explanation, and the true solution of the riddle, in my opinion, is that given by Wilkinson, who says that in the lap of this statue is a flat stone; which, when struck by a hammer, gives forth a metallic sound. One of the inscriptions testifies, that the sound was like that of brass. Mr. Wilkinson ascended the statue, and struck the stone with a hammer. On asking an Arab below what the sound resembled, he replied, in Arabic—'you are striking brass.' Behind this stone is a recess, in which a priest might be concealed, and enact this amusing piece of deception. The great celebrity which

this statue enjoyed among the Greeks and Romans, and the reflection that it had been visited by Germanicus, Adrian, Pythagoras, Herodotus, and others, whose names stand out the bright particular stars of their ages from the remotest antiquity, gave it an air of well-authenticated antiquity, that made it very interesting, and I stood a long time contemplating its marred and time-worn features. These statues are nearly sixty feet high. One of them is, apparently, an entire block of granite. The little finger of one is four feet five inches long, and its leg and foot eighteen feet five inches high. The weight of each is estimated at about 2,612,000 pounds. They are seated upon thrones.

Beyond the colossi is another beautiful temple, called the Memnonium. It is in a very ruined state, but its propyla, columns, and statues, indicate it to have been among the most sumptuous of the Theban temples. It is chiefly remarkable for a monolithic colossus, the largest figure in Egypt. It is supposed to be the statue of the king who erected the temple. It is prostrate upon the back, and is much broken and disfigured, especially in the face, the features of which are completely obliterated. Some idea may be had of its great size, from the dimensions of some of its members. The foot, the little toe of which is three feet long, measures near seven feet across; the breadth between the shoulders is twenty-six feet, the length from the shoulder to the elbow is thirteen feet six inches, and the circumference of the chest is about sixty feet. This immense statue is of one block of stone. Its fair proportions and well-chiselled limbs excite admiration as a work of art, but the greatest wonder is, how such a huge mass of granite could have been transported to this plain from its original bed in the quarries at the Cataracts of the Nile. The forces which raised the pyramids, covered Egypt with obelisks hewn from the quarries of Syene, reared the stupendous piles of Karnac, and seated the colossi upon the plain of Thebes, exceed the power of any of the mechanic agents known to modern times. Herodotus's account of the transportation of these great masses of stone, and which he professes to have received as a traditional fact from the inhabitants of the country, is, that they were carried to the Nile, at the height of the inundation, and there placed upon rafts, upon which they were floated down to their place of destination upon the swollen tide. Unless, however, the rafts could have been floated into the quarries, the labour of transporting them to the water's edge must have been the most difficult part of the undertaking.

To the north of the Memnonium, we found a small edifice,

in good preservation, called the palace of Gournon. A handsome portico of ten columns, with capitals sculptured with the head of Isis in raised relief, is all that deserves notice. The walls and inner apartments are singularly bare of ornament. At some distance beyond this we entered the defile which conducts to the "Tombs of the Kings." The mountains of sand, which rise abruptly on either side, reflected the heat upon the bottom of this narrow valley so intensely, as almost to overpower both man and beast. Not a shrub or a sign of animal or vegetable life exists in this dreary defile. After a long and wearisome march, we arrived at a bend in the valley, which, upon being followed a short distance brought us to the entrances of the tombs. Nothing could be more unimposing than the entrance to these subterranean mausolea. A square opening at the foot of the mountain, about six feet wide and eight high, forms the portal to each of the tombs. These openings were all carefully sealed up with earth and stones before the modern explorations. Entering one of these tombs, we found ourselves at the head of a long flight of steps, conducting with a gentle descent into the interior, both sides of the passage being painted with hieroglyphical figures. This staircase terminated at a second portal, over which was painted the winged globe, the emblem of eternity. Beyond this we entered upon several halls, with lateral apartments. The ceilings, walls, and pavements of these halls are covered with fields of funereal black, radiant with gilded stars, images of the royal tenant of the tomb, sculptured figures of deities, comprising almost the whole catalogue of the Egyptian pantheon, and innumerable other sacred characters, all painted upon a white ground in the most vivid colours. Lighted up by the glare of the many torches borne by my attendants, the gilded stars shone out from the deep azure in which the ceilings were painted with a brilliancy that rivalled the gemmed sky of an Egyptian night. The many-hued figures which covered the columns and walls were endowed with an unwonted expression by the illumination which fell upon their features. The sacred birds, which covered the cornices and angles, were multiplied by the flickering light, and upon whatever side we turned, these images of animated existence met my gaze, carrying the mind back to these remote eras when their prototypes tenanted the earth. In the tomb which I was exploring, the painter had gathered on the walls characteristic figures of six of the most powerful people known to the ancient Egyptians. The Jew, Greek, Egyptian, Nubian, Persian, and European, were here assembled around the sarcophagus, to do

homage to its royal tenant. There was something extremely imposing in this grouping together of the representatives of the most remote nations, as a guard of honour to one of the line of Sesostris, whose fame as a warrior and sovereign had probably reached the farthest limits of the earth. The ruthless Arab had long since scattered the royal ashes to the winds of the desert, but these magnificent halls still attest, in their hieroglyphics and sumptuous decorations, the power and advanced civilisation of the era when they were constructed. In the lateral chambers are curious representations of the domestic life of the Egyptians. In one is represented the ancient mode of cooking; in another is seen a table, covered with meats and fruits; in others the instruments of music, military weapons, and *insignia*, the ancient boats of the Nile, the mode of tilling the earth, agricultural implements, articles of furniture, consisting of couches, chairs, &c., of the most elegant make, the mode of embalming the dead, dogs and hunters in pursuit of animals of the chase, gardens and houses, &c.; and, indeed, whatever may illustrate the domestic and public life of the subject of the kings for whom these tombs were constructed. The rich decorations of these tombs, the lavish prodigality of labour and expense evinced in their ornaments and construction, and the brilliant colours which cover the walls, and which remain perfectly fresh and unstained to this day, constitute, after Karnac, the most wonderful piece of art of this city of wonders. Indeed, were it not for the hieroglyphical revelations in the occult language of Egypt, made by Champollion and Young, one might be led to believe that these magnificent halls and corridors were rather subterranean palaces than dwellings of the dead. They extend 400 feet into the heart of the mountain, and the chambers and halls are of an amplitude and sumptuousness that they may rival the finest saloons of modern palaces.

A singular contrast presented itself on emerging from these subterranean chambers. Without, nothing was to be seen but a narrow defile, terminated by naked mountains of sand, upon which there was no other sign of life than the track of the jackal. It is remarkable, that, whatever great space the Egyptians might occupy of the tillable land with temples and palaces, yet we always find the tombs and pyramids thrust upon the borders of the desert, or in the sides of mountains, as if the living were jealous of the encroachments of the dead. Modern taste places the last resting-place of man in the fairest spots, where the willow hangs its drooping boughs over the grave, where the grove is vocal with the harmonies of

Nature, and where a smiling landscape may soothe the pangs of a wounded heart. The Egyptians chose the arid waste, where the earth itself was dead, and where no signs of animal or vegetable life existed, as a more appropriate place for the chambers of death.

Oppressed with the consuming heat of this dreary valley of sand, I was glad to leave this scene of desolation and grandeur. Preceded by the guides, I climbed up the precipitous sides of the mountain, which separates the valley of the Biban el Molouk from the plain of Thebes. The ascent was almost perpendicular. One of the baggage donkeys lost his hold, and rolled to the bottom, crushing the antiques and edibles with which he was loaded, and carrying with him two of the Bedonin lazzaroni, who were dogging at his heels in the hope of stealing a good dinner. None of the parties were injured, but a Bedouin, whose wounds were curable until he obtained from me a handful of paras. On reaching the table-land of the mountain, the plain of Thebes, in all its length and breadth, was visible at a glance. Here we found the guides awaiting our coming with the horses, which they had conducted around the mountain. We descended to the tombs which occupy the face of the mountain. A horde of savage dogs assailed us with such ferocity on entering the village, which is clustered around the tombs, that we were obliged to dispute every inch of ground, and at last, in self-defence, I shot one who had fastened his fangs upon my pantaloons—the discharge of the gun aroused the whole village. These dogs are the only protection of the Arabs against the wolves and jackals that issue from their hiding-places in the mountains at night. They are, of course, of considerable value to their owners. Imprecations of all kinds were directed against me for this canine murder. The guides, who attempted to explain the necessity of the act, involved themselves in the quarrel. Both parties became so enraged that they seized their guns, and were about proceeding to dreadful extremities, when the sheik of the village fortunately arrived in time to prevent an effusion of blood. He bade his people retire; and calling my dragoman aside, he declared that my life was in his hands, and insisted that I should make some reparation for the offence. This I promptly refused, as I knew the only method to ensure my safety or secure respect was to resolutely maintain our own rights. I called our little band together, and directing them to follow me, led the way down the mountain. Groups of Arabs hung about our path. Had they been favoured with the darkness of night, we should have been put

in considerable danger. We had not proceeded far before the sheik galloped up to us with a few ragged aides-de-camp, and solicited us to return, swearing by the beard of Mahomet, that no one should harm us. This wonderful regard for our safety was soon explained by his conducting us alone to one of the remoter tombs, in the innermost recess of which lay an enclosed mummy.

Quite an active trade was formerly carried on at Thebes in the sale of mummies. An Italian, one Piccinini, built himself a mud cabin, and lived here among the Arabs, for more than twelve years, engaged in supplying travellers with the mummies which his Bedouin agents dug out of the tombs and pits. Sad relics of this sacrilegious devastation still existed, for the sand was strewed with shreds of mummy cloth, broken skulls, fragments of legs and arms, and the fires, over which the Arabs were cooking their meals, were fed by broken mummy cloths. Mehemet Ali has interdicted, under severe penalties, the disinterment of the bodies of the ancient Egyptians, but the plunder is still secretly carried on. The sheik had but that morning found this mummy. He had carried it into this dark tomb to escape the observation of any of the pasha's officials who might happen to pass that way. The flame of the bituminous wood which he burned as a torch, showed distinctly the rich colouring of the mummy chest. The outer chest was not so carefully painted as the three inner ones. Upon these the colours retained all their original freshness. They presented a strong contrast of the most vivid hues. Bands of hieroglyphics crossed the box over the breast and feet, and the whole surface was covered with a coat of varnish, that had fixed the colours, and had kept the coffin unstained. The body was contained in the fourth chest; the face only was visible—it was richly gilded, indicating a mummy of rank. The sheik pressed us to buy it, and, indeed was so reasonable in his terms, that I was almost tempted to accept his offer. He at first demanded 1000 piastres, and then fell to 400 (20 dollars); but the difficulties of carrying it out of the country, and my inexperience in smuggling, obliged me to leave the Egyptian in his native hills.

The tomb in which this mummy was deposited was a long excavation in the rock of the mountain, containing several small lateral chambers, all loaded with hieroglyphics, from the door-post to the farthest extremity of the cave. Many of the paintings are well preserved. They are, like those in the tombs of the kings, chiefly illustrative of the religious belief and domestic pursuits of the ancient Egyptians. The face of the

mountain is perforated, from the waist to the summit, for more than a mile, with innumerable similar excavations, forming an immense necropolis, sufficient to contain several millions of dead. They now serve as habitations for the living. An enclosure of baked earth before the tomb serve to confine the cattle of the Arabs, while the interior affords the family a cool retreat from the scorching heat of the sun. The dry bones and coffins of the ancient Egyptians serve the modern inhabitants of their country for fuel, and their tombs for habitations. Strange uses these of the relics of the dead! For the benefit of other travellers who might come after me, I restored the peace which I had broken, by a backslidish to the sheik of a few piastres, and the distribution among his ragged followers of some powder and shot. The path across the plain lay between fields of wheat and beans, that covered the earth with a rich verdure. Rude as is the culture of this rich soil, it yields abundantly to the tiller; and, were he not ground to the earth by an oppressive taxation, and a conscription that deprives the country of its young and vigorous citizens, the lot of the Egyptian would be superior to that of any other class of people. As it is, uninterrupted toil beneath a burning sun, through the long Egyptian days, hardly enables him to conceal the shame of nakedness with a few scanty rags. Riches he cannot acquire, nor does he seek the accumulation of wealth, attended, as it is, with the danger of exciting the envy and rapacity of the pasha. The land he tills belongs to the pasha, the fruits of his labour are the property of the pasha, and his life is in the hands of his arbitrary sovereign. He lives but to serve the cupidity and passions of one man. If Mehemet Ali possesses any of that humane temper and political wisdom which his admirers claim for him, why does he not endeavour to ameliorate the condition of his subjects, by raising them from their wretched condition? Why is it that he still continues to drain Egypt of its very life-blood to pursue his ambitious schemes of conquest and aggrandisement? Could he compassionate the sufferings of his subjects, or could he see the true policy of developing the wealth and resources of Egypt, he would restore the land to the peasant who tills it, or subdivide it in small portions among independent landholders. Labour would thus become enfranchised, and be adequately rewarded. Comfort, and abundance, and happiness, would succeed to the poverty and misery which now afflicts the country. Under a beneficent and humane government the valley of the Nile would again be crowded with such a population as peopled it in the age of the Ptolemies;

and, with the wealth and luxury that would flow from such a policy, we might expect to see the ancient genius of Egypt rise from her slumber beneath the pyramids, and piles of Karnac, to achievements in art and science that would rival the glory of the proudest era in her history.

As I was recrossing the river to Luxor a sharp breeze arose. The stars and stripes which had been drooping at the mast-head of the kandjia spread their glittering folds to welcome me back to my floating home, and the Arab sailors, aroused from their slumber on the deck, were giving the sails to the breeze. In a few moments more the kandjia was breasting the current, and Thebes was rapidly fading from the sight. I stood upon the deck long after sunset, contemplating the splendid panorama of the Thebian plain. If, in its present desolate condition, this plain so strongly interests the traveler, what must have been its beauty, when it was covered with the immense population of the "hundred-gated" city—when the temples of Karnac and Luxor existed in their original extent and grandeur, when the plain was traversed with avenues of Sphynxes miles in length, covered with colossal statues, and clothed with cultivation, from the base of the Arabian mountains to those which separate it on the west side from the Libyan desert.

By sunset we reached the point where the mountains come down near to the river, and the plain of Thebes is indicated only by the crescent range of mountains that swept around it. As the wind continued to blow strongly during the night, we reached Esneh before daybreak. The reis was anxious to avail himself of the wind. An hour's ramble ashore was all the delay allowed us. Esneh is the outpost of civilisation. It contains a Coptic church, the last sign of Christianity that we were to meet with on our progress to the south. The swarthy countenance of the Arab here assumes a darker tinge, approaching to black, indicating a hotter climate than any we had passed on our route. The sable visage of the Nubian also begins to appear here. The cattle toiling at the water-wheels are protected from the sun beneath the boughs of trees, and the villages are buried deep in the thickets of palm groves. The people are more scantily clad, and the children are invariably naked. The sun glows intensely from the cloudless sky, and every thing indicates our approach to the tropics. We found a boat loaded with slaves, lying at Esneh. There were upwards of one hundred slaves aboard. They were rambling about at liberty, with the exception of a few Abyssinian girls, who were shut up in the deck cabin. The ex-

travagant price at which they were rated, (2000 piasters,) had led us to expect a sight of rare beauty. Their dingy, mud-coloured skins, heavy features, and lustreless eyes, to our civilised tastes, possessed not a single trait of beauty, however much the *embonpoint* and swelling contour of their forms might please the Turkish voluptuaries for whose harems they were destined. They were much afflicted with the loss of their freedom. They stood before us with downcast eyes, and refused to utter a word, until my servant Abdallah spoke to them of Abyssinia, when a momentary flash of cheerfulness passed across their features, but it was immediately succeeded by a shadow of gloom, at the remembrance of their slavery. We learned enough of their history to know that they were Abyssinian Christians, the daughters of a native prince, who had lost his life and kingdom in a disastrous battle. The other slaves were black children, between the ages of six and fifteen. These came from the interior of Africa, and were to be sold in Cairo, as household servants. They were all naked, with jet black skins, teeth of the purest white; and were full of fun and merriment, amusing themselves with swimming, and chasing each other up and down the stream. The children were valued at from thirty to forty dollars. As the Turks treat their slaves with much lenity and kindness, their lot would probably be a much happier one than among their homes on the swampy banks of the Niger, or on the fever-stricken plains of Timbuctoo.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arrival at Assouan.—The Nubians.—Island of Elefantina.—Nubian beauties.—Cataracts of the Nile.—Temples of Philæ.—Quarries of Syene.—Bruce and his traducers.

Jan. 16.—We have been running rapidly up the stream, under a favourable breeze, since leaving Esneh. The sand banks to day are covered with immense flocks of wild geese and ducks. ~~On one~~ On one bank I observed several flocks of ducks regularly officered, and divided off into platoons. A shot fired at them caused them to rise. They rose in good order, with a leader in the van of the flight, behind whom the rest of the army was compactly marshalled in the form of a wedge. They wheeled high above our heads, and directed their way to the north. This morning we passed the lofty propylon of Edfon, and, late in the afternoon, the quarries of Hadjar Silsili. The mountains have here come down upon the river, so close as not to leave a foot of tillable land. As we were gliding by, we could distinctly see the immense excavations from which were drawn the stone for the temples of Thebes. The valley of Egypt, between Hadjar Silsili and Assouan is contracted into very narrow dimensions. The mountains recede, and give place to the desert, which, in several places, as at Ombos, rushes down to the edge of the river. The river and the desert, the good genius Osiris, and the evil genius Typhon; are here in perpetual strife for the mastery.

Jan. 17.—To-day we met the first Frank boat we have yet seen descending the Nile, though we hear of several ahead of us. She bears the tricolour, and as she passes we are hailed with the query, "Bon jour, messieurs; dites nous, est ce qu'il y a la peste à Alexandrie?" We answer, "Rien, y a t'il de guerre, en haut." We run up the stars and stripes, and salute the tricolour, and messieurs les Français return the compliment with a salute and cheers of "Vive l'Amerique!" It is pleasant, on these confines of barbarism, to hear the voice of a fellow christian, and see the flag of a civilised state, and

that flag too the flag of our old ally in the war of Independence.

January 18.—This morning we beheld the sun rise behind the dark granite cliffs that form the portal to Egypt, and in a few hours more, our bark was moored to the shore at Assouan. We have reached the limit of our voyage, Mr. L —declining to ascend the river any farther; he promises, however, as compensatory of my disappointment, to accompany me through Palestine. We have made the voyage from Cairo to Assouan in twenty-five days, opposed as we have been by the strong current of the river. Nearly one-half of the voyage was spent in reaching Siout. Until we passed Siout, we had not a day of good winds. Beyond that place, we had light winds to Thebes, and thence a rattling breeze has brought us to Assouan. No sooner have we landed, than we are surrounded by Nubians, and Berbers, from beyond the Cataracts, offering us the curiosities of the countries. Some of them are quite rare, particularly the broad oval shields of Hippopotamus hide, used by the natives in their javelin wars. The ostrich eggs and plumes are the first we have met with on our voyage. Mr. L. buys a splendid plume of ostrich feathers that might deck the tiara of a queen. The Nubians display their independence over the disarmed Fellahs, in the long knives stuck in their belts and the javelins on their shoulders. They are a fine race; their colour is an illuminated black, of a glossy polish, which, with regularly-formed features and well proportioned forms, gives them an appearance of great masculine beauty. They are vivacious and good-humoured. To a surprising quickness of apprehension and intelligence, the Nubian unites a courage and independence that has frequently displayed itself with effect, both against the armies of France and the rapacious hordes of Mehemet Ali.

We pay our respects to the *cashief*, or governor of Assouan, a good-humoured Turk, who commends a guide to us, and invites us to dinner. He shows us, in person, the lions of the town—an ancient mosque, and well-stocked bazaar. He points out, in the street, two tall, stalwart, ruffian-looking Bedouin chiefs, whom he describes as great villains and robbers, but upon whom he dare not lay his magisterial authority, for fear of bringing down upon the town their marauding followers of the desert. From this we conclude that the authority of Mehemet Ali, beyond the limits of Egypt, is more nominal than real. The ancient tower of Assouan lies in ruins upon the slope of a steep hill, a little to the south of the present tower. With its ruined castle and roofless houses of

stone, it resembles much, in situation and appearance, the old town of Mistra, on the plain of Sparta. It has been deserted since a dreadful visitation of the plague, which, four hundred years ago, carried off twenty-one thousand of its inhabitants, a sign of its former populousness and commercial importance. The present town of Assouan does not contain more than eight hundred inhabitants.

Jan. 19.—This morning we crossed over to the island of Elephantina, the *Djeyiretel-sahir*, "island of flowers" of the Arabs. The current is so rapid in its compressed channel, that we are obliged to embark some distance up the stream, and fall down it. On landing, we are welcomed by beautiful Nubian children, who salute us with incessant cries of "*Howadji edinne bachsheesh*," which, in plain English, means that a few paras will not be unacceptable. One of these children is a charming little Nubian beauty. Her woolly hair is done up in crispy curls; her feature are soft and mild; and her neat, tasteful, *petite* figure is displayed in full perfection by the scanty wardrobe of leather thongs, that is suspended around her waist. She is only thirteen, and she is a mother. But we are in the tropics now. The island of Elephantina is an enchanting spot. It is only one mile long, and a quarter broad; its whole surface is covered with a soft carpet of verdure. A grove of palms, a village, fields of wheat, running streams fed from the Nile, by the Persian wheels on either bank, which render the earth constantly green, and the soil productive, the impetuous Nile, pouring its waters around into the valley of Egypt, and tremendous cliffs of black rock, encircling the whole scene, and darkening it with their giant shadows, combine to make the island of Elephantina one of the most picturesque spots in the world. This blooming spot is an insular oasis, surrounded, for near twenty miles, in every direction, by the barren sands of the desert, and mountains of granite. It is very fertile, and supplies Assouan with grain, dates, and other provisions. The southern end is covered with ruins, the debris of a temple, which anciently stood here. Nothing remains standing but a solitary statue, placidly contemplating the ruin and desolation around it. We found several of the pieces of earthenware with Greek characters upon them, which are supposed to have served as tickets, for apportioning to the Roman soldiers, who were encamped here, their various shares of corn. In addition to these antiquities, one of the juvenile *virtuosi*, who ciceroned us around the island, found for me a copper coin, with a Roman eagle upon it.

From the high point on the southern extremity of the

island, we obtained a view of the cataracts. The view hence presented one of the most savage and desolate scenes I have ever seen. The Nile is seen coming tranquilly down from the south, till it strikes the bed of rock, which opposes its progress into Egypt. Here, chafed with opposition, it plunges and foams, and breaks itself upon the crags that resist its current, and pours wildly through numerous devious channels, until it reaches the mountains on the Arabian and Lybian side, which in vain throw their giant bodies before it. It triumphantly rushes onward, until it passes the island of Elephantina, where, apparently tired with the strife, it collects its scattered waters together, and tranquilly glides into the valley of Egypt. The vista from the point at which we stood was of the grandest character. With the angry river in front, the wild disorder of the granite rocks that lay scattered between the two shores, the utter desolation and barrenness of the scene, the distant noise of the waters, and the glimpses of that dreary desert which separates Nubia from Egypt, nature seemed to indicate, that here she had fixed the boundaries between civilisation and barbarism. Beyond the first cataract, the river, for a great distance, is closely hemmed in by the desert and mountain. The population is scattered at distant intervals, and there is nothing to interest the eye of the traveller but boundless wastes of sand, and mountains of naked rock, till he reaches the rock-hewn temples of Lower Nubia.

We mounted donkeys and proceeded along the river to the temple at Philæ, two hours' ride from Assouan. The road lay on the outside of the ancient quarries, but the whole body of rock between us and the river seemed, at one time, to have been worked by the hand of man, or it has probably been so fashioned by the grotesque fancy of nature. It was hewn, cleft, and broken; as if rent by earthquakes, or riven by the lightning, and lay scattered across the bed of the river and on its edge, in the wildest disorder and the most picturesque confusion. We had the cataracts in full view before us. There is no perceptible fall of water, but the rapidity of the stream renders the navigation dangerous in unskilful hands. In the profound silence of this savage scene, where there are no trees nor shrubs on the rocks, and the wind passes noiselessly over, the murmur of the tumbling over the rocks resounds with considerable effect. A small boat, rowed by a Nubian boy and girl, conducted us across to the island of Philæ.

The little island, which is the easternmost of the group of islands composing the first cataract, and is only 1200 yards

long and 400 broad, contains some of the most beautiful temples in Egypt. A thin soil, capable of supporting only a few hardy plants, covers the granite rock which forms the body of the island. It is surrounded by a wall of massive stones, to protect the buildings against the incursions of the river. We entered the temple through a long flight of steps, leading up from the river into a spacious court with an imposing colonnade on one side of thirty columns, and on the other of sixteen. This work, which is open to the south, never appears to have been finished. Some of the columns are perfect; of others the shafts have been untouched, and the capitals in the row of sixteen columns are still in the rough. This part of the temple seems to have been erected subsequently to the other portions, and is probably the work of the Greeks, who endeavoured to increase the embellishments of the island. The design was to make a more imposing approach to the temple, by connecting this colonnade with the lofty propylon, and running it down to the southern extremity of the island, where a small temple, flanked by obelisks, received the devotee, as he ascended the flight of steps from the river, and ushered him into the consecrated precincts. The site of an obelisk and the remains of a temple may yet be seen at the southern terminus of this court. Passing along this pillared avenue, we came to a lofty propylon, near sixty feet high, and about one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. This propylon is covered with sculptures of the most gigantic dimensions. They are evidently of different eras, as well as the whole of this structure. This propylon is built over a smaller one, which corresponded with the original simplicity of the temple, and many of the figures are sculptured over the surfaces of others. Upon the east side a colossal figure is represented, brandishing an axe, which is about to descend with a murderous swoop upon some thirty individuals, whom he holds by the hair. Upon other parts are figures of Isis, bearing a moon upon her head, with the mild and lovely countenance in which she is always represented. The placid and benignant features of the queen of the Egyptian pantheon here appear in happy contrast with the ferocious deities by which she is surrounded. Most of these figures were plastered over by the ancient Christians, and there is an inscription on the wall, indicating that this temple, which had formerly been devoted to the worship of Isis, was consecrated by Theodorus, bishop of the district, to the worship of the true God. To the Christians succeeded the Mahomedans, who, in the frenzy of their religious zeal, endeavoured to destroy all re-

presentations of the human figure. The mark of the destructive hammer of the Christian and Mussulman image-breakers may be traced upon all the temples, from Denderah to Thebes. To what a common level does bigotry and superstition reduce the human mind!

It was interesting to see this early record of the progress of Christianity, reprehensible as the spirit of it might be. The voice of Christian prayer has long since ceased to be heard in these remote solitudes, save when offered up by some passing stranger, who, in the holy calm of night, falls upon the pavement of this ancient shrine, to invoke the God of Heaven to save his country and her temples from the ruin and desolation with which he has visited the idolatrous altars of Egypt. Impure as it may be, the flame of Christianity is still kept alive among the mountains of Abyssinia, but beyond that country, and through the whole length and breadth of the African continent, excepting a few isolated spots on the coast, down to the British settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, the gloom of Paganism in its worst forms prevails. It is to be feared, that the pestilential climates of Africa will ever prevent the introduction of Christian civilisation into the heart of that great continent. Yet, from the absence of any fixed devotion to religious forms that prevails throughout Africa, there is every reason to believe, that the doctrines of Christianity might easily be propagated there. Civilisation must precede and pave the way for Christianity, and this can only be done by enlightening the minds of the people, and introducing among them the arts and habits of civilised life. Neither the uninstructed reason of the American Indian, or the Congo negro, can be made to understand the distinction between religious faiths and doctrines. The missionaries have, I suppose, now discovered that the primer must precede the Bible, and the elements of knowledge the doctrines of the religious belief they seek to propagate.

Next to the propylon I have described is a dromos, or covered way, at the northern extremity of which is a lesser propylon. On the right hand is a colonnade of ten pillars, with various capitals, chiefly of the palm leaf and lotus leaf order. Behind these are a suite of small apartments, called by the Arabs the "*Bait el sultan*," sultan's house. On the opposite side is a range of seven pillars, the shafts of which, as those of the other columns, are covered with the most extraordinary figures. To the north of the propylon, which terminates the dromos, we entered the pronaos, or portico of the temple. The portico remains almost entire. A covered

galley runs around the three sides of the court, supported by elegantly-finished columns, with various capitals; the figures upon them are painted in the richest colours, and the ceilings are coloured with a deep crerulean blue, bespangled with gilded stars. Most of these colours preserve their original brilliancy, exposed as they have been for thousands of years to the open air. We were much surprised, on entering this court, to find a person seated in the door-way, with his easel and brush in hand, copying the paintings on the walls. He was dressed in the picturesque costume of an Albanian, and, what with the heavy cloud of red mustaches on his lips, and the long flowing hair of the same colour that escaped from beneath his tarboosh, we took him for an Albanian officer, who had somewhere picked up a civilised education. He soon undeceived us, by addressing us in broad Scotch, and bidding us welcome to Philæ. He was a Scotch gentleman travelling with his wife. In the evening we made him a visit, and wiled away some very agreeable hours in the society of himself and his accomplished lady. His boat was made fast on the western side of the island, and had thus escaped our notice. He was returning from a voyage to Wady Halfa, at the second cataract, and was lingering a few days at Philæ, to ornament his portfolio with drawings of the ruins. His boat was of the largest class, belonging to one of the beys at Cairo, and in descending the stream was propelled by twelve oars. A library of nearly sixty different writers on Egypt, including the magnificent work of the French expedition, constituted a most valuable travelling collection. They had been two months on the Nile, and did not contemplate reaching Cairo before the 1st of March. Nothing can be more delightful than travelling on the Nile, surrounded with all the luxuries of the east and west that can be crowded into your cabin, with agreeable friends for companions, a long purse at your command, and plenty of time to exhaust it.

Among the inscriptions of Greeks and Romans recording their visit to the temples of Philæ, for they seem to have had as great an itch for scribbling their names in public places as the moderns, we observed the following, commemorating the arrival of the French army at the cataracts in pursuit of the Mamelukes.

L'an 6 de la republique,
Le 13 messidor,
Une armee francaise, commandee par Bonaparte,
Est descendue a Alexandrie,
L'armee ayant mis, vingt jours apres,

Les Mameloukes en fuite
 Aux Pyramides,
 Dessaix commandant la première division
 Les a poursuivis au-delà des Cataractes,
 Ou il est arrivé le 13 Ventose de l'an 7.

Cambyses signalised *his* invasion of Egypt by pulling down the temples and insulting the religion of the country; Alexander and the Ptolemies by founding cities and erecting new temples, and the French by driving the insolent tyrants of the country into the desert, and, through their commission of arts, by revealing to the rest of the world the grandeur and sublimity of Egyptian architecture. A little to the east of the main temple we inspected a small square edifice, standing upon a high piece of ground, with five columns on each side, and two at the porticoes. It is a very neat and tasteful structure, and from its elevation and isolated position, forms one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the island. It is called by the Arabs the "*Seereer Pharaon*," the Bed of Pharaoh. I have now completed the circuit of all the buildings on this island of temples, but I despair of conveying to the reader any adequate idea of their combined beauty. Let him imagine himself sailing down a rapid river, encompassed by piles of naked rock and sandy wastes, with no signs of human habitation but a few scattered stone huts, clustered together on a narrow ledge of earth between the mountain and river, suddenly wheeling around a point, and there beholding the narrow river, expanded into a broad sheet of water, struggling with opposing rocks, opening for itself a passage between the mountains that cross its path, and pouring itself through this portal of rock into another kingdom. In the midst of this scene of savage grandeur, let him imagine, among thousand islets that arise from the broad bosom of the river, one loftier than the rest, crowned with temples, propyla, and obelisks, whose rose-coloured walls and aspiring points cleave the blue air, and stand out in beautiful relief from the black hills of granite and gray wastes of sand and ground, and he may form some idea of the appearance of Philæ and its temples to the traveller, as he descends the Nile from Nubia. Osiris, the Jupiter of Egyptian mythology, was said to be buried on the island of Philæ, and it was to the worship of this king god, and his queen Isis, that the temple was consecrated. Beneath the temple we found many mysterious passages, which we essayed in vain to trace to a conclusion. The sepulchral chamber is probably concealed beneath the bed of the river, and may yet be discovered by some traveller pos-

sessed of the investigating spirit and enthusiasm of a Belzoni or Caviglia. The temple of Philæ was one of the most venerated places in Egypt. The most sacred oath among the Thebans was "By Osiris at Philæ." To the ancient Egyptian, Philæ was what Mecca is to the Mussulman, and Jerusalem to the Christian.

We returned to Assouan by way of the celebrated quarries at ~~Phœne~~. Immediately in front of the landing from the island of Philæ, are two obelisk-shaped pieces of granite, partly separated from the surrounding rock, with a flight of steps between them. They were probably intended for obelisks. There is a short inscription in hieroglyphics upon their faces, which may explain their untarnished condition. The road lay through the midst of the quarries, which extend nearly the whole distance from the Philæ to Assouan. Upon all sides we observed the mark of the chisel and hammer. Parallel lines were traced on the face of some portions of the rocks, indicating that a huge colossus or obelisk had been excavated from the intervening space. Upon others we saw the commencement of labours, in the pedestal of an unfinished statue. A wide, open valley of sand lies between the ridge of rocks that border the river, and the granite hills that touch upon the desert. Among the rocky masses, to the east, we observed numerous excavations of prodigious depth and width, from which some colossal statue or obelisk had been extracted. What struck me as remarkable, in all these excavations, was the neatness with which the stony mass had been separated from its native bed. There was no fracture and splitting in the surrounding rock, as in modern quarries, where the explosive force of gunpowder rends and tears the rock to pieces, but all was as smooth as if the monolith had gently slid from the bosom of the rock by its own voluntary motion. The whole of this immense rocky waste bears marks of the former presence of man. In one part we were shown an obelisk, a considerable portion of which was excavated from the rock. It lay upon an inclined plane of rock. It was so placed in order to facilitate its removal. It was probably designed, when detached, to be slidden down this rocky plane on to rollers, by which it might be transported to the river, and be there deposited upon the raft, which was to convey it to its place of destination. The length and width could be distinctly traced out, the former being about sixty-eight feet, and the latter about seven feet. The upper surface was nicely smoothed, and ready to receive the hieroglyphics. The obelisks, we know, were started from their bed by wedges inserted in their

four sides, and if they were all laid on incline planes, like this one, it is easy to conceive how they were transported from place to place. Chiselled masses for columns, obelisks, and statues, and large blocks, the uses of which we could not divine, lay scattered at random over these rocky fields, as if they had been suddenly abandoned by workmen, who were interrupted in their labours. The variety of granite in these quarries is no less astonishing than their great extent. I counted six different kinds; there was the red Syene granite, the fine-grained granite, the gray granite, the black and white granite, and the Oriental basalt. The red granite, which remarkable for its hardness and the brilliant polish it admits of, lays in the rocky bluffs and ridges that surround the cataracts. The obelisks are almost all of this granite; some of the slabs in the interior of the pyramids are also of the red Syene granite. The rocks contain numerous sculptures and hieroglyphical inscriptions. Belzoni found a column in these quarries with a Latin inscription, which is very curious, as it shows that they were worked in the time of Septimus Severus. The following is the inscription:—"To Jupiter Hammon, Cenchris, Queen Jungo, under whose guardianship this mountain is, since first under the empire of the Roman people, in the most happy age of the invincible Imperatores, Severus, and Antoninus, most Pious, Augusti, and of Geta, and Julia Domna Augusta, the mother, new quarries were found near Philæ, and many and large rectangular columns and pillars taken from them under Subatianus."

On approaching Assouan, we passed through that immense cemetery, where, according to the popular tradition, the sixty thousand prophets, who flourished in former ages, are buried. The thousands of tombs, which are scattered over the desert, indicate the presence of these regions in times long past, of a very large population. We entered Assouan through the palm grove to the south of the town. I recollected that it was in this grove that poor Bruce laid himself down to rest, after this terrible journey across the Nubian desert. He had just strength enough left to crawl in from the desert, and prostrate himself beneath the grateful shade of this cool grove. For near a month he had been travelling across the trackless wastes of the desert, struggling with the simooms, which had overwhelmed several of his companions beneath pillars of sand, and frequently contending with the Bedouins for a drop of water at the foetid pools, which the rain had left on its passage over the desert. In the midst of all these sufferings, his heroic devotion to science still mani-

tested itself. At night, when his wearied frame demanded repose, he might be seen rising from his couch of sand to study the blue heavens above him, and by day, when struggling for life with the Ishmaelites of the wilderness, his cares were divided between the defence of his life and the preservation of his scientific instruments. He passed several years in Abyssinia, during which time he mingled with the natives in all their pursuits. He was a favourite courtier at the mud palace of Dost Mohammed, a gallant soldier in the armies of that prince, a chosen protegee of Queen Esther, and, with the multitude, he was emphatically "a man of the people."

Few travellers have enjoyed such opportunities of studying the character and customs of a people, and but few have so assiduously profited by them as this distinguished traveller. And yet, the reward of all his toils and sufferings in the cause of science, was an unmerited obloquy, which hunted him to death, and embittered his last moments by assaults upon his character! Subsequent travellers have confirmed all the wonderful accounts, which excited so much animadversion in Bruce's book of travels, even to the almost incredible tale of the Abyssinian practice of cutting raw steaks from a living cow. As to the famous harper in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. I can answer to his existence, having seen him myself in one of the tombs in the *Bibn el Molouk*.

CHAPTER XIX.

Departure from Assouan.—Quarries of Silsili.—New companions.—
 Temple of Edfou.—Scarcity of provisions.—A storm.—Esneh.—
 Temple of Eremont.—Return to Thebes.

Jan. 21.—This morning, after three days' sojourn at the cataracts, the reis is busy in preparing the kandjia for the descent of the river. We cross over to Elephantina, and purchase some of the fancy baskets made by our friends, the little Nubian beauties. We take our last ramble over this island paradise, steal another view of the cataracts, and return to Assouan. A Nubian has brought down to the shore, among other rarities, a pair of huge crocodiles, one of them over twenty-five feet in length. He consents to "swoop" them to us for a bag of shot and a canister of powder. A few Roman coins, some dozen ostrich eggs, and a collection of Nubian shields, spears, javelins, daggers, and costumes, complete our motley cargo. We make our final adieus to the governor, smoke a pipe and take a parting cup of coffee with him, and, as he deserves it, present him with an acceptable proof of our esteem. At noon the head of the kandjia is turned down the stream, and we set out on our return to Cairo. The masts are struck, so as to present as little obstacle as possible to the wind. We must now depend upon our oars and the current to carry us along. The wind being low, we glide rapidly along, the boatmen cheering themselves at the oars with a wild chorus, beginning with the words *Ay lay saw*, while another party, animated at the idea of being homeward bound, are dancing on the bow of the boat to the music of an Arab tambourine and drum. By night we have reached the ruins of Ombos. A magnificent temple is here buried up to the capitals of the columns by the sands of the desert. It stands upon the brow of a high bluff, from which nothing is to be seen but the boundless expanse of the Arabian desert, and the pillars and propyla of the temple projecting above the ocean of sand which surrounds them. The Ombites were celebrated for the

worship of the crocodile, and were constantly at war with the Tentyrites touching the worship of this and other bestial deities. This is one of the grandest temples in Egypt, and, as far as we could see, was covered with a most lavish profusion of sculpture and painting. The ruins of the ancient city of Ombos are said to cover a space of ground more than four miles in circumference. I had no opportunity of testing the truth of this remark; but as far as I could see, the desert was strewed with ruined structures.

Jan. 22.—The boatmen haveplied the oars all night, and, in despite of a strong head-wind, have this morning brought us to the quarries of Hadjar Silsili (the rock of the chain). We entered the quarries on the eastern side of the river, through an immense avenue, which has been excavated to the depth of nearly hundred feet, in the solid rock. The width of this avenue is upwards of twenty feet. Its rocky walls are perfectly smooth. It rises with a gentle ascent from the river to the interior of the quarries. Here again we found passages cut into the heart of the rock, which sink to the depth of near a hundred feet below the surface of the mountain, and are in some places three hundred feet broad. Enormous blocks of stone are scattered about in all directions, and, in the side, of the rock, we could see long and deep hollows, from which some gigantic architrave or monolithic column had been excavated. In other parts, stairs are cut in the rock to assist the workman in his labours, or to facilitate the removal of the huge masses. The quarries of Hadjar Silsili, are of red sandstone. The temples of Thebes were all built of material drawn from these quarries, while the obelisks and colossi were drawn from the granite quarries at Syene. Some idea may be formed of the labours of the ancient Egyptians from these endless excavations—the large blocks that are heaped up in piles, mere splinters from the architraves which are now resting over the portals at Karnac and Luxor—and the prodigious extent and depth of these quarries. Compared with these, the quarries of Pentelicus and Carrara, from which Greece was covered with temples, and Italy with statues, sink into insignificance.

On the west bank of the river there is a small temple hewn in the rock, the facade of which is ornamented with statues. Was this temple intended to be excavated, and transported entire to the plain of Memphis or Thebes? Its extent and size would almost preclude such a supposition, but yet the state of progress in which it is left, and its isolated position, renders such a presumption by no means unreasonable. Here,

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as in the quarries on the east side, are numerous inscriptions and sculptures. In some places the workmen seem to have amused themselves in their leisure moments, in carving the rock into the most grotesque shapes, as no conceivable utility can be assigned to many of the eccentric forms of the detached blocks that are suspended to or detached from the general mass of rock. We puzzled ourselves in vain, in guessing at the purpose of a square mass of stone, weighing several tons, resting upon a slender column, which seemed to totter beneath its superincumbent weight. Wheel tracks may be clearly traced along the avenue which lead to the river, and near the water the rock is pierced with holes, to which the machines were attached, which were used in the removal of the blocks of stone. We were so much interested in the exploration of these labyrinthine excavations, that we did not hear the cries of our boatmen, admonishing us of the departure of the kandjia. The reis, who was anxious lest the voyage might be protracted to an unusual length by the falling river, availed himself of the calm, and kept the kandjia on her course. We were not a little alarmed, on reaching the river, to find that the kandjia had departed, and that we were left alone in this rocky wilderness. By dint of hallooing, and the firing of the guns, we at last attracted the attention of the sailors, who had been left behind with the small boat to fetch us aboard the kandjia. We did not perceive them at first, as they were snugly concealed behind a rock on the opposite shore, engaged in fishing. We overtook the kandjia late in the night, when we court-martialled the reis, and threatened him with a bastinado if he played us such a trick again. Our reis was an Armenian, but fully as reckless and intragatable as an Arab. We soon found, after leaving Cairo, that the only method to exact obedience to our wishes, was by the exercise of the most despotic decision and authority. Any one can conceive how indispensable it is to the traveller on the Nile that his boat should always be at his command.

January 23.—We arrived to day at Edfou. Here we have overtaken a boat bearing the Danish flag, and having for passengers a Portuguese, a Bavarian, and an Austrian. As all Franks must carry a Frank flag, these gentlemen have hoisted the white cross banner of Denmark, having obtained it of a Danish professor who had just returned from Upper Egypt, as they were embarking on the same voyage. The Bavarian is a veteran officer, who has served under Napoleon at Waterloo and Moscow. The Portuguese is a millionaire, who is dissipating the ennui of riches in foreign travel. The

German is a student who has just left the University of Göttingen, and is, of course, brimful of classical enthusiasm and learning. We find them very agreeable companions, and, as travellers are not long in forming friendships, we have already pledged ourselves to keep company, during our voyage down the Nile, and talk of a journey together through Palestine. Followed by our usual escort—a train of ragged urchins and snarling curs, we cross through the village to the temple of Edfou. If any thing is calculated to increase one's admiration of the grandeur and colossal proportions of the temples of Egypt, it is the contrast which the miserable Arab villages of mud huts present to the magnificent structures among which they are built. Here, at Edfou, the roof of the temple is covered with an Arab hamlet; and around the base of the stupendous propylon, are collected the pigny dwellings of straw and clay, in which the present inhabitants of Egypt dwell—as if to shew, by immediate comparison, the immense distance in civilisation and the arts between the ancient and modern Egyptians.

We did not come in full view of the temple, until we emerged from the narrow avenues of the village, through which we were picking our way. Here the stupendous propylon developed itself in all its grandeur. This great work, which is one of the most imposing remains of Egyptian architecture, rises upwards, to the height of a hundred feet, and is more than two hundred feet in length, inclusive of its two sides. It consists of two pyramidal propyla, united by a door-way in the centre, and is in every part covered with colossal representations of the gods of Egypt. The façade of the propylon is divided into compartments, which are filled with figures, the principal of which represent the worship of the goddess Isis. Upon one side is a figure somewhat like that at Philæ, brandishing an axe over the heads of a great number of victims, whom he grasps firmly by the hair. This is supposed to represent some heathen deity, to whom human sacrifices were made, but it is just as likely to be an allegorical representation of a victorious monarch as any thing else. It is sculptured with much boldness and effect, and has a most startling appearance when first seen. Some idea may be had of its size from the height, which, including its cap, is more than forty-six feet. The door-way is seventy-five feet high, and forty wide. Through the door-way we entered into a spacious dromos, or quadrangular court, connecting the propylon with the body of the temple. This court was surrounded by parallel rows of columns, thirty-two in number,

with capitals of the richest Egyptian orders, all of which remain in the most perfect preservation. Beyond this court we passed into the pronaos or portico of the temple, containing eighteen columns, with capitals of palm, doum, and lotus leaves, most of which are buried in the earth, up to the capitals. The walls and columns of this portico are covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures. In one part is seen a long procession of devotees, offering homage to a god, who is designated with symbolic figures of his rank and attributes. Another part of the wall is covered with boats, bearing the gods in a voyage through the expanse of heaven. The beams, rafters, shafts, and capitals of the columns and walls are every where covered with representations of the immortals, or the figures of the sacred birds. The number and elaborate finish of these decorations exceed any thing we had ever yet seen in Egypt. Dominic Sampson might here have fully gratified his love of the "Prodigious!"

We attempted to make our way into the cells of the temple, but after several efforts, we were obliged to abandon it, in consequence of the rubbish with which it is encumbered, and the suffocating closeness of the atmosphere. We saw enough, however, to convince us that it was in no degree inferior in beauty to the rest of the temples. It is so filled with drifted sand as to render any satisfactory examination impossible. The interior remains in an almost perfect condition. The same may be said of the rest of the temple, which, if cleared of the sand in which it is buried, would present itself in all its original magnificence. The whole edifice is surrounded with a wall, covered with mythological sculptures.

It is singular, while so many of the ancient temples of Egypt have remained almost entire to this day, that there exist no vestige of the dwellings and towns. We are left to conjecture, either that they resemble the miserable mud tenements of the modern Egyptians, and that all the wealth of the country was expended on the temples, or that they were raised to the ground by some of the ruthless invaders of the country. But yet, in contemplating such a magnificent edifice as the temple at Edfou, we cannot suppose that the people who reared such a monument, must have displayed in their cities and private dwellings something of the same luxury that is evinced in this structure. If the plan of the towns of Egypt corresponded with the extent and grandeur of the temples built among them, the valley of the Nile must have presented the most magnificent spectacle of temples, palaces,

and cities, that it is possible to conceive—such a one as no modern or ancient nation ever exhibited. The drifting sands of the desert have effectually shielded the temple of Edfou against destruction. It is entombed in the sand, and is so well preserved, that it might be disinterred almost as perfect as when it was first consecrated to the worship of Isis and Osiris.

Jan. 21.—This morning we left Edfou with a head wind, that blew with such violence, that our boatmen were obliged to abandon their oars and betake themselves to the shore, to tow the boat along. They made slow progress, and the atmosphere was clouded with such a thick mist of sand, that we finally stopped, and laid to until the wind abated. After noon, the wind had fallen, and the boat made near five miles an hour, with the assistance of the oars and tide. It was dark when the minaret of Esneh came in sight. The reis, with two of the crew, had gone on before us to Esneh in the small boat, in order to obtain provisions, and thus remove any cause of delay. Strange to say, in the midst of fields of grain, where a triple harvest rewards the husbandman for the slight care he bestows upon the soil, we frequently found it impossible to obtain bread, the poor Fallahs having barely sufficient grain for their own uses. Since leaving Assouan, we have not been able to buy bread at any price. We have been obliged to share our "sea-biscuits" and potatoes with the finished crew, and are now entirely destitute of provisions. Scanty as is their fare, our Arab boatmen toil night and day at the oars, with so much spirit and eagerness, as to give an unusual interest to their narrations, and to render their tales more *pitoyable*, to paint the Arabs of the Nile in the worst colours, as a trustless and villainous set. For my part, I can say, that except an occasional fit of laziness, we had nothing to complain of our crew. They were ready at all times to obey my orders, and manifested a rude politeness and attention to our wants, that we had frequent occasion to acknowledge. They were, without exception, good-natured and obliging, harassed, as they were, by almost incessant toil and fatigue.

As the boat was crossing the bend of the river, a mile above Esneh, she struck upon a sand-bar. It was then about nine o'clock, and pitchy dark. Our difficulties were increased by the absence of the reis, and several of the crew. Notwithstanding the icy coldness of the water, and the chilly air of the night, a part of the boatmen immediately stripped, and plunged into the water, while the rest of the crew assisted them to extricate the boat, by shoving with poles. Their

united efforts were of no avail. The boat remained imbedded in the sand, into which she had been urged by the full force of the current, and the impetus of the oars. We fired our guns, and displayed lights in vain, to advise the reis at Esneh of our situation. After remaining more than an hour in the water, the boatmen gave up the attempt as hopeless. The boat lay abreast the current, and of course had to bear its whole weight. The water foamed and roared against the sides of the kandjia, whilst the wind, which had risen to a gale, blew with such strength that the cabin windows were staved in, and the cook-house abast the main-mast carried away at a blast. Our situation became every moment more and more perilous, as we had every reason to fear that the rotten timbers of the kandjia would give way before the violence of the wind and current. At midnight, after a short repose, another effort was made to start the kandjia. We maimed the poles with our servants, and all the crew entered the water. They applied their shoulders to the sides, and endeavoured to lift the boat from her sandy bed, but the wind frustrated all their efforts; and there we were compelled to remain. Exhausted as they were, two of the men volunteered to swim to Esneh, and call the reis to our assistance. About three o'clock in the morning, we saw a boat approaching us from the shore, containing the reis, and several Arabs of the country, with poles and ropes. On their arrival, the efforts were renewed, ropes were bound around the shoulders of the Arabs, who, swimming down the stream, endeavoured to change our position, so as to escape as much as possible the fury of the wind. By these and similar means a slight change of position was effected. At last, about an hour before sunrise, our implacable enemy, the wind, relaxed its fury, and the kandjia, with one desperate effort, was released. At first she started with an almost imperceptible motion, until the bow glided into deeper water, when, with a sudden bound, she plunged into the stream for a time, submerging the whole deck beneath the water. Quick as thought she rose upon the surface, tossed the foam from her sides, and buoyantly bounded on her course.

On arriving at Esneh, we found our consort, the Dane, moored beneath the bank. She also had been aground, and had only arrived an hour before. Fatigued by the troubles of the night, we determined to remain at Esneh until the morrow. We gave a backsheesh to each of the crew, and dismissed them to enjoy a holiday. Esneh contains a temple, the portico of which Denon pronounces the most finished specimen of Egyptian architecture. It is buried in the earth

nearly to the capitals of the columns, but is in an excellent state of preservation. The walls and columns are covered with the usual profusion of figures and hieroglyphics. The ceiling is adorned with the signs of the zodiac. The roof of the temple is now on a level with the foundations of the village. Directly in a line with the front of the temple, on the edge of the river, are the remains of an ancient quay. An avenue of Sphynxes probably conducted from this quay to the temple. Indeed, every temple was preceded by a row of these singular combinations of the human and animal form, if Strabo's description of an Egyptian temple be correct. He says, "The arrangement of the parts of an Egyptian temple is as follows:—In a line with the entrance into the sacred enclosure is a paved road or avenue, about a hundred feet in breadth, or ~~some~~ time less, and in length from three to four hundred feet, or even more. This is called the *dromos*; through the whole length of the *dromos*, and on each side of it, Sphynxes are placed at the distance of thirty feet from one another, or even more, forming a double row, one on each side. After the Sphynxes, you come to the large *propylæum* (which consists of two obtuse pyramids, enclosing between them the principal gate to form a grand entrance.) And as you advance, you come to another, and to a third after that; for no definite number, either of propylæ or Sphynxes, is required in the plan, but they vary in different temples as to their number, as well as to the length and breadth of the *dromos*. After the *propylæum*, we come to the temple itself, which has always a large and handsome *pronaos*, or portico, and a *sekos*, or cella (a place in which heathen images are usually kept), of only moderate dimensions, with no image in it, or at least not one of human shape, but some representation of a brute animal." On each side of the *pronaos* are wings of equal height, but their width at the base is somewhat more than the breadth of the temple measured along its basement line. This width of the wings, however, gradually diminishes from the bottom to the top. The walls have sculptured forms on them of a large size, like Tyrrhedian figures, and the very ancient Greek works of the same class." The boldest imagination can hardly form an adequate conception of the grandeur of an Egyptian temple in its perfect state. The vast space it occupied, its towering propylæ, the long lines of Sphynxes, the obelisks and colossal statues, which stood like giant sentinels at the entrance, formed a combination of architectural grandeur of the most imposing character.

The population of Esneh has been augmented of late, nearly

one-third, by the banishment here of the *Ghazeyih* from Cairo. These are the famous dancing girls of Cairo, whose dances in the streets of Cairo formerly constituted an essential part of the amusements of the people on gala days. The pasha, in the prosecution of his vigorous efforts to reform the habits and morals of his subjects, has prohibited their performances, and exiled them to Esneh, until they can return to a better mode of life. They are assigned to a particular quarter of the town, and are placed under the most rigid *surveillance*.

Jan. 25.—By daylight our old enemy, the wind, assailed us with such fury, that no progress could be made either with the oars or the tow-lines, so we were obliged to run under a high bank, and wait till the angry river-god should be pacified. As we were directing our course to the shore, we descried in the distance a large boat running up the stream, with all sails set. As she approached, we exchanged salutations, and found her to belong to Lord Alvauley, who was on his way to Upper Egypt. In a few moments more, another boat appeared in sight. Through the telescope I distinctly made out the stars and stripes floating at the mast-head. This was the first American boat I had yet seen on the Nile. I shall never forget the thrill of joy with which I hailed this sight of the flag of my country on the distant waters of the Nile. There is a feeling of nationality among Americans abroad that I think belongs to no other people. The English shun each other, and the French are much more cordial to strangers than to their countrymen; but the Americans, I have observed, abroad, always seek out and associate with Americans.

I never met an American abroad who did not in some degree, consider himself a representative of his country, and who did not feel that the national character was implicated in his conduct. I am proud to say, that in whatever country I have followed in the track of American travellers, I always met a warmer reception from the good impression they had left behind them. This arises, in part, from the general intelligence of Americans, but in a greater degree from that cordiality and frankness of manner, which is produced by their Democratic education, and which leads them to sympathize with and move among all classes of people. An Englishman speaks to a peasant as an inferior, an American as an equal. We have no rank but what nature give us. We are sovereigns at home and the equal of sovereigns abroad. From this want of artificial distinctions the American finds the door of the palace and the cottage alike open to him, and he has but to act like an American to be well received in both.

As soon as our flag was seen, the American boat struck her sails, and ran alongside of us. I found on board a lady and gentleman of New York. The wind was blowing too strong to allow me to detain our friends; therefore, after a brief interchange of information, we parted, and in a few moments they were out of sight.

We were but a few miles above the village of Eremont. As the wind would probably prevent our boat from moving for some hours, we set out on foot across the country to Eremont. The plain, near the river, was barren and uncultivated; but as we approached Eremont, we entered immense fields of beans, which scented the air with a most delicious perfume. Plantations of wheat, fields of cotton just bursting the pod, and groves of date palms, surrounded the village, and almost obscured it from view. Here were some of the finest palms in Egypt, tall and straight enough to compete with the spear, which the Prince of Darkness

“Walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.”

They formed a cool and shady grove, beneath which the shepherd and his flock were reposing from the noon-day heat. Furious as was the wind on the river, it was hardly perceptible a mile from the banks of the Nile. The palm, like every other thing that is of any utility in Egypt, is taxed. The revenue from the tax on palm trees frequently brings into the coffers of the pasha a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year. This tax prevents the cultivation of the tree, and in some places the country has become so desolate from the destruction of the palm groves by the *Fellahs*, that the pasha has been obliged to make government plantations of the palm in Upper Egypt. This tree is of almost indispensable utility in Egypt; its fruit constitutes the greater part of the food of the *Fellahs*. Almost all their articles of household furniture are made from its branches. The leaves are formed into brooms, mats, baskets, &c., and the cordage of the boats is made from its fibres, twisted and bound together.

Next to the palm, the most valuable product of Egypt is cotton. The cultivation of this important plant has been but lately introduced into Egypt. That which is cultivated is from the Brazil seed, and is of a very superior quality. It has been raised in great abundance, and promises to become a staple of much value to the country. The first attempt of its cultivation was made in 1822, when the crop yielded about 25,000 bags, of two hundred weight each. Since that time

the quantity produced increased with every successive year. In 1823, the export supplied the demands of the countries on the Mediterranean, and left a surplus of near fifty thousand bags for the English market. In 1834, twenty-five million pounds of cotton were raised in Egypt; and in 1835, more than 100,000 bales, of an average weight each of three hundred weight and three quarters, were exported from Alexandria. The price paid for this quantity by the merchants is stated to have exceeded £700,000. The cotton wool of Egypt is said to be equal to the best American. At this rate, the pasha will become a formidable competitor with the United States in the production of cotton. The climate of Egypt is much more favourable to the growth of cotton than that of our southern states, as it is drier, and the crop is not exposed to heavy frosts and rains. Labour is also cheaper in Egypt.—The ambition of the pasha for military glory and conquest renders him inattentive to his true interests. The conscription drains the country of so many of its active labourers, that vast tracts lie uncultivated and barren in Upper Egypt, for want of hands to till them. If he should ever turn his ambition from war to developing the riches of the soil, Egypt would become the most abundant producer of cotton in the world.

It may be doubted, however, whether any country, in the same period of time, could exhibit such an astonishing increase in the production of cotton as the United States has since 1790. Previous to that year, not a pound of cotton was exported from this country. In 1792 only 138,328 pounds were exported. After the invention of Whitney, in 1793, the export began to augment. In 1794, 1,601,761 pounds were exported, and in 1795, 5,276,306 pounds. In 1838, the ~~exports from the~~ United States amounted to the prodigious quantity of 595,952,297 pounds. Be it that if you can, mon cher pasha! It has long been a vexed point among archaeologists, whether the cotton plant was anciently grown in Egypt. The question has been settled of late by Rossellini's discovery of several vessels, full of cotton seeds, in one of the tombs at Thebes. These seeds are deposited in the Egyptian Museum at Florence. "There is no doubt," says an author, "that the substance cotton was known in Egypt long before the time of Herodotus; that in India it was cultivated at least as early; and it seems not unlikely that the cultivation of it was introduced into Egypt, probably before the epoch of Alexander, and that it was cultivated in Egypt in the age of Pliny."

As we proceeded along, we used our guns with some effect upon the pigeons and doves. There is nothing more delicious

than the meat of the Egyptian dove, served up with *sauce piquante*, and eaten with an appetite sharpened by exercise in the brisk air of the morning. Our daily routine of life upon the Nile was ordered somewhat in the following manner:—We rose with the sun, took a cup of coffee, and then, as the wind was generally light in the morning, we went on shore with our guns, and walked ahead of the boat. We strolled over the country, picking up partridges, pigeons, and doves enough to supply us for the morrow, until about eleven o'clock, when we hailed the boat, and returned on board—here we found the breakfast prepared. The interval between breakfast and the dinner, which was fixed at an hour before sundown, was occupied in reading up for the antiquities we were approaching; for we found that we could see nothing with gratification, without the most diligent preparatory study. The long nights were passed in reading or writing, or in a game of chess with the reis, who, like most of the Orientals, was very expert at this game. When in company with our Danish consort, the evenings were most agreeably passed in the society of our friends aboard of her. A winter's voyage upon the Nile is the *ne plus ultra* of travelling. We had occasionally some quite cool days, but they were rare. But one shower of rain, at Thebes, and that of only a few minutes' duration fell during our whole voyage. The air was clear, sparkling, and invigorating. The average range of the thermometer at 2 P. M., was from about 66° to 81° Fahrenheit. We saw no frost.

It was market-day at Eremont. The market was held among the columns of a broken temple, the walls of which were covered with representations of animals and figures of the evil genius—Typhon. Lofty palm trees were growing up among the columns, the spreading palm-leaved capitals of which rivalled the graceful crown of foliage that topped the tall trunks of the palms that overshadowed them. But little remains of the temple other than these few columns, which probably belonged to the portico. A herd of sheep occupied the cella, and the border of the neighbouring tank of water, which seems to have been appropriated to some of the sacred uses of the temple, was crowded with camels and horses of the Bedouins, slaking their thirst after a weary travel from the Lybian desert. The little market presented a busy and animated scene. The Fallahs, from the neighbouring villages, had gathered here, to parter and trade their different products. Here were strolling merchants, measuring out the blue cotton stuffs which make the garments of the Fellahs; Bedouins trafficking dates for powder and shot, and beans for their camels; butchers slaughtering

sheep in the midst of the throng; Fellah women vending eggs, chickens, and tame pigeons, the latter crammed up to the throat with corn. I bought a pair of these pigeons for three cents, the rich juicy fatness of which would have gratified the most epicurean palate. The *Sheik el Belled*, (chief of the village,) a venerable old Arab, with a long beard, white turban, and silk tunic, preserved order and heard appeals from disputants, the most noisy of whom were the Bedouins, who insisted upon obtaining things at their own prices. They were very liberal in dealing blows upon the recussant Fellahs. The Bedouin holds the Fellah in the lowest contempt, for tilling the earth instead of being an independent vagabond like himself. He will marry the daughter of a Fellah when he can gain any thing by it, but will not allow the Fellah to marry a Bedouin. But little money was used at this market, the trade being chiefly carried on by barter.

CHAPTER XX.

Return to Thebes.—A Renegade Christian.—Commerce and history of Thebes.—Tombs of the Kings.—Kenneh.—Ruins of Abydos.—Canal of Joseph.—Siout.—Canals and inundations of the Nile.—Arrival at Cairo.

Jan.—We arrived this evening at Thebes. We find no less than six boats, bearing the British flag, lying along the shore, in front of the temple of Lu. Here we lay in the midst of this British squadron, impudently flouting the stars and stripes in their eyes. Could Sesostrius have believed, that the citizens of two countries, whose existence was unknown in his time, would come at some future period to visit the ruins of his mighty capital, and speculate as to the era of its foundation, and even upon his own existence!

We remained several days at Thebes on our return from Upper Egypt. Indeed, the field of ruins is so vast, that it requires at least three days to inspect it cursorily. A Frenchman, who has taken up his residence in one of the houses built by the French at Luxor, gave us much valuable information touching the ruins. He has lived at Thebes several years, and

has apparently resolved to pass his life there. 'He has adopted the Mahommedan faith, wears the Turkish costume, and lives and eats like the people of the country. He speaks Arabic fluently, and is regarded by the Arabs as an excellent Mussulman. He prays in the mosque, and practises all the external rites of Mahommedanism. In this remote spot he is entirely isolated from civilised society. The few travellers whom curiosity brings to Thebes, are the only Franks he sees, and with these he has no disposition to associate.

Upon revisiting Karnac, we were struck with the numerous sculptures of Sesostris and his exploits, with which the walls are covered. These sculptures give one a high idea of the military prowess of ancient Egypt. The Egyptians seem to have taken great pride in recording the victories and military expeditions of Sesostris. His deeds are sculptured upon almost all the temples. In one place we see him dragging in his train long files of captives, whose colour and costume indicate them to be inhabitants of countries remote from Egypt. In another we behold him seated on a throne, and receiving tribute from conquered nations. Everywhere he is represented as triumphant and the object of homage. Herodotus gives us some account of the military expeditions of Sesostris. According to him, this monarch conquered all Africa, the greater part of Asia, and even extended his conquests into Europe and Scythia: the latter he completely subdued. lofty pillars of stone were erected in each country to commemorate its conquest. A pillar has been lately discovered by an English traveller, on the road from Beyrout to Tripoli, which a French artist, M. Callier, has identified as one of the columns erected by Sesostris. The immense number of captives brought to Egypt by Sesostris, were employed by him in works of public utility—in excavating the quarries and in digging canals, to spread the fertilising waters of the Nile over the whole country. The plunder and riches he obtained in his wars were spent at home in raising the temples of Karnac, and erecting those other gigantic piles, which still excite the admiration of the traveller upon the plain of Thebes.

Under Sesostris, Thebes reached the acme of its glory. It became the religious and political capital of Egypt. It was the central point between the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and Africa. It was in this royal city, the centre of the commerce of the eastern world, that every species of riches, according to Homer, was accumulated. The different avenues of trade which branched off from it, put it in communication with every part of the East. A route direct from Thebes to

the northwest, led to the heart of the Lybian desert, to the Oasis, where stood the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and towards the grand Syrtis by Augela, whence another route conducted in a southwest direction to the country of the Garamantes. There, the caravan from Thebes met those of the Nasamouni and the Lotophagi. Another route ran straight from east to west, beginning at Thebes, and continuing on till it reached the pillars of Hercules, and touched the ocean. Two other routes conducted from Thebes into the heart of Africa, one running along the banks of the Nile, and the other across the desert of Nubia. Besides these great roads, which started direct from Thebes, there were others which communicated with neighbouring towns, and served as channels to conduct the commerce which crowded them into the great *entrepot* of Thebes. From Edou there were several routes to the Arabian gulf, and from Coptos, near the site of the present Kous, a road led across the desert to Cosseir on the Red Sea, which became a port of great trade after the introduction of vessels in the Red Sea by the Pharaohs. From Memphis there was a route to Phœnicia, whence others struck off to Armenia and the Caucasus, to Babylon by Palmyra, and Thapsacus on the Euphrates. From these Persian cities an overland communication was had with the Indies. That Egypt, at a very early period, maintained an extensive commerce with the Indies, is satisfactorily proved by the numerous Indian products found in the tombs at Thebes, among which may be mentioned stuffs of Indian manufacture, furniture of Indian wood, and precious stones, which are to be found only in the East Indies. At the period when the greater part of Europe and Asia was in the possession of savage hordes, Memphis and Thebes were the centre of an opulent and extended commerce, and the seat of refinement and civilisation. Could we read the hieroglyphical inscriptions upon the walls of the temples of Thebes, they would tell a story of ancient grandeur and glory, that would astonish the modern world, at the comparatively small advance it has made in the arts since Cheops laid the foundations of the pyramids, or Sesostris built temple at Karnac. When Germanicus visited the remains of ancient Thebes, and interrogated the priests as to the meaning of the hieroglyphics with which they were covered, he was answered, that they gave an account of the ancient condition of Egypt, its military strength and its revenues. They said that these inscriptions referred particularly to the epoch when Sesostris conquered Lybia, Ethiopia, Syria, and Asia; that there were then seven

millions of men capable of bearing arms, and that at their head this king had penetrated among the Medeans, the Persians, into Bactriana, Scythia, Armenia, and Cappadocia, and had subdued both the land and sea to the power of Egypt. As no Egyptian books have come down to us, we must look for the history of their country, which the ancient Egyptians have recorded for posterity, upon the walls of their tombs and temples. Until these inscriptions shall be deciphered, the true history of Egypt will remain to be told.

The epoch of Sesostris is fixed at about 1500 B. C., and "it is probable that the kingdom of Thebes existed in its full strength and splendour from about 1600 B. C. till the Ethiopian invasion of Sabacos, about 800 B. C., nearly two centuries after Shishak's pillage of Jerusalem." It was taken by Cambyses, 525 B. C., to whom is attributed the destruction of some of its finest monuments. It survived the injury inflicted upon it by this merciless barbarian, until its final destruction by the Ptolemy Lathyrus, 81 B. C. After this it never recovered, and, when visited by Strabo, 12 A. D., a few villages scattered over the plain alone remained of its former immense population.

The wide plain, on the eastern side, between the river and the mountains, is, for the greater part, an uncultivated waste. It would require such a population as that of ancient Thebes, to bring all this vast tract under cultivation. The whole of the actual population on this plain does not exceed two thousand. The Arabs exact from the earth just sufficient to supply their daily wants, and, as there is hardly any labour necessary to raise the productions from this fertile soil, most of them are wasted in idleness. A few miserable huts of clay are built against the walls of the temple at Karnak, tenanted by half-naked Arabs, whom the starving policy of Mehemet Ali renders miserable in the midst of the most fertile country in the world. A portion of the Arabs at Karnak burrow in the gloomy chambers of the temple, sharing the sanctuary of Isis in common with their beasts. For a handful of tobacco, we could obtain a guide from the village to follow us the whole day. The traveller, on landing at Luxor, is immediately besieged by a host of guides and donkey-boys, offering their services during his stay at Thebes, to conduct him to the different ruins. These guides are very jealous of an infringement of their monopoly by any of the Arabs at Karnak. They never fail to give an offender a sound beating, when caught in the act, notwithstanding he may be in the company of Franks. This was the fate of the luckless Arab we had obtained from

the village. He was waylaid on our return to Luxor, and most severely drubbed, all our efforts in his behalf being of no avail.

In re-visiting the ruins of Karnac, we observed a lake, within the precincts of the temple, which had escaped our notice at first. The water is brackish, and as it is on a level with the Nile, is probably supplied from the waters of that river, which are rendered brackish by filtration through the nitrous soil. We had seen a similar lake at Eremont. It appears that each temple had an artificial lake attached to it. These reservoirs of water must have served in the funeral ceremonies of the ancient Egyptians, and were probably constructed for the purpose mentioned in the following extract from Diodorus, describing a curious ceremony before interment:—"When a body is going to be interred, the relations give notice of the day of interment to the judges, and to other relations and friends of the dead, saying that the deceased is going to cross the lake. Upon this the judges assemble, more than forty in number, and take their seats in a semicircular kind of place on the farther side of the lake. The boat is put into the lake, having been first prepared by those whose especial duty it is to attend to it. The captain of the boat is called, in the Egyptian language, Charon. But before the wooden chest, containing the body, is placed in the boat, the law allows any person, who chooses, to bring his accusation against the deceased. If then the deceased is convicted of having lived a bad life, the judges give sentence, and exclude the body from the usual rites of interment; but should the accuser fail to make good his charges, he is punished by a heavy fine. If no charge is brought against the deceased, his body is placed in the tomb that has been prepared for him, whenever the party is of such rank and importance as to have a sepulchre of his own. Those who have no place of interment add a small apartment to their house, in which they place the mummy chest in an upright position against the wall. But those who are debarred from interment, on account of charges made good against them, or for leaving debts behind them, are placed in their own houses. At some future time, some of their descendants, who happen to grow rich, pay their debts, and clear them of all the imputations brought against them; and then they are interred with all proper ceremony." If this death-judgment was in vogue in these modern days of bank suspensions, and individual bankruptcies, there would be more dead above than below the surface of the earth.

We visited a second time, with increased satisfaction, the

tombs of the kings in the sandy valley behind the mountains of Gournou. And here I shall borrow an abstract of Belzoni's description of his excavations, among the tombs of the kings, from Russel's History of Egypt. It gives an excellent idea of the difficulty overcome by that indefatigable explorer, and of his interesting discoveries. As Belzoni's description is the most complete, nothing can be added to it.

"To give an idea of the magnificence lavished by the Egyptians on their burial-places, it will be enough to describe the immense vaults discovered by Belonzi, who, in excavating for curiosities, possessed a tact, or similar instinct, to that which leads the mineral engineer to the richest veins of the precious metals. He fixed upon a spot at the bottom of a precipice, over which, when their happens to be rain in the desert, a torrent rushes with great fury; and, after no small degree of labour, he reached a very splendid tomb. This hall, which is extremely beautiful, is twenty-seven feet long, and twenty-five broad, the roof being supported by pillars fully four feet square. At the end of it is a large door, which opens into another chamber, twenty-eight feet by twenty-five, having the walls covered with figures, which, though only drawn in outline, are so perfect, that we would think they had been done only the day before. Returning into the entrance-hall, he observed a large staircase descending into a passage. It is thirteen feet long, seven and a half in width, and has eighteen steps, leading, at the bottom, to a beautiful corridor of large dimensions. He remarked that the paintings became more perfect, the farther he advanced into the interior, retaining ~~their gloss, or a~~ kind of varnish, laid over the colours, which had a beautiful effect, being usually executed on a white ground. At the end of this splendid passage he descended by ten steps into another equally superb, from which he entered into an apartment, twenty-four feet by thirteen, and so elegantly adorned with sculptures and paintings, that he called it the Room of Beauty. When standing in the centre of this chamber, the traveller is surrounded by an assembly of Egyptian gods and goddesses—the leading personages of the Pantheon, whose presence was thought to honour, or perhaps to protect, the remains of the mighty dead.

"Proceeding farther, he entered a large hall, twenty-eight feet long and twenty-seven broad, in which are two rows of square pillars, three on each side of the entrance, forming a line with the corridors. At either side of this apartment, which he termed the Hall of Pillars, is a small chamber. The one on the right is ten feet by nine, that on the left ten feet

inches by eight feet nine inches. The former of these having in it the figure of a cow painted, he called the Room of Isis; the latter, from the various emblematical drawings which it exhibits, was denominated the Room of Mysteries. At the end of the hall is the entry to a large saloon, with an arched roof or ceiling, and extending thirty-two feet in length by a breadth of twenty-seven. On the right of the saloon is a small chamber, without any thing in it, roughly cut, as if unfinished, destitute of painting. On the left is an apartment with two square pillars, twenty-five feet eight inches by twenty-two feet ten inches. These columns are three feet four inches square, and beautifully painted like the rest. At the same end of the room, and facing the Hall of Pillars, he found another chamber, forty-three feet long by seventeen feet six inches broad, and adorned with a variety of columns. It is covered with white plaster where the rock did not cut smoothly, but there is no painting in it, and as Mr. Belzoni discovered in it the carcass of a bull, he distinguished it by the appellation of the Room of Apis. There were also seen, scattered in various places, an immense number of small wooden figures of mummies, six or eight inches long, and covered with mineral oil to preserve them. There were some other figures of fine earth baked coloured blue, and strongly varnished; while on each side of the two little rooms were wooden statues standing erect, with a circular hollow inside, as if to contain a roll of papyrus.

"But," says he, "the description of what we found in the centre of the saloon, and which I have reserved to this place, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea of before. It is a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long and three feet seven inches wide. The thickness is only two inches; and it is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured with and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represents, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say, that nothing had been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out, and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance." The celebrated description of Ezekiel is evidently drawn from an inspection of these or similar tombs: "Then said he unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall; and when I digged in the wall, behold a door."

And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do there. So I went in and saw; and behold, every form, of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about."

Only a few of these tombs have been finished. In some, the tomb ends with a corridor and a single chamber: in others, several of the chambers are scooped out of the rock, with the walls still in the rough, and ornamented with colours. This seems to prove that a tomb was opened for every monarch, when he ascended the throne, and remained in progress of completion until his death. The length of a reign may be judged of from the extent and perfection of the tomb. These tombs, in their innumerable paintings and sculptures, represent the social life and the state of arts among the ancient Egyptians to a degree that renders any other illustrations almost superfluous. Here is the school, where the student in Egyptian antiquities may find abundant instruction presented to him in the most attractive form. The pencil only can give any adequate idea of the splendour of the palaces of the dead—of their paintings, fresh as if but just touched by the brush—of their long and sumptuous corridors, lined with hieroglyphics—and of their chambers, with vaulted roofs, painted in blue, and dashed with stars of gold. I have seen nothing among the remains of ancient art which has left a deeper impression upon my imagination, for its beauty and exquisite finish, than the magnificent tomb in the valley of the Biban al Molouk, known as "Belzoni's Tomb."

Jan. 30.—This morning, after three days' stay at Thebes, we got under way for Cairo. Bidding an eternal adieu to the glories of the hundred-gated city, and casting lingering looks behind, we swept down the stream, borne rapidly on by the current, until the palaces, mountains, and plain of Thebes faded from the view.

Jan 31.—This morning, four hours distant from Thebes, I descried another American flag in sight. As soon as the two boats came in sight of each other, we mutually bore for the shore. I found three American gentlemen and a lady aboard, bound to the second cataract. One of the gentlemen I had previously seen at Cairo. He had then just returned from a voyage to Upper Egypt, but such was his passion for travelling on the Nile, that he had accepted an offer to join this party of his compatriots. There are two other American boats above the first cataract, making in all, now above us on the river, four American boats. We stand this year second in numbers, as travellers in Egypt, to the English, who are the

Most numerous every where. At noon we arrived at the landing of Kenneh. This place, as all the other large towns of Egypt, lies some distance inland, beyond the reach of the inundation. Travellers from India, who are desirous of seeing the ruins of Upper Egypt, are landed by the English steamer from Bombay at Cosseir, on the Red Sea, whence they cross the desert to Kenneh, in three days. Kenneh is more celebrated for its manufacture of porous earthen jars than for any thing else. These jars preserve the water cool and fresh in the warmest weather. The water oozes or sweats through the pores of the soft clay, of which the jars are made, and renders the exterior surface so humid and moist as to be impervious to heat. Kenneh is the largest town in Egypt, but is, in general, as badly built as the other villages and towns on the Nile. There are a few houses of burnt brick, and one or two mosques, which make some pretension to comfort and elegance. The cotton factory of the pasha is the best built edifice in the town. At present it is out of repair, owing to the grit and sand which has deranged the machinery. The bazaar at Kenneh contained some score or two of covered sheds, stocked with cotton goods and provisions, the whole value of which did not exceed two hundred dollars. I equipped myself in an Arab costume, made of the cotton stuff manufactured by the pasha, at the very moderate price of five dollars for the whole dress.

As we had been somewhat alarmed by the reports of travellers touching the war and plague that were said to be raging in Lower Egypt, we called upon the vice-consul of Austria, at Kenneh, to obtain information on these points. He was a Copt, and spoke only Arabic. He was very free in expressing his fears, but had no certain knowledge of the state of the country beyond Kenneh. He concluded by advising us to make all possible haste to return to Cairo, as we should undoubtedly find either war or plague upon our arrival there. This advice, we afterwards learned at Cairo, the vice-consul gave to all travellers who troubled him for information. It alarmed us not a little, and accelerated our return to Lower Egypt.

Feb. 1.—The past night was very windy, and the river much agitated, by the strife between the wind and the current. Our little bark was so rudely tossed and shaken by the angry waves, as to deprive us of sleep. At noon we reached the village of Farshut, beautifully situated on the edge of the river, among a grove of palms. Here we took donkeys to ride to the ruins of Abydos, two hours and a half distant from the river in the interior. Our way lay through a most de-

lightful country, covered for miles and miles with vast plantations of wheat and beans. The whole air was perfumed with the delicious odours from the bean fields. Abydos, which is now succeeded by the Arab village of Arabata, has entirely disappeared, with the exception of the remains of a temple on the verge of the desert, near the foot of the Lybian mountains. This temple is covered, to within a few feet of the roof, with the sands of the desert. We entered by a narrow opening in the roof, and groped about in darkness among numerous chambers. The columns were apparently all erect, but were entirely buried to within a few feet of their capitals. The walls were decorated with hieroglyphics and paintings, the colours of which remained fresh and vivid. The roof is composed of immense rafters of stone, many of them twenty feet in length. In this building we saw several unsuccessful attempts to construct the arch: these were, however, the nearest approach to the self-sustaining principle that we saw in any of the Egyptian temples. In one chamber was an arched doorway of very large dimensions. The span of the arch consisted of two stones, each of which bore an equal segment of the circle; to prevent them from falling, a pillar supported them where they met. In 1818 Mr. W. Banks discovered, in one of the chambers of this temple, a hieroglyphical tablet, containing a list of the immediate predecessors of Sesostris. This tablet has contributed much to the settling of the early eras of Egyptian chronology. The desert around the temple is covered with mounds of broken pottery, such as mark the sites of all the ancient Egyptian towns.

A few ponds of water behind the temple indicated the line of the canal of Joseph; this canal here runs parallel with the Nile about seven miles distant. It is filled at the inundation of the Nile, but, as the current ceases to flow after this season of replenishment, it is drained of water, it subsides into a few stagnant ponds. These ponds answer as reservoirs, whence the Fellahs raise water to irrigate their lands. The canal serves as a barrier against the incursions of the desert, and is another proof that irrigation alone can render the soil fertile in Egypt, and extend the sway of the husbandmen over the sands of the desert. As we were to rejoin our boat at Girgeh, some miles distant, we dismissed our tired donkeys, and called upon the *Sheik el Belled* for horses. He received us politely, seated us upon the carpet alongside of him, and after the usual preliminaries of pipe and coffee, sent out one of his deputies to obtain horses for us among the people of the village. It is built in a thick grove of palms, in the midst of the fertile districts of Egypt. Between the village and the

Near, the wheat and beans covered the whole tract with a brilliant verdure, that swept away in billowy swells, like the waves of the sea when agitated by the wind. As the breeze bent the tall beans to the ground, we caught a fleeting glimpse of the distant Nile, winding like a silver thread through the green expanse. The declining sun invested the mountains of sand, which lowered upon this soft valley, with the hues of his own golden rays, forming a most brilliant and beautiful contrast to the green of the valley, and the glittering waters of the river.

We left Arabata late in the afternoon for Girgeh. We set off with our Turkish steeds in a rapid gallop. Night came upon us before we had crossed the plain, and it was with much difficulty that we were enabled to keep our course to the river. We got entangled in the mazes of the numerous canals that furrow the fields near the Nile. The horses stumbled, and threw us in the mud, and we wandered about in the darkness without seeing a light or any object to extricate us from the labyrinth of gullies and canal banks in which we were involved. We dismounted and led the horses, who followed us with a patient perseverance. About nine o'clock in the evening, on ascending a high mound, we saw the lights of Girgeh glimmering in the distance. In half an hour more we heard the sound of voices. Following the direction of these noises, we suddenly came upon the banks of the Nile, where we beheld our boatmen seated around a fire on the beach. Near at hand lay our little bark, and behind it the noisy crew of a slave-boat bound to Cairo. The reis immediately unmoored the kandjia, and we dropped silently down the stream.

Feb. 3.—A light contrary wind all day. We took the tender and rowed ahead to Mensheieh,—a miserable collection of mud huts, filth, and beggars. A large crocodile lay sleeping on the sand where we landed. As we approached, he started from his slumber, and plunged into the water so close to us, as to scrape the bottom of the boat with his tail. We complimented him with a shower of shot, which he shook from his back as a lion the dew-drops from his main.

Feb. 6.—This morning we arrived at Siout. The boatmen, instead of rowing, proposed to themselves to sleep upon their oars, but the servants remained up all night, urging them on by promises, threats, and blows, so that they rowed with great force all night, and brought us to Siout before sunrise. The modern capital of Upper Egypt, though possessing nothing of the magnificence of Thebes, is the best built town above Cairo. The reader, however, must not infer from this that it approaches in any degree to the size or elegance of a

European town. The houses are all burnt brick or burnt clay, none of them more than two stories in height, scantily furnished with divan and mats, and in general separated from the street by enclosed courts. The streets are narrow and crooked, and unpaved. The bazars are small sheds, running in parallel ranges along the sides of the street, each shop containing a small stock of wares, the value of the best of which did not amount to a hundred dollars. The streets of Siout were thronged by motley crowds, the most of whom were Fellahs covered with filth and rags, and hideous from their bleared and sightless eyes. The opthalmia prevails in all the towns of Egypt. It is in part produced by the sand that is always floating in the air; but it is in a great degree also occasioned by the filthy habits of the people. To the traveller, the bright azure of the sky, the glittering surface of the desert, and the mountains of sand that enclose the valley of the Nile, are exceedingly dazzling, and to some eyes so painful as to produce a temporary loss of sight. An English clergyman, who had preceded us up the Nile, upon arriving at Thebes, was obliged to return, on account of a sudden attack of opthalmia, which, besides a partial deprivation of sight, brought with it much pain and suffering.

Siout contains no public building of any importance but a khan, the elegance and neatness of which is no less remarkable than its cleanliness. It is built round a spacious court, lighted from the roof. Upon the first range, elevated a few feet above the pavement of the court, are the warehouses, in which we found a large stock of goods and articles, recently brought in by caravans from the south. Here we purchased some excellent Lattakie tobacco, and Mocha coffee. A covered gallery on the second story extends around the building, and behind it are lodging apartments for the merchants. This edifice is built of brick, with much strength and solidity, and in a style of architecture that may compare with some of the best modern specimens of Saracenic architecture.

Feb. 7.—We passed the village of Monfalout before day-break this morning. At eight o'clock we were passing a ridge of mountains, which rose abruptly from the water's edge. Within a recess of the mountain, at its base near the river, an old gray-bearded Arab has fixed his habitation. Before him, and for a short distance along the river, are a few feet of tillable soil; upon this little patch he feeds a few goats and a

His wife and children are lodged with him in a mud
a cleft of the mountain. He begged alms of us.
him Pasha, when he passed by a few years since, on his
edition to Nubia, gave him 2,500 piasters. Of his age he

could say nothing, but that he had seen the French and Mamelouks pass before his hut. The wind having subsided, the boat made rapid progress all day. We arrived late at Melaoui, but, as it was dark, we did not enter the town, which is an hour's walk from the river. The banks of the Nile were covered with a most rich verdure—the fields waving with young wheat and plantations of beans. The wheat grows with great rapidity, some of it now being a foot and a half high, which on our way up the river had but just risen above the ground.

The fields, which lie at some distance from the river, are watered by artificial means. The water is raised from the river by a bucket attached by a rope to a pole, to the other end of which a stone is fixed as a counterpoise. The pole being nicely balanced upon a cross stick, a man seizes the bucket, plunges it into the water, and, raising it some few feet, empties it into a small reservoir; this reservoir is drained by another man, who, by a similar process, pours the water of this reservoir into another more elevated. At the last reservoir the water raised is emptied into a small canal, which irrigates the fields by dispersing the water through its numerous branches. This mode of irrigation is very laborious and painful, as the men stand the whole day with their feet in the water, and, in general, with no other covering than a strip of cloth around the loins. This method, upon the higher lands, is obviated by another less painful, but more effective. An opening is made in the river bank, through which the water rushes from the Nile into a spacious reservoir, from which it is raised by cog wheels turned by oxen. These wheels turn another, upon the rim of which is attached a string of earthen pots, which, at every revolution of the wheel, empty the water into the distributing canals. By such means, in the driest season, a copious stream of water is carried inward, from the river, and the earth is kept moist and humid. In the season of inundation the country is not all flooded over, but is watered by means of the large canals that communicate with the Nile, and run into the back-country. The Nile is the only source of fertility in Egypt; without it the country would become a barren waste of sand, as in Upper Egypt rain falls but once or twice a year, and that in such scanty showers as to barely moisten the surface of the earth.

Feb. 9.—This evening we arrived at Cairo, as the sun was sinking behind the pyramids. We landed at old Cairo, and again established ourselves in our comfortable quarters at Hill's hotel. We have thus finished our voyage upon the Nile—a tour of little more than two months duration, in which

time we have seen the greatest architectural wonders of the world, and the remains of the most venerable and splendid cities built by man. The voyage has been one of uninterrupted pleasure. We met with no accident to mar our pleasure, and so fortunate were we in obtaining a good crew, that we escaped the usual *desagremens* complained of by travellers on the Nile, from the obstinacy and bad habits of the Arab boatmen. This may have, in part, arisen from the facility with which we adapted ourselves to the exigencies of circumstances, and from the forbearing and cautious treatment which we evinced to our sailors. Most travellers treat the Arab (nati) sailors as brutes, who have no right to expect any lenity or kindness. Such conduct naturally exasperates and inflames their passions, and leads to continual strife and ill-will between the parties. I was indebted, in no small degree for the enjoyment that I derived from the voyage, to the society of my fellow-traveller, whose accomplished mind, lively fancy and good temper made him a most interesting and entertaining companion. It was with much regret that I parted with him at Cairo. Shortly after our arrival he set out for Alexandria, intending to go thence to Palestine, and rejoin me at Jerusalem, where he was to await my coming until I should have crossed the desert by way of Petra. As will be seen in the sequel, chance again brought us together in the deserts of Arabia Petraea.

CHAPTER XXI.

A tour to the fountain-heads of civilisation.—Preparations for a journey to Mount Sinai.—Arab bargaining.—Sheik Twaylibb.—A Turkish toilette.—Departure from Cairo.—Dromedary riding.—A night scene in the desert.—The Caravan.—Arrival upon the Red Sea coast.—Sufferings from the want of water.—Bedouin habits.—The English flag.—Suez.—Traces of the ancient canal from the Nile to the Red Sea.—Bonaparte's visit to Suez.—Hotels in the desert.—Site of the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites.—Journey down the Peninsula of Sinai.—The wells of Moses.—Scenes in the desert.—Wady Amara.—The written mountains.—The valleys of the desert of Mount Sinai.—Ancient Egyptian sepulchre in the mountains.—Sinaitic inscriptions.—Bedouin cemetery.

HAVING traversed Italy, where, among the broken temples of the Capitoline hill, I first learned the beauty of ancient art, I embarked for the shores of Greece. There, among the ruins that cover the Acropolis, in the grace and majesty of the shattered Parthenon, the elaborate elegance of the Erechtheion, and in the other temples which crown the naked hills and strew the plains of Corinth and Sparta with their ruins, I beheld the models which inspired the Roman artist with his ideas of architectural beauty. Thence I crossed over to Egypt, from which letters and arts had winged their way to Greece in the remotest periods of the misty past. There again I tracked the progress of art, in the stupendous piles that strew the banks of the Nile—in the colossal temple of Thebes—in the exuberant magnificence of Denderah—in the simple elegance of the temples at Philæ, seated upon a lonely islet in the midst of the most savage and sublime scenery, amid the noise and roar of the cataracts of the Nile. It was among the rock-hewn temples of Lower Nubia, that I resolved upon following the arts into the deserts of Arabia Petraea, from which, according to Sir Isaac Newton, they had first emerged; there, upon the summit of Sinai, to see the spot where God had communed with man, and had handed down to him from heaven the eternal laws of justice—there, among the excavated tombs and temples of Petra, and the ruined cities of Idumæa, to see the most ancient forms of art—and there, amongst the dismal wastes

ard barren mountains of that burse-stricken desert, to follow in the footsteps of the chosen people of God in their journey from Egypt to the promised land.

I reached Cairo early in February, after several months' tour in Upper Egypt. I immediately commenced making preparations for my journey through the deserts of Mount Sinai, Akaba, and thence to Petra, and onwards through Idumæa to Palestine. My companion, unwilling to risk the dangers and fatigues of this route, had left me at Cairo, and departed for Alexandria. I was thus left to pursue my journey alone. Fortunately, two Englishmen in the service of Mehemet Ali, hearing of my intentions, joined me when on the point of starting. As they proposed to go only as far as Mount Sinai, I was obliged to lay in a large store of provisions. For several days I was busy with my dragoman Abdallah, in the bazaars, buying dates, coffee, tea, potatoes, maccaroni, water skins, charcoal, a tent, and the other essentials of a journey in the desert. Mr. Gliddon, our estimable consul in Egypt, was kind enough to volunteer his assistance in making our contracts with the Arabs. Twaylibb, one of the sheiks of the Tawarah tribe, was then encamped on the desert outside the walls of Cairo. These Arabs are the Gahfirs, or protectors of the convent of Mount Sinai, and with the Dhuheiry, Awarinch and Aleikât, alone enjoy the privilege of conducting travellers between Cairo and the convent. Though the distance from the consul's to the tents of the Tawarah was but a few miles, yet, with the usual procrastination of the Arabs, nothing could be effected on the first day but an interchange of messengers. On the second day we met Twaylibb in the house of Mr. Gliddon. He received us with great courtesy, touching his head, mouth, and breast, to signify that his thoughts, words, and hearts were ours. He was short and spare in stature, of a keen eye, and countenance which was crafty, mild, and benevolent in its expression. As I had gained some knowledge of the craftiness and cunning of the Arabs in my dealings with the boatmen of the Nile, I was tolerably prepared for an encounter with a Bedouin sheik, in the art of bargaining.

The ceremony was opened, as usual, with pipes and coffee. It was only after we had smoked some half dozen pipes that we got fairly under way. On the first pipe, the sheik commenced with a long account of the dangers and toils of the journey, expatiating at large upon the stoical virtues of the Bedouins—their poverty, fidelity, &c. On the second, the high prices paid by several Frank travellers were duly commented on. On the third, a compliment was rendered to the generosity and liberality of the Franks, with sundry indirect allusions to the

good traits of Americans and Englishmen. On the fourth, after this ingenious preface, the bargain was broached, and continued under discussion until the demolition of not a few pipe bowls, and the interchange of sundry hard words, when we shook hands, and agreed upon the terms. I contracted with the sheik for five camels, at 250 piastres each, being 1250 piastres for all, for the journey from Cairo to Akaba, by Mount Sinai. Exclusive of this, Twaylibb was to receive 250 piastres for his services as conductor of the caravan, so that the journey, according to this estimate, would cost 75 dollars. In the end, including backsheesh on the route, it cost near 100 dollars to Akaba. In the presence of the consul, a written agreement in Arabic and French was drawn up, which was signed by the contracting parties:

The terms being thus concluded on, the Arabs begged a day's grace to obtain provisions for their camels. In the meanwhile, I doffed my European habiliments, and assumed the guise of an Oriental. I put myself into the hands of a barber, who shaved my hair almost to the skull, leaving not even the usual tuft upon the crown of the head, which he explained by saying, that as the Franks were not admitted into the Mussulman heaven, there was no necessity for this appendage, by which the faithful are drawn into heaven. The head being shaved, the tailor entered. Having explained to me the mysteries of the Turkish toilette, he proceeded to envelope my head in a turban, the stainless hue and imposing dignity of which might have become the head of the pasha himself. I next encased my feet in a pair of red slippers, for in this country of dust and sand boots are unnecessary. Lastly, I buckled a Damascus scimitar around my waist, rammed a pair of silver-mounted Albanian pistols in my belt, and strode out into the street, curling my moustache, and strutting in the best style of Turkish dandyism. It was amusing to see how the Arabs opened a path for me, who before, when costumed as a Frank, would not give me an inch of room. As I had mastered the every-day portion of the Arabic vocabulary, I was not at a loss for words to sustain my new character. But little time, however, was left for promenading, as on the morrow I was to leave behind me the walls of Cairo, and embark upon the desert.

It was early in the morning when the Arabs brought the camels to our inn. Here, near half the day was consumed in packing and unpacking the baggage. The dromedary which was assigned to me was a noble-looking beast, full ten feet high, with a spare body, long legs and neck, and an eye of exceeding softness and beauty. He was perfectly white, and

said to be very fleet, having, on several occasions, made eleven miles an hour. I did not fancy the lofty promontory on his back, upon which I was to stride the saddle, so I declined mounting in the city, and winding my way through the crowds of the narrow bazaars, seated upon the back of this graceful giant. With my companions, I followed the caravan upon a donkey, until we passed beneath the Bab el Nasr, the Gate of Victory, and issued upon the desert. Proceeding some distance, we came to the encampment of the Arabs, among the tombs of the Caliphs. Near to these magnificent mausolea lay the humble grave of Buckhardt, almost concealed from view by the sand. It was rather disheartening thus to meet, on the threshold of our journey, the grave of a traveller, who had wasted his life in the gloomy deserts of Arabia. We dismissed our donkeys, bade our friends adieu, and turned to our future companions, the Ishmaelites of the desert. They, like all the Arabs we met, were armed to the teeth, thus answering the prediction concerning Ishmael in Genesis—"He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand will be against him."

As the day was nearly spent, no further progress could be made, so we pitched our tents, spread our *sedjeddahs*, or carpet, beneath them, lighted our pipes, and laid down to talk over the route. Around our tents there lay several encampments of Bedouins. As the night approached, the hollow in which we lay was dotted over by numerous fires, around which were gathered clusters of Arabs, whose loud voices, breaking out into rude songs, or in angry strife, were the only sounds that broke the deep silence of the desert. Each of these camp-fires was encircled with a line of camels, sleeping with their knees bent beneath their bodies, and their long necks thrust out on the sand. There was no moon in the sky, but the blue roof above us was fretted with multitudes of dazzling stars, that cast a faint illumination upon the desert. The blue expanse of the firmament, and the desert stretching boundless and limitless, as far as the eye could see, produced a sensation of infinity that I never felt within the walls of a crowded city. The mind felt something of religious awe in contemplating the majesty and grandeur of the scene around. Shut out from the noisy haunts of men, and launched upon the bosom of the desert, the imagination was impressed with the unearthly silence of the waste, and seemed to approach in silent communion with the Creator of the Universe, before whom nature here stood mute. As the night advanced, the fires went out one by one, the sounds of human voices ceased, and darkness and silence reigned around. I

threw myself down upon a carpet, with a camel-saddle for a pillow, and turned to my first night's sleep in the desert. The stars beamed brightly through the door of the tent, before which my faithful servant was lying as a guard. The Bedouins slept around the embers of their fires in the open air, wrapped up in their *abbas*. Indeed the air was so mild and pure, that the shelter of a tent was almost superfluous.

We rose with the dawn, and bathed our eyes with a cupfull of water, our scanty stock not permitting us to indulge in the luxury of a good wash. A cup of black coffee and a crust of bread, upon the first, as on all succeeding days, was the ordinary refreshment before mounting our camels for the day's travel. My companions being practised camel-riders, found no trouble in mounting their dromedaries, but with me it was a matter of serious difficulty. An Arab was holding my dromedary down until I should get seated in the saddle. I saw that the beast was very impatient, so I made an effort to vault into the saddle at a leap; unluckily, I lodged upon the edge of the saddle, and before I had time to secure myself, the angry beast rose with a sudden jerk, that completely "destroyed," as Sir Harcourt Courtly would say, "the equilibrium of my etiquette," and pitched me over my head. The sand was too soft to break my bones, but as I did not court a repetition of this manoeuvre, I begged of the Arab to give me a lesson before making a second attempt to mount. I followed with no little trepidation the movements of my instructor. I straddled firmly the huge colossus of flesh, and held strongly upon the high pommels in front and behind the saddle. He rose first upon his fore-legs, which threw me violently against the pommel, bruising my back not a little; then, with the lifting of the hind legs, I was thrown forward, with my breast upon the front pommel, and the huge machine got into motion, swinging backwards and forwards in such a way as to put me in the most excruciating torture for the first half hour. A few more fough-and-tumble somersets, however, gave me such experience, that before the first day was over, I received the compliments of the sheik upon my skill in dromedary-riding.

The next morning we were fairly got under way on our desert voyage. After a terrible dispute among the Bedouins, as to the division of the money, the order was given to fall into the line, and march. We made quite a respectable caravan, there being nearly thirty camels, including those which carried the family of the sheik. In an hour after starting, we lost sight of the walls of Cairo, and nothing was to be seen but the sandy wastes of the desert. The camels stretched

over the desert in a long file, treading one after the other in solemn march, occasionally stopping to snatch at some dry shrub or thistle in the path. The wind was very high. According to the Arabs, it was the pioneer of the simoons which were to sweep across the desert in the ensuing month. In the cloud of drifting sand, which swept before us, we saw a beautiful gazelle running before the wind. It bounded gracefully and buoyantly over the desert, light as the air, and swift as the wind. All chase was in vain. A few hours from Cairo we passed through a petrified forest. Here the desert was covered with prostrate bodies, limbs, and trunks of trees, petrified as hard as rock, but still retaining their original form and structure, even to the very fibres. These petrefactions are found lying in a valley along the desert, for several miles. Whether an antediluvian forest once stood on the spot, or whether these trees have been swept here by an inundation of the Nile, which has borne them hither from the banks, is a curious subject of inquiry. All that we know is, that they have lain there from the time of the remotest tradition. We halted at sundown, under the lee of some friendly hills, after eight hours' continued march since starting. And thus ends our first day's journey in the desert.

On the second day after leaving Cairo the caravan turned to the south, and stretched out into the sandy ocean of the desert, towards the Red Sea. Our way lay over a rough and stony waste, broken by isolated hills of rock and narrow valleys, which wound their way between the sandy ridges that furrowed the desert. Nothing could be more desolate than the prospect that lay before us the whole of this day. Not a shrub or plant was to be seen on the naked earth. The very rocks were blackened by the scorching heat of the sun, and rendered the scene more dismal. The bones of camels and men, that lay bleaching on the sand, spoke of the fate of some unfortunate travellers, who had here been buried in the sandy whirlwind of a simoon. The sun glared intensely upon the dazzling surface of the desert, almost blinding me with the fierceness of its lustre. I kept my face enveloped in the folds of my turban, but the fitful gusts that swept across our path constantly snatched away the covering, and sometimes even rendered it difficult to retain one's seat in the saddle. The dromedary never abated his pace, but walked undaunted on. I essayed once or twice, to stop his progress, by jerking the rope, which, attached to a ring, passed through his nostrils, and served as a kind of bridle. It was all in vain, however. He indignantly tossed his head aside, and only strode along the faster, probably setting me down as a greenhorn, who had

the presumption to teach a dromedary of the desert how to regulate his movements. At noon we made a temporary halt beneath the shadow of a sand-hill, and took a hurried repast of tea and eggs. By sundown we reached an open plain. Here the sheik, who had gone ahead, to select a place of encampment, directed us to halt for the night.

The dromedaries and camels were made to kneel, and we descended, excessively fatigued by a march of more than ten hours, which was rendered the more annoying by the gusts which clouded the air with sand, and the intense heat of the noonday sun. We selected a smooth place for our tents, carefully swept the stones away, raised the tent-pole, drove the stakes into the ground, and spread the canvass roof, which was to cover us for the night. This done, the servants lighted our pipes, and we threw ourselves down upon the carpets, to await the preparation of dinner, for which the fatigues of the day had given us a good appetite. In an hour more dinner was prepared. Dinner being past, the travelling library was opened, the pipes relighted, the coffee pot placed upon the fire, and the old sheik called in to give an account of the country over which we had passed during the day, or to entertain us with tales of Bedouin life. Among all our books, however, we found the Bible the most valuable guide in the route we were travelling, and the most faithful portraiture of the desert and its wandering inhabitants. The fixed customs, pursuits, and modes of life of the Bedouins, render the descriptions in the Holy Writ of the pastoral life of the early patriarchs perfectly applicable to the modern tenants of the desert. The dress, tents, and food of the Arabs of the desert have probably remained without a change since Moses fed the flocks of Jethro, in the wilderness of Sinai. Our tents were always pitched in the centre of the encampment. Around us lay the Bedouins by their fires, which were kept blazing all night, and beyond them, on the outer verge, the camels were disposed in a circle, forming a bulwark to our little encampment. We rose at sunrise, refreshed by a sound sleep, and again continued our journey without intermission, (except a halt of a few minutes at noon,) to sunset. Such is the traveller's life in the desert.

On the following, as upon preceding days, the desert was quite varied in its surface. We were constantly crossing plains, mounting hills, or winding through valleys. In the afternoon we entered Wady Ramliyah, a long, narrow valley, running between high hills of limestone, in a very tortuous course. The desert here is not entirely desert. Several acacia trees bloom in the bottom of the pass, but the inhospitable

bed of thorns that fall from the tree, deny the traveller the pleasure of reposing beneath its shade. A thin growth of prickly shrubs afforded our camels a good pasture, which they availed themselves of, in hurried and frequent snatches, as they passed along. At the mouth of the valley we passed a large herd of camels and goats, browsing among the shrubs. They were tended by a Bedouin girl, who ran screaming up the hills as soon as she saw the European costume of my companions. We saw no water on the route. It is surprising to see people living, with their herds, day by day, in a district where there is not a single drop of water. Our sheik had expected on the previous morning to find water, but the sun had dried up all that the recent rains left. He was now out of water, and we were obliged to loan him a portion of our own scanty stock. As on the preceding day, we saw several small birds flying about the desert, also a fine plump hare, which, after a hunt of more than an hour, we finally succeeded in capturing. This was a great prize, as we had consumed all our meat. The greatest wonder is, how these animals contrive to live here without water.

Three hours after starting, this morning, we saw the waters of the Red Sea glittering at a distance, in the rays of the sun. At sundown we arrived upon the "Red Sea Coast," probably upon the very spot where the Israelites pitched their tents upon its shores, as we had followed upon one of the supposed routes of the children of Israel, on their flight from Egypt. We encamped on the beach of the sea. The roar of the surf rang in our ears all night. The door of my tent opened upon the sea. The tumultuous and foaming waters reminded me of that dreadful night when it

—"waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Mepphian cavalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels."

Feb. 21.—We struck our tents with the rising of the sun, and marched along the coast of the Red Sea. We suffered not a little all the day for the want of potable water. The water is carried in goat skins, being almost the only thing that is impervious to the consuming heat of the sun. We took care at Cairo, to procure old and dry skins, but as they are placed upon the backs of the camels, the water has become so hot and fetid from the constant exposure to the sun, and so acrid from its having imbibed the smell of the skins, that it is now absolute-

ly insupportable. Last night and to-day, we had nothing else to moisten our parched throats, with, but the juice of a few withered lemons. The knowledge, too, that we had no longer any drinkable water, excited our thirst, to such a degree, as to cause us the most intense suffering. A party of Arabs were out, among the hills of the desert, during the night, to look for water, but they returned this morning without finding any. Had we not expected to reach Suez to-night, we should have left our bones in the desert with the other unfortunate travellers, whose bleaching remains have whitened the sands from Cairo. The camels had not tasted a drop of water since leaving Cairo, but as they were liberally fed upon *hasheesh* (green grass), they can go without anything to drink for twenty or thirty days to come. The Bedouins, like their camels, seem to possess the power of abstaining from water for an astonishing length of time; for I believe not one of them has drunk more than half a tumbler full for the last five days. A handful of dates and a few crusts of bread, serve them for daily food, notwithstanding the excessive fatigues they undergo, of walking by the side of their camels from morning till night. Of meat they have not touched a morsel, nor have we been able to give them any, owing to our deficiency. Meat is but seldom eaten by the Bedouins, their poverty only permitting them, on rare occasions, to indulge in this luxury. Their light fare, however, does not incapacitate them from enduring great fatigue. Though spare of form, they possess much muscular strength, and can suffer the fiercest extremes of heat, and bear the pinchings of hunger and want, amid the severest fatigue and sufferings of over-tasked labour.

Faint with thirst and the heat of the sun, we pursued our way slowly along the narrow beach, between the mountains and the sea. The sight of the tossing waters of the sea excited in us all the horrors of Tantalian suffering. I rode my camel in an almost perfect state of insensibility, indifferent to existence itself. My companions uttered not a word, and the caravan marched on in gloomy, death-like stillness. The splashing of the waters upon the beach, and the hollow moan of the wind among the sandy caverns of the mountains, were the only sounds that smote upon the ear. Our faithful Arabs, suffering as they were themselves, endeavoured to cheer us with the rude snatches of an Arab song, but, as we no longer paid them any attention, or gave them any answer, they desisted, and left us to the communion of our own dreary thoughts. Before night, I became unable to hold my seat, and fell senseless upon the sand. The Arabs made a couch of the tent, and swung it upon the side of the dromedary. Into

this I was thrust, and there I remained, speechless and nearly senseless, for the rest of the journey. As our condition required the constant care of the few Arabs with us, we could not send any one ahead to obtain water for us from Suez. I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was not awakened until late in the night, when I heard a distant barking of dogs. I raised myself on to the saddle, and there I beheld the solitary minaret of Suez, tipped by the light of the moon, rising as a beacon of light and hope above the naked waste around. In one hour more we were encamped beneath the walls of Suez. Our first cry was "water! water!" Our servants arrested an Arab, who was returning, with an ass loaded with waterskins, from the well which stands in the desert, some miles to the north of Suez. They seized the poor fellow, and brought him and his beast to us, to his great alarm, which he manifested by loud cries of terror. As soon as he saw that he had fallen among Franks, he changed his tune to an incessant howl of "Howadji! Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" Impatient to desperation, I seized my sword and ripped open a skin, and plunged my head through the opening into the cool element beneath. There I drank and drank, and should have continued to drink until I had killed myself, had not the sheik forcibly seized me and thrust me away. The water was brackish, but yet it was fresh and cool. Never did I drain a more delicious draught. I crawled into my tent, and fell into a sound slumber, from which I awoke long after sunrise.

The next morning found us restored to our wonted health, but suffering from the exhaustion of the preceding day. At ten o'clock we rode into the town of Suez. We passed through an open gateway, the wooden portals of which were lying prostrate upon the ground. The mud wall which encircled the town was broken and shattered, and contained but one piece of cannon, and that a swivel, which would be more likely to kill the gunner than any of the enemy. Crossing an open space, in which a small caravan of Arab merchants were encamped, we entered into the town. To our no little surprise, we observed directly before us a sign, with the following inscription, "English Hotel—by Waghorn," and glancing down the street, within a few rods, we beheld placed aloft, in fierce rivalry with its neighbour, another,—"Hill's English Hotel." Beneath it, emblazoned in the brightest colours, the armorial insignia of Great Britain were suspended over the office of the British consul. From a lofty staff the Cross of St. George was floating in the air. A few miles down the gulf we saw the English from Bombay, at anchor, decked out in streamers

and flags. Not a port had I visited since leaving America, where I did not see the flag of England. It was the first flag I saw on entering the waters of France. It was the only one floating in the ancient harbour of Rome, at Civita Vecchia. Again I saw it in the deserted harbour of Piræus, where once rode the fleet of Themistocles. I first saw the domes and minarets of Constantinople from beneath a cloud of cannon smoke, that issued from a British line-of-battle ship, saluting the Mahomedan ally of Britain. The first object that met my eye on scaling the summit of the pyramids, was the cross of St. George, which some English travellers had planted there. I tore it down, and in its stead flung the stars and stripes to the breeze. Beyond the cataracts, on the borders of the deserts of Nubia, the only sign of civilisation that I saw was the English cross, flying from the mast of a traveller's boat. And here again, on the extreme verge of civilisation, in the midst of the desert of Arabia, I stood before this emblem of the universal presence of that nation, which has been truly described by Mr. Webster, in the boldest figure that ever fell from the lips of an orator, as "a power to which Rome in the height of her glory was not to be compared. A power which has dotted over the whole surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

In these lawless regions, it gave us a pleasing sense of security to find ourselves so near a representative of that power, beneath whose broad ægis there is protection abroad for the most humble fugitive, from violence and oppression.

We remained at Suez only sufficient time to buy a few provisions, and replenish our exhausted water-skins. The imagination cannot conceive a more dreary scene of desolation than the country around Suez. Not a tree or shrub grows within the town. Outside the walls is a perfectly naked desert of sand, with no sign of vegetable life upon its surface. The inhabitants are supplied with provisions from Cairo and the ports of the Red Sea. For water, they are dependent upon brackish springs about three hours' travel distant. And yet a town has existed upon this spot from the earliest periods. Its position at the head of the Red Sea, the nearest point between the Mediterranean and the great highway to India, has always rendered it an advantageous location for commerce. Upon or near the site of Suez stood the cities, which, under the names of Arsinoe, Cleopatra, and Kolzum, were successively built by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. A few

paces to the north of the town is a high mound of rubbish, and this is the only vestige of these ancient seats of civilisation. Near at hand, we traced for a short distance the parallel banks of the ancient canal, which connected the Red Sea with the Nile. This canal crossed the desert by the Natron Lakes to Bubastis, on the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. It was begun by Sesostris, a. c. 1190. According to Diodorus Siculus, it was a magnificent work, being 170 feet wide, 93 miles long, and deep enough for large vessels. In the year 644 A. D. the Caliph Omar re-opened this canal, and it remained open under his successors for nearly one hundred and twenty years. The drifting sands of the desert have so entirely obliterated all traces of the canal, that it is almost impossible any longer to trace its ancient route.

During the French invasion of Egypt, Bonaparte visited Suez, with the view of restoring its old harbour, and of ascertaining the site and route of the canal. The levels were taken, and an elaborate memoir prepared upon the subject by the engineer Lepere. Had Napoleon remained long enough in Egypt, this great work would have been accomplished. The expense of its construction was estimated at about 15,000,000 francs. The junction of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, by a canal through the Isthmus of Suez to one of the mouths of the Nile, would bring back the commerce between India and Europe to its ancient route along the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf. Alexandria, Venice, and Genoa, would then again rise to something of their former splendour, and the benefits of commerce be more equally distributed than at present. Mehemet Ali is constantly *talking* of making a canal or railroad across the Isthmus, but there is no reason to believe that he will ever put his plans in execution. His finances are in such a disordered state at present, and his resources so much diminished by the loss of Syria and Palestine, that he has no longer any means for the purpose. A few years since he had a survey of the Isthmus for a railroad, and went so far as to import a locomotive and part of the rails. They yet remain in the arsenal at Alexandria. At the time of this survey, the pasha was also *talking* of a railroad from Cairo to Damascus. Egypt, at this period, was inundated with Italian and French refugees, driven from their own countries by the revolutionary troubles of 1830. They were willingly admitted by the pasha into his military and civil service. Their inventive genius suggested to him the foundation of hospitals, and the establishment of quarantines, in which they created for themselves lucrative employments. Surrounded by these military and scientific adventurers, Mehemet Ali was stim-

ulated to the most ambitious views of conquest, and he was so bewildered by the scientific information poured upon his benighted mind, that he entertained and was ready to execute projects which would have alarmed the imagination of Don Quixote himself. He has since seen the folly of most of these schemes, and has dismissed his counsellors.

The introduction of steamers on the Red Sea has much shortened the journey from England to India. Travellers can now leave England every fortnight in a steamer direct for Alexandria, arriving there in about sixteen days. Hence they take the canal to Atfe, on the Nile. There they find a little steamboat to carry them to Cairo, which they reach in three days from Alexandria. The desert is crossed to Suez in three days with camels, or in sixteen hours by light waggons. The steamer departs from Bombay on the arrival of mails from England. The whole journey from England to India has been made, by this route, in thirty-two days. The old passage by the Cape of Good Hope occupied near one-third part of the year. Messrs. J. R. Hill & Co., of Cairo, have obviated all the difficulties of the desert-journey from Cairo to Suez, so that this dreary tract is now travelled over with the same facility as the best road in Europe. They have built in the desert, between these two points, seven *bungalows*, or station-houses, disposed at convenient distances along the line. The centre and principal station consists of a commodious and airy saloon, ladies' ante-room, five bed rooms, and servants' rooms, fitted with every convenience and accommodation. Two of the stations are thus furnished, and are likewise provided with wines and provisions, and one servant and two assistants. The other five stations are only intended for relays for horses. The fare of one person by the carriages, including accommodation, provisions, and one camel load of baggage, is fixed at 30 dollars. By camel the fare is of course much less. Such have been the improvements wherever the tide of English travel has directed its course! The great influx of English travellers into Switzerland, France, and Italy, has led to the establishment in those countries of hotels, where the traveller may find all the comforts and luxuries of his own home. Since the Levant has been added to the "grand tour," commodious hotels have been established at Athens, Constantinople, and all the other principal ports.

Suez contains about 800 inhabitants. In the season of the pilgrimage, great numbers of pilgrims embark hence for Djedda, the sea-port of Mecca. A slight trade is also maintained with the Arabian ports in gums, dates, and coffee. Timber, for the building of vessels, is brought to Suez on camels, by

the desert, from Syria. The shipwrights are mostly Greeks. We observed on the stocks the frame of a steamboat building for the pasha. It was intended for the transport of pilgrims between Djedda and Suez. The boat was of the same form as the singular Arab vessels called *doths*, which navigate the Red Sea, vessels with very long sharp bows, and high sterns. The houses of Suez are of clay and straw brick. For an Arab town, it is not badly built, though it preserves the usual filthy characteristics of such towns. The bazaar, a collection of narrow covered lanes, contained some fifty or sixty small shops, stocked with stuffs for clothing, provisions, arms, ammunition, &c.

A motley crowd of Mogrebins, Greeks, Turks, Bedouins, Copts, and Syrians, thronged its narrow avenues. We found the hotels of Waghorn and Hill'well furnished, and abundantly supplied with English comforts. The great number of passengers at Suez, waiting for the departure of the steamer for India, gave to the place quite an English appearance.

Suez stands upon a point of land which runs out for some distance into the sea. Vessels of deep draught are obliged to anchor five miles below the town, in consequence of a bank of shoals which there crosses the gulf. The sea runs up for several miles inland above Suez. It is here contracted into a narrow arm, at low tide not more than half a mile broad. Upon leaving Suez, we sent the camels around the head of this part of the sea, while we crossed directly over in a boat, and rejoined them about five hours after their departure, upon the opposite shore. In crossing, we could see the bottom of the sea in all parts. High tide as it was, it appeared to be of no great depth. At low tide, the sea is here fordable, as was proved by Dr. Madden, who walked from shore to shore. General Bonaparte also essayed to ford the sea at this point. He had proceeded about half of the way across, when the tide returned with such rapidity as to render it impossible for him any longer to keep his seat in the saddle. A tall stalwart soldier seized him, and placing him on his shoulders, made his way for the shore, sustaining himself as well as possible by holding on to the tail of the guide's horse. Before he reached the shore, the water came up to his armpits. A few minutes more of delay, and the death of one man would have changed the destinies of the world! The whole party escaped in safety, but the horse of Napoleon was drowned. Many years afterwards, Bonaparte, writing from St. Helena, thus alludes to the event. "Taking advantage of the low water, I crossed the Red Sea dry-shod. Returning, I was overtaken by the night, and lost my way in the rising

tide. I was in the most imminent danger, and very nearly perished in the same manner as Pharaoh. Had I done so, the event would have afforded to all the preachers of Christianity a magnificent text against me."

Here, we were satisfied, was the scene of the miraculous passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel. Several places have been assigned as the scene of this event, all of them in the immediate neighbourhood. By some, it is supposed that the Israelites, departing from Memphis, crossed the desert in the direction we had traversed it, and passed over the Red Sea from the mouth of the Wady Tamarik, by which we had debouched upon the sea. Here the sea is more than ten miles wide, and is of great depth. Another hypothesis fixes the passage a few miles further up the gulf, where a bank of shoals at low tide lie uncovered almost from shore to shore. But the weight of evidence bears more strongly in favour of the narrow arm opposite Suez.

It is pretty well ascertained, that the land of Goshen, whence the Israelites departed, occupied the same tract of land as that now known as the province of Esh-Shurkiyeh. This district lies some distance to the north of Cairo, and extends from Abuzabel to the sea, and from the desert to the Tanaitic branch of the Nile. From this land of Goshen, then, the Israelites departed, from some place in the neighbourhood of the ancient Zoan, near the end of Lake Menzaleh. Hence their most direct route would have brought them to the extreme northern end of the Red Sea. Here, where probably lay Etham, their direct way would have lain down the peninsula of Sinai, but, in order to deceive Pharaoh, they were ordered "to turn, and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea." By this manœuvre Pharaoh would believe that they were "entangled in the land." Assuming the head of the sea to have been Etham, this movement must have brought them directly in front of the modern Suez. Here they perceived Pharaoh coming down upon them in pursuit. The Israelites immediately broke up their camp, and made for the edge of the sea. Here "Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground, and the waters were a wall unto them upon the right and left." At certain stages of the tide the sea is fordable at this point, but the passage is dangerous, from the sudden and rapid return of the tide. Now, if we suppose the wind to have blown strong from the north-east for some time before the Israelites at-

tempted the passage, the waters must have undoubtedly been driven out of this shallow arm of the sea, opposite Suez, while the upper part, which is broader and deeper, would retain its waters. Thus the waters would be divided, and serve as a wall or defence. The Israelites seized the favourable moment of the recession of the sea, and passed safely over. A sudden return of the tide and change of wind, when Pharaoh was crossing, brought back the accumulated waters with tremendous force, and "covered the chariots, the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea."

We read Josephus and the Bible on the spot, and on comparing the actual localities with the topography of scripture, we became more and more convinced that this was, beyond doubt, the spot where the deliverance of the children of Israel took place. In no degree was the force of the Divine interposition weakened by this explanation of the passage on natural causes. Divine wisdom conducted the chosen people of God to the sea at this moment. It was the breath of the Almighty that swept the waters from beneath the children of Israel, and which stayed their fury as they foamed on either side. It was the same power that brought back the angry flood, and overwhelmed beneath it the host of Pharaoh. "With the blast of thy nostrils, the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed into the heart of the sea." "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them, they sank as lead into the mighty waters."

On crossing the Red Sea at Suez, we found our camels awaiting us on the opposite shore, where they had arrived after a tedious march of several hours around the head of the sea, to the north of Suez. From the point at which we landed, we had a view of the whole surrounding country. Upon the north, the desert stretched its gloomy expanse of sand as far as the eye could see. A long train of camels winding its way over the waste, was the only object that varied the dismal monotony of the scene. Excepting this little caravan, not a human being was visible outside the walls of Suez. The broken walls and crumbling minarets of the town were in gloomy union with the ruin and desolation around. The lazy click of the hammer from the ship-yard of the distant town, was the only sound of human life that broke the unearthly stillness of the waste. The sea lay calm and motionless, save an occasional swell, as the waters noiselessly rose and fell with the movement of the tide. In the blue depths lay the unburied bones and broken chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts. A framework of lofty mountains enclosed the sea on all sides, except at the gap behind Suez. To the south of us rose a wild range of naked, craggy, and

thunder-riven mountains, presenting a scene of the most awful and desolate grandeur. A burning sky stretched its cloudless azure above, and before us lay a stony waste, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by dreary hills of sand.

We mounted the camels, and turned our face to the south. We were now journeying into the heart of the peninsula of Sinai, and every step we trod was on holy ground. In three hours after starting we reached "Ain Moussa," the "Wells of Moses." Here we found several palm trees, the first we had seen since leaving Cairo. Their thin foliage yielded but a few lines of shadow. Scanty as it was, it was exceedingly grateful to us as a covering against the rays of the sun. We threw ourselves upon the sand beneath them, and slept soundly for an hour, when we were awakened by the Arabs, to resume the journey. Several caravans had collected round the springs, and when we awoke, quite a noisy and animated scene presented itself. In one place was a group of Bedouins seated upon the sand, smoking and chatting; in another was a company of camels, thirsting from a long journey in the desert, struggling for a drink at the fountain. At the fountain, around which we had gathered, some Arab women were replenishing the exhausted water-skins. All around was confusion and noise. The restive camels were groaning at the dilatoriness of the Arabs in unpacking the burdens on their backs—the fires were being lighted, and the tents pitched. The whole encampment seemed to be engaged in some affair or other but the Bedouin conductors of the caravan, who were lazily smoking on their hams, or prostrated at full length on the earth in sound slumber. The caravan was composed of a company of merchants travelling from or to Cairo, with dates and Arabian products. Every person but the women was armed. We exchanged the usual *Salem Alekums*, "Peace be with you," with the masters of the caravan; but as they answered us in inhospitable monosyllables, we did not maintain much intercourse with them. The "Wells of Moses," so called from the earliest period, are not mentioned in the Pentateuch, but have been thus designated by the Arabs, who attach the name of Moses to every remarkable place in the peninsula of Sinai. They consisted of seven fountains of water, slightly brackish, with a thin grove of stunted palms scattered among them, and a small patch of tillable earth, planted with barley. The Venetians, in the time that they navigated the Arabian gulf, built an aqueduct from these fountains to the sea shore, where vessels were supplied with water. Napoleon made a hurried visit to this spot from Suez. He received here deputations from the tribes of the peninsula and the monks of the convent.

To the former he promised encouragement in their traffic, and immunity from tyrannical exaction; to the latter he gave protection and pecuniary aid. His name still lingers among the Bedouins of Sinai, who speak of him as the "Sooltan Kebeer," the great King. This is something like fame, to have one's name preserved in the traditional annals of the wandering Arab!

We resumed our journey late in the afternoon. At dark we halted for the night, and pitched our tents among the sand-hills. The next day we continued our journey over a dead, flat plain of sand. The day was very warm, notwithstanding, we were but a quarter of a league from the sea. By this time I had become so accustomed to dromedary-riding, that I was enabled to keep my seat without any difficulty, and to ride with such facility as to both write and read as we went along. There is an uniformity in the movement of the dromedary which requires some study at first to learn; but when once discovered, it is very easy to adapt oneself to it. I occasionally fed my dromedary, and indulged him in his eccentric whims, so that we became such good friends, that he finally surrendered himself to my discretion, and gave me per command over him. He would kneel and rise at a sign, and leave the ranks of the caravan to meet me when I returned from a morning's stroll. Our custom, on rising in the morning, after taking a cup of coffee, was to walk on ahead of the caravan for several hours, leaving the servants to strike the tents and pack the camels. I would sometimes drop behind my companions, to enjoy the silence and gloom of the desert. Ascending some lonely hill which embraced a broad scope of view, I would sit down to contemplate the scene. The desert looked like a sandy ocean, as it rolled its undulating waves of sand before the eye. The sand-hills appeared like huge billows, tossed up by some internal commotion, and the dark wadis, or valleys, that run between them, resembled the cavernous track that an ocean wave leaves behind when it is shot into mid air by the angry wind. Sometimes a gazelle might be seen flying beneath the distant horizon, or the howl of a prowling hyena be heard in pursuit of prey. These, however, were but rare sights or sounds, and for the most part nothing of animal life was to be seen or heard on the waste. When the wind had fallen, the most profound silence reigned upon the desert—a silence which, combined with the utter barrenness of the earth, produced a most desolate sublimity. The terrific desolation of the scene produced a melancholy grandeur that elevated the mind, and led it to the loftiest contemplations. There was nothing of human littleness or human life to distract the thoughts

with the ideas of every-day life—but the soul expanded itself, like the remote horizon that bounded the desert, and stretched into contemplations of eternity and infinity. The very absence of interesting objects in nature drove the mind back upon itself, and, while it excited a vague and dreamy train of reflection, stimulated it to the deepest thought. Here I could feel that the life of the anchorite was not that dreary and senseless existence that we are apt to imagine. I saw that the very absence of human society quickened the operations of the mind by forcing it from the contemplation of external nature to communion with itself. The thoughts are purified and elevated by being shut out from the grosser things of earth, and forced into sublime reflections on heaven and eternity; and the passions, unexcited by the baseness or vices of the world, sink into quiet subjection to the calm sway of reason. While the solitary dweller of the desert wants the sterner virtues of a life combined in the strifes of the world, he presents at the same time a subdued and self-governed character, that is a better model for imitation than the stormy and agitated career of the iron-beated heroes, who stamp their names for eternity upon the memory of mankind, by the very atrocity of their actions. Here I could not but the thoughts of a distant home recalled the imagination to the social pleasures of the fireside, I might have been led to even to with the poet—

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her!"

On the third day we set off, as usual, with the rising of the sun. We passed out of the barren and monotonous plain of El Ahtha, over which we had been travelling most of the preceding day, and, through Wady Warden, entered upon a country agreeably diversified with hills and valleys. At noon we halted in Wady Amara, spread a mat beneath the shade of some palm bushes, and made our breakfast *al fresco*. The well of Howarah was alongside of us. This is the bitter spring mentioned in the journey of the Israelites down this peninsula. "And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah." On tasting the water, we found it offensively brackish. Some of the camels drank of it, but all of them sparingly. My dromedary, who had not drank for six days, only took a few mouthfuls, seemingly to replenish a few exhausted reservoirs. The Israelites arrived here, on the third day after the passage of the Red Sea, which tends to

confirm the belief that they crossed it to Suez, as this spring is about that distance in point of time from Suez. We made the journey in two days and a half. The water of Amarah still maintains its odious reputation, for it is pronounced by the Arabs to be bitter, and the worst water in those deserts. Moses sweetened it with a shrub, or tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet. Burckhardt supposes that the water was rendered potable by mingling with it the juice of the berries of the tree Ghurkund, which grows abundantly in the neighbouring valley of Gharrundel.

An hour before sunset of this day we passed in sight of the place where the Arab tradition fixes the miraculous passage of the Red Sea. The sheik, taking me aside, led me to the top of an eminence, whence he pointed out a lofty mountain, at the foot of which he assured me Moses landed after the passage of the Red Sea. Here are some hot baths, called by the Arabs "Hummam Pharaon"—baths of Pharaoh. The sea at this point is over ten miles in width, and affords a channel deep enough for vessels of the largest class. There never could have been a ford here, as it would be impossible to ford a sea of such width, and near eighty miles from its head. Sheik Twaylibb skillfully combated all my arguments against placing the site of the passage at this place. He pointed out the opening of the mountain on the opposite shore from which the children of Israel issued upon the sea—traced their flight along the ravine of foaming waters, indicated the very spot where Moses set foot upon *terra firma*, showed me where Pharaoh and his hosts launched into the deep in the pursuit of Moses and his people, and triumphantly concluded with a reference to the mid-channel of the sea, where the waters closed over the Egyptians, and buried king and people in their depths! I flattered the old sheik by withdrawing my positions, and yielding a seeming assent to his opinions. Indeed, the very antiquity of the tradition makes it venerable, and is calculated to elicit respect, if not conviction. The sheik surprised me with his familiarity with scriptural history. I was somewhat at a loss to account for it, knowing as I did, that the Bedouins are unable to read, and that they gather all their information from tradition and the lips of the passing traveller. The Bedouins of the peninsula of Sinai know no other history than that of Moses and the wanderings of the Israelites in this desert. There they have wandered for uncounted generations, in a region which the pilgrimages of the people of every religion on earth have taught them to regard as sacred. Their attention has thus been di-

rected to the history of the events which have consecrated these deserts. From the monks of the convent at Mount Sinai, from tradition, or their oral knowledge of the Koran, they have become well acquainted with the history of Moses and his people. There is not a spot in this desert, which modern travellers have fixed upon as scenes in the Israelitish history, but has been venerated and consecrated from the most remote eras, in the minds of the children of the desert.

On the fourth day from leaving Suez, our route lay among stony hills. We here lost the refreshing sight of the sea, and were encompassed on all sides by a mountainous desert. In the narrow valleys the sun burnt with a consuming heat. The mountains presented a most savage aspect, rising in rough and precipitous cliffs, without a single shrub upon their sides. We surprised a flock of half-starved crows, and some wild pigeons in the bottom of a valley, feeding upon the barley which some travellers had dropped. After a long and toilsome journey, in which we tore our shoes to tatters among the rocks, and blistered our faces with the heat of the sun, we encamped an hour after sunset in Wady Hammar. The next day, Sheik Twaylibb intimated that we were in the vicinity of the Jebel Mokatteb, (the Written Mountain,) and that he would conduct us thither. We should have passed this singular mountain, had it not been for the voluntary offer of the sheik to conduct us to it. He manifested the same zeal to acquaint us with all the other curiosities on the route. Nothing could exceed the patient care he took of our persons and effects. He was always the first to dismount and assist us in raising the tents, and the last to retire for the night. Notwithstanding that he was nearly three score and ten, he declined the proffered shelter of our tents, and invariably slept in the open air, wrapped up in his *abba*. During the day, his eye was constantly on us, watching all our movements. Mr. Bretell and Dr. Spence, who were excellent Arabic scholars, held the old sheik in constant conversation touching the route. He patiently answered their minutest inquiries, and was kind enough to allow me to catechise him for words to complete my Arabic vocabulary. The whole party of our Arabs were trustworthy and faithful. We felt the most perfect security among them, and had it been necessary, I am sure they would have shed their blood in our behalf. We conciliated them by kind treatment—treating them rather as companions than inferiors. They responded to our good feeling. Our friendly intercourse was also the better maintained from our ability to converse with them in their own tongue.

We left the caravan to pursue the more direct route, while

we turned off into Wady Suwak, to see the Jebel Malakstab. This wady was a long and beautiful valley, hemmed in on both sides by lofty mountains. Clumps of acacia trees, among which was the thorny acacia from which the gum arabic is extracted, were scattered over the bottom of the valley. Numerous tufts of wild grass, and a thin growth of bushes growing about the valley, with the bright green foliage of the acacias, gave to it all the charms of a sylvan solitude. A few Bedouin tents were scattered along the foot of the mountain; goats were browsing on the mountain sides, and bounding from rock to rock, chased by Bedouin children, equally wild and nimble of foot. A wandering pack of gazelles crossed the valley, within gunshot. We were too much interested in watching their light and graceful movements, as they skimmed across the sands, and over the rocks, to think of firing upon them. Our route, for several hours, lay through this beautiful valley, which only wanted a tumbling cascade to complete its picturesque charms. It is a wild, secluded, pastoral solitude, visited only by the Bedouins and their flocks. The valley of Rasselas was not more isolated from the world.

We passed out of Wady Suwak into an elevated plain, from which rises the mountain of Surabit-el-Khadim. We halted under the shadow of the mountain, in a cool cavern near its base. Here we found some cool and fresh water, which, after the rancid water we had been drinking for some time, was exceedingly grateful to our fevered and parched throats. We made a frugal breakfast of biscuits, eggs, and water, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, to see the singular monuments on its summit. We clambered along precipices, over rocks, and by the edge of deep ravines, until we were nearly exhausted. After an hour's climbing we reached the summit. Here we found what was apparently the ruins of an Egyptian temple, the only relics of Egyptian architecture existing in the Arabian deserts. The appearance of these ruins on the summit of this dreary and desolate mountain, was exceedingly singular. They consist of fourteen stones, from five to eight feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, and rounded at the top precisely like a modern grave-stone. They are disposed over an area of about two hundred feet in length. The building, or temple, at the head of the area, is approached by a narrow avenue, six feet wide, with a portico at each end. In this avenue we saw several fallen columns, with the head of Isis, as at Philæ, but of very small dimensions. The temple was not of such larger dimensions than an ordinary chamber; before it stood an insignificant propylon. I crawled into the only chamber of the temple, which was so low as to oblige me to stoop.

The walls appear to have been painted, as we distinctly traced a few lines of colour, and some hieroglyphics. The whole edifice was badly constructed. It belongs either to the infancy of Egyptian architecture, or to its latest eras, when its former grandeur could no longer be sustained.

The appearance of the rounded stones, standing upright and isolated, gives to the whole the character of a cemetery. What was the object of these monuments in this desolate and uninhabitable region, it is impossible to ascertain. Laborde supposes that this was a cemetery of the Egyptians who were engaged in working the copper mines in the Wady Magara. Others suppose that here was a temple, to which pilgrimages were made from Egypt—an Egyptian Mecca. The fact of Moses demanding permission for the Israelites to go three days into the desert to sacrifice, is thought by some travellers to have had a reference to the mysterious monuments of Surabit-el-Khadim. These ruins were discovered by Niehbur, in 1761, since which time they have been visited by many travellers.

Whatever may have been their origin, nothing can be more curious and imposing than those ruins, clustered together on the peak of a lofty mountain, in the midst of an almost inaccessible range, where it is impossible to support human life by the productions of the earth. They lie out of the track of the great central avenues along which the trade of the peninsula flows. The surrounding mountains are entirely naked and barren, and the prospect embraces nothing but a dark and gloomy wilderness of rock. Here, however, man had once worshipped, or paid the funeral rites to his fellow-man. We stood for a long time contemplating this desolate scene, and conjecturing as to the purpose of these ancient monuments of man's former presence in these almost inaccessible mountain solitudes. Crossing the summit, we descended into the plain by a deep ravine, which runs into the heart of the mountain. The descent was extremely difficult. In several places we were obliged to let ourselves down a precipitous wall of rock, on to narrow ledges, with a precipice of five hundred feet yawning beneath. The old sheik got bewildered among the crags, and it was a long time before we could find out where he was. We at length discovered him upon an isolated crag, with precipices frowning above and yawning beneath him. There he stood, fearing to move, lest he should precipitate himself into the abyss beneath. We clambered on the rocks above, and lowered down to him a rope-ladder, up which he climbed at the risk of his life, but with a firm and cautious step, that evinced great coolness and

self-possession. We reached the foot of the mountain without further trouble. We mounted the camels, and proceeded up the head of the valley, until we crossed over a rocky barrier, which separated it from the Wady Khumileh. An hour more of travel brought us to our tents, pitched in the bottom of this valley. Our servants greeted us with a bountiful dinner. They had bought a lamb of some Bedouins on the route, and had contrived to cook up quite a plausible Irish stew, which was very acceptable after the fatigues and meagre fare of the day.

The next day we continued our journey through a succession of wadys. We passed numerous rocks with Sinaitic inscriptions. A large isolated block, which had fallen into the plain from the mountain, was covered with these singular inscriptions. No affinity can be traced between these inscriptions and the characters of any known language. They are very ancient, having been observed in this desert from the third century of the Christian era. An ingenious scholar has suggested that they may be the characters which were used by the children of Israel before they emerged from the deserts of Sinai. The frequent recurrence of the same characters in these inscriptions proves them to belong to the same alphabet. It is an alphabet that has long since perished. They may, however, be the carvings of the early Christian pilgrims to Mount Sinai. The deserts of Mount Sinai contains vast numbers of them. On a little plain between Wady-es-Seih and the head of Wady Khumileh, we came to a lone Bedouin burying-ground. It consisted of some fifty or sixty graves, covered with heaps of stones rudely piled together. The Bedouins kept mumbling prayers as long as they remained in sight of this rude cemetery. Hither are brought the dead of the tribes that wander in this vicinity. Nothing can be more solemn than this humble cemetery, afar from the sites of human habitation, in this lonely and savage spot, surrounded by mountains which seem to enclose it from view.

Passing the valley of Ibu Sukr, we came to a wall stretched across a narrow part of the Wady Burk. This wall was thrown up by the Bedouins as a defence against the troops of the pasha, who were sent to chastise them for an act of plunder. The cause of the quarrel, as related by Twaylibb was the infraction by the merchants of the monopoly which the Tawarah had always enjoyed, of carrying goods between Cairo and Suez. This monopoly was broken up by the merchants, who employed the Maazeh and Haweitah to carry in revenge for this invasion of their privileges, the plundered a richly-laden caravan, between Cairo

at Suez. The pasha demanded satisfaction for the robbery, but the Bedouins had no other answer to send back to his highness, than the laconic one of "We were hungry, and we have eaten." Mehemet Ali responded by sending a force of three thousand men against them. The Bedouins hastily threw up this wall, and hastened to defend themselves in the best possible manner. The troops, by a dexterous manœuvre, avoided the valley, and climbing along the tops of the mountains, came down upon the Bedouins in the rear, and after a sharp contest, succeeded in putting them to flight. The quarrel was subsequently compounded with the pasha, and both parties have since been ^{the} on best of terms.

CHAPTER XXII.

Tents of the Sheik.—Bedouin customs and mode of life.—Arrival at Mount Sinai.—the convent of St. Catherine.—The superior.—Interior of convent.—The monks.—The Burning Bush.—Ascent of Mount Sinai.—Storm on the mountain.—Rock of Moses.—Departure from the convent for Akaba.—The journey.—Desert of Mount Sinai.

IN the afternoon of the seventh day we left the main road, or the great line of valleys that conduct through the peninsula to Mount Sinai, and, turning to the east, entered into a broad valley, walled up on all sides by mountains of sand. Here we found the tents of the sheik, twenty in number, disposed in a straight line along the foot of the mountain. The sheik, who had been absent some time, was warmly received by his people. We were led into his tent, having broken bread and salt with some of the elders of the tribe, we were pronounced their sworn friends, whom they were bound to protect with their lives; coffee and pipes were then brought, and the sheik retired. In a few minutes he returned, and presented each of us with a skin of Mount Sinai dates, the choicest of all Arabia—the most acceptable gift he could have bestowed on us, in the then impoverished condition of our stores. The tent in which we were reposing was the common Bedouin tent, of goat's hair cloth, stretched over three rows of poles, strongly

secured by cords, attached to stakes driven deep into the earth. A piece of cloth running down the middle of the tent divided it into two parts, one apartment being for the women, the other for the men. A small sedjeddah, or prayer carpet, with a few cooking utensils, such as a mortar for grinding corn, a copper pan, a coffee pot, a few wooden bowls, and some water skins, constituted all the furniture. We filled the pipes of our Arab guests with Lattakie tobacco, and in a few moments we were on the best of terms. They became very communicative, and gave us all the information we desired touching the sacred territory we were traversing, interspersed with the usual proportion of Bedouin exaggeration and fancy. At night, the Bedouin boys and girls brought down the sheep and goats which they had been tending during the day in the mountains, as wild, frolicsome, gay, and pretty little shepherds as ever skimmed the mountain or the plain. The flocks were gathered around the tents, and the dogs took up their posts for the night on the outside, and in the midst of them. An hour after dark, the fires in the tents had all gone out, and no sound was heard but the heavy breathing of the flock that lay before us, and the occasional tread of their canine guardians, as they paced in anxious steps to and fro.

Early the next morning we were again on the march, having first visited the several tents, and left some little gift behind us. The sun's rays have hardly fallen upon the valley, yet even at this early period of the day the camp was aroused from its slumbers, and the Bedouin children were toiling up the mountain sides with their flocks. The life of the Bedouins is austere and temperate beyond that of any other people. Their principal food is flour, rice, or dates, and the milk of the goat or camel. Coffee with the Bedouin, as the Turk, is an indispensable beverage. The water they use is rancid or fetid, and is hardly potable, except when they are in the neighbourhood of the perennial springs of Mount Sinai. In the desert, between Mount Sinai and Cairo, there is no pure and fresh water. The habits of the Bedouins are as simple as their diet. Their life is passed in the care of their flocks, and in migration from desert to desert, as necessity or the desire of traffic influence them. Their wealth consists in their flocks; as in the days of Abraham, they brook no master, and from that time to this, they have never been subdued, and know no other superior than the Lord of the Universe, and the elements, which are his slaves.

We had a long and toilsome journey among tortuous wadis and mountains. Many of the mountains were of beautiful porphyry and granite. Occasionally they were streaked

veins of porphyry, projecting above the granite, and running in narrow mural ridges over the crests and down the sides of the mountains, as far as the eye could see. Late in the afternoon we arrived on the plain of El-Raha, near the base of the northernmost projection of Mount Sinai, the scene of the encampment of the children of Israel. The mountain here rises bluff and precipitous from the plain, at once realising the description of scripture with the plain, and the close proximity of the people to the sacred mount. A steep and precipitous pass, strewed with rocks that had fallen from the precipices which impended over us, led up into the mountains. The savage grandeur of this narrow pass, surrounded by naked walls of rock, and running along the edge of deep precipices, formed a fitting introduction to the dark and gloomy sublimity of the sacred scenes that we were approaching. The camels with great difficulty climbed this dangerous road. Another descent and ascent at last brought us to the elevated gorge in which stands the convent of Mount Sinai. Since leaving Cairo, which had now been nearly two weeks, we had seen nothing but a few stunted palms and dwarfish acacias. What was our surprise, when, on rising from a deep hollow, we came in sight of the convent, and beheld its garden of almond and fig-trees, covered with pink and white blossoms, through the midst of which were seen some green cypresses, shooting up their pointed tops. The effect of this rich cloud of blossoms, and these beautiful hues of vegetation, in the midst of such a barren and dreary waste, was refreshing both to the eye and the sense. The approach of our caravan had been observed at some distance by the vigilant warden of the convent, and on reaching the walls of the convent, we found the monks awaiting our coming at a window, some thirty feet from the ground. A rope was immediately lowered, and we were requested to send up our letters of introduction, every traveller being expected to bring one from the Greek convent at Cairo,—a precaution which I had neglected, but which Mr. Bretel had supplied, by having had us all included in the same letter. The letters being satisfactory proof of our admissibility, the rope was again lowered, and we were hoisted up one by one. Upon entering the convent we were cordially embraced by the holy fathers, and saluted with the appellation of "Hadji-Pilgrim." Thence we were conducted to the rooms appropriated to strangers—neat little chambers, spread with Turkey carpets, and surrounded by divans raised a foot above the floor. We threw ourselves at full length upon these soft couches, and slept soundly after the fatigues of the day, till we were aroused by one of the monks who con-

ducted us to another chamber, in which we found a nice meal of rice, eggs, olives, and dates, awaiting our coming. A small bottle of araki, (rum,) made from dates, was placed alongside of our plates. This is a favourite beverage of the monks, but we found it too pungent and strong to allow us to drink more than a small wine-glass full. The bread of the convent, made by the monks, is of a dark and coarse grain, but it is very acceptable to the desert traveller, who has been living for weeks upon sea-biscuit. The table was covered with a white cloth, and garnished with the usual array of civilized implements. After having, for so long a time, made our repasts, reclining at full length upon the sands of the desert, and eating, *à la Turque*, with our fingers, we felt a little awkward at this sudden resumption of our former civilized customs.

After dinner, the superior, who had first greeted us upon entering the convent, made us a formal visit. He was a Candiote Greek—a stout, tall, and venerable old man, with rather heavy features, dignified by a long beard of silver gray, which much increased the gravity of his sacerdotal appearance. He spoke fluently in modern Greek, but appeared to understand very little of Arabic. He had been in the convent about two years, and was not, therefore, the superior who manifested to Mr. Steyens so much enthusiasm of feeling for the exertions of America in behalf of his country, when she was struggling for liberty against her Ottoman oppressors. He was, on the contrary, a heavy and stupid person, and though we tried to elicit from him some interest in the fate of Greece, he evinced the most stolid indifference on the subject. He was, however, kind and hospitable, and promised on the morrow to conduct us round the convent.

Early the next morning, after breakfast, the superior called at our chambers, and showed us through the various apartments of the convent. From the high parapet, which runs around the walls on the west side, we had a view of the situation of the convent. It is built in the narrow valley, which separates Mount Sinai from the opposite mountain. On the west side, the convent almost touches the base of Mount Sinai, and, on the east, there is a space of only thirty paces between the walls and the mountain. The building is of a quadrangular form, surrounded by high walls, with parapets, and embrasures on the top for cannon. A small swivel was the only mounted gun on the ramparts. The monks have an arsenal of arms, but the good-will that now exists between them and the Bedouins no longer renders it so necessary, as in the time of their former feuds, when no monk could ven-

told out of the convent but at the risk of his life. The great gate of the convent is walled up, and is opened only for the admission of the archbishop, when it remains open for six months, during which time, according to the law of the convent, the Arabs have full liberty to enter it, and eat and drink at will. As the visit of an archbishop is, on this account, very expensive to the convent, it rarely takes place. The last archbishop who lived in the convent was Kyrillos, who died at Mount Sinai, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The three clans of the Tawarah Bedouins, the Dhuheiry, Awatimeh, and Aleikat, who are the Ghafirs, or protectors of the convent, are entitled to a distribution of bread whenever they visit the convent. They formerly received money and a dish of cooked meat, but the poverty of the monastery has obliged the monks to restrict their donations to the distribution of bread. They are also entitled to a portion of bread whenever they visit the branch convent at Cairo. These Arabs enjoy the privilege of conducting travellers to and from the monastery, and of transporting the provisions, which are sent from Tor to the Red Sea, and from Cairo, for its support. Besides the Ghafirs, there is a tribe of serfs belonging to the convent, who, at any time, are entitled to receive bread from it. These serfs are the descendants of a colony of Egyptian and Wallachians, whom the Emperor Justinian sent here for its protection, when he built the convent. They were originally Christians, but have gradually become fused among the other Arabs, and have adopted the Mahomedan faith. In colour and features they resemble the Bedouins, but are held in great contempt by them from their vassalage to the convent, and are called Fellahs. They are the guides to the sacred localities around Mount Sinai, and they cultivate the date gardens which belong to the convent in the neighbouring valleys. Some of them act as servants to the monks, and assist them in tilling the garden. Those of Mount Sinai are extremely poor, and chiefly depend for support upon the bounty of the monks.

The interior of the convent is divided off into eight or ten small courts, surrounded by chambers, with wooden balustrades, irregularly built on an uneven slope, and communicating with each other by corridors and passages. There is room for several hundred monks. The convent formerly contained from one to three hundred monks, but the number was now dwindled to twenty. There are workshops for trades most necessary to the uses of the monks; among others, we noticed the shops of a tailor, a shoe-maker, a smith, a mason, a distiller, a cook, and a carpenter. Two Syrian masons were

assisting the monks in rebuilding a portion of the eastern wall. They complained of the want of skill of their monkish labourers, and restricted them to the drudgery of the work; the only crafts that seemed to be in any degree understood, when we were at the convent, were those of the shoemaker, the carpenter, and the distiller. Some of the courts contain wells of delicious water. Near to the great chapel, the superior directed our attention to one which is called the Well of Moses, from a tradition, that it is the well at which Moses watered the flocks of Jethro. A few arbours, covered with vines, screen the courts from the scorching heat of the summer sun. The great number of deserted chambers, and the few tenants that now dwell within the convent, give to it quite a deserted and melancholy appearance, to which the continued silence that reigns within the walls, unbroken but by the *rappel* that calls the holy brethren to prayers, contributes not a little to produce an impression in consonance with the sacred character of the place.

The church stands at the southern end of the convent. It was built, like the rest of the convent, by Justinian, and is one of the most elegant of the Greek churches in the east. The roof is supported by rows of massive granite columns, and the alcove over the altar is richly ornamented with mosaic work, in which is a portrait of Justinian and his wife Theodore. Numerous silver lamps, among others one from the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, are suspended from the ceiling, and the walls are decorated with portraits of the Madonna and child, covered, like all Greek paintings, with a profusion of gilding. The pavement is laid with various coloured marble. At the southern extremity of the church, behind the great altar, we were shown the chapel which covers the spot where our Lord is said to have appeared to Moses in the burning bush. Here, as Moses put off his shoes in approaching it, so we were directed by the monks to do the same. The site of the burning bush is covered with a plate of silver, and near at hand is shown a shrub, which is said to be a lineal descendant of the sacred bush. It was impossible not to feel a sense of religious awe, upon approaching so sacred a spot, however doubtful may be the locality, or superstitious the worship, which now desecrates it. The very fact that, for more than a thousand years, it has been consecrated and set apart as the holiest of holies, in this region where God revealed to man the laws which were to govern him, and the duties imposed on him of reverence and worship for the Author of his existence; was sufficient to give to it a certainty and sapidity of character, that removed from our minds all doubt; and left the imagination

freely to indulge in musings, consonant to the scene. The superior prostrated himself in prayer before the sacred shrine; a strain of solemn music burst from the choir, and wrought up our feelings to such a degree, that, when we recovered our senses, we found ourselves, overcome by the scene, kneeling with the superior before the spot where the patriarch of Israel had communed with the Deity.

In the chapel behind the choir is a sarcophagus, said to contain the bones of St. Catherine, the patron saint of the convent, which were transported from Mount Catharine by angels. The Sarcophagus is covered with a silver lid. It contains a skull, and a hand, and other ghastly relics, which we had no desire to see. Close to this church stands a Mahomedan mosque, built here in the sixteenth century, to save the convent from destruction by Sultan Selim, who threatened to avenge upon it the loss of a favourite who died at Mount Sinaï. This ingenious device appeased the anger of the impious infidel. Besides the great church, there are several chapels appropriated to the Copts, Syrians, Armenians, and other Christian sects. They have all fallen into decay, as but few pilgrims of any persuasion but the Greek church now visit the convent. From the church, the superior conducted us to the library, a small apartment, containing several cases of books, in all about sixteen hundred. The library is rarely visited by the monks, who are extremely illiterate, and know nothing of general knowledge, but what is gathered in their peregrinations from convent to convent, and from the Frank travellers they meet. We found no books of any value, the whole collection consisting of Arabic manuscripts and Greek books, relating to the various saints who figure in the calendar of the church. Mr. Wolf, the Jewish Missionary, had recently presented the convent with the Foreign Bible Society's edition of the scriptures; these were all the modern books that we saw in the collection.

In another quarter we were shown the room appropriated to the use of the archbishop; which is paved with marble, the walls hung with paintings, and furnished with much taste and elegance. Here is preserved a manuscript of the four gospels, elegantly written on parchment, in letters of gold, and ornamented with coloured portraits of the apostles, which is said to have been presented to the convent by the Emperor Theodosius, who flourished in the eighth century. We occupied the first day in examining the interior of the convent. We dined in the refectory with the holy fathers. As it was Lent, the repast was of a rather *maigre* character, consisting of vegetable soup, olives, and par-boiled beans. The fare of

the monks is never much better; they are altogether intemperate in the use of flesh, and according to Buckhardt, "in their great fast they not only abstain from butter, and every kind of animal food and fish, but also from oil, and live four days in the week on bread and boiled vegetables, of which one small dish is all their dinner." The mode of life, practised by the monks five centuries ago, as described by a contemporary writer, is nearly the same at the present day. "They follow very strict rules; live chaste and modestly; are obedient to their archbishop and prelates; drink not wine, but on high festivals; never eat flesh; but live on herbs, peas, beans, and lentils, which they prepare with water, salt, and vinegar; eat together in a refectory without a table-cloth; perform their offices in the church with great devotion day and night; and are very diligent in all things; so that they fall little short of the rules of St. Anthony." The air of the convent is remarkably pure and invigorating; this, conjoined with temperate habits, preserves the health and faculties of those monks who pass their lives here to a very advanced age; several of the monks were upwards of eighty years old.

We had requested, in the morning, to be shown the cave where the bones of the monks and hermits, who have died at Sinai, are preserved. But the superior declined acceding to our request until the afternoon, when he directed one of the priests, Father Demetri, to conduct us to it. It is a large excavation, near the middle of the garden, and, in the interior, is divided into two vaults, one of the vaults containing the bones of the priests, the other those of the lay brethren of the convent. After death the bodies are placed on iron grates, where they remain until the flesh has fallen from their bones, and nothing is left but the skeleton frame. The skeleton is then taken apart, and the bones of the different members are piled in separate heaps, the arms, legs, &c. being all placed in distinct heaps. The bones of the priests and nymen are deposited in separate vaults. The skeletons of the archbishops are enclosed in wooden boxes. At the bottom of the cave, an immense heap of skulls were piled up in regular order against the wall, forming a collection of some ten or twenty thousand, presenting a most ghastly array of grinning jaws, and eyeless sockets. The skeletons of two hermits were indicated to us, who had passed their lives upon Mount Sinai, wearing each a coat of mail, and manacles about their legs, by which, fastened to each other, they wandered about till they died. Of all the charnel-houses that I have ever seen, this was the most revolting; the regular order in which the different members of the frame were piled together, gave but little idea of

the majesty or dignity of the form of man when clad in its fleshy coat, and endowed with life and action; it was hard to realise that the vacant skulls and lustreless sockets before us ever gleamed with the flash of wit, or the fire of intellect. This indeed is a chamber of death, where he sits throned among the emblems of mortality, and the wrecks of life, and rejoices in the degradation of our species—a perpetual *memento mori*, of the most impressive kind, to the solitary dwellers of the convent, who here come to see a sad illustration of the *omnia vanitas*, of life. The thoughts could not but revert to the soul that had once dwelt in the bony casements around us, and which had burst from the decaying frame, in which it was imprisoned, to the great fountain of immortality from which it had at first escaped. What is the life of man compared with eternity, and the human intellect from the omniscience of the Deity!

On the second day, we ascended the summit of Mount Sinai. Crossing the sloping ground to the east of the convent, we reached the foot of Mount Horeb, the foundation from which Mount Sinai springs. We continued to ascend it by a winding stairway of stones, which the monks have laid along the ravine that leads up between the perpendicular walls of the mountain towards the summit. On our way through this ravine we passed two arched gateways, at which the monks, in former times, were accustomed to confess the pilgrims before they were ushered into the presence of the sacred mount. We stopped on the way to slake our thirst at a cool spring of water, which gushed out of the rocks, and trickled down the sides of the mountain. From beneath the late gateway, we entered upon a wide platform, surrounded by mountains, except on the east side, whence a ravine opened into the Wady el Leja, on the east side of Sinai. A solitary cypress stands like a sentinel in the midst, overshadowing a well of water at its base, where the weary pilgrim was wont to repose. The ruined chapel of Elijah stands a little to the west of the cypress. In it the monks showed us a cave, in which Elijah is said to have dwelt, when he was fed by the ravens. We were greatly fatigued by the ascent of Horeb, which was by far the most painful mountain climbing that I had ever met with, though I had scaled the most precipitous mountains in Switzerland and Grèce. From Horeb, we ascended the almost precipitous sides of Sinai, the monks stopping on the way, to to show us the print of the camel's foot that bore Mahomet in his flight to Sinai. In one hour we reached the summit of Mount Sinai, having occupied more than three hours in the ascent from the convent. A Christian chapel and a Mahomedan

mosque divide the summit between them. Beneath the top of the mountain is a cavity, where Moses is said to have hid himself from the effulgent presence of the Almighty, when the heavens opened, and the voice of God was heard speaking from their midst. We opened the ten commandments, and read them upon the very spot where they had been handed down to the lawgiver of Israel. The voice of my companion reading the Scriptures was the only sound that disturbed the unearthly stillness that dwelt upon this lofty peak. Around us, the *mosiks* were kneeling in prayer, and uttering, with unwonted feeling, the *Kyrie Eleison*, God be praised. The Bedouins, awed by the solemnity of the scene, and the traditional sanctity of the place, leaned in silence upon their guns, and remained fixed and motionless as statues. The thick clouds which lowered over us, as we made our way up the mountain, now gathered over our heads, and the rain began to fall in torrents. We took shelter in the chapel. The lightning flashed in vivid sheets around us, and the thunder broke in crashing peals among the mountains, filling them with one incessant roar of heaven's artillery. The mountain seemed to shake with the strife of the elements that were battling around its summit, while the roar of the thunder, the flash of the lightning, and the darkness that hung like a pall upon the mountain, made up a scene of the most terrific sublimity I had ever witnessed—a scene which aided our conceptions of that awful moment, when the Almighty, robed in the majesty of heaven, had descended upon this sacred spot, to hold communion with his chosen servant, and to deliver to him the immutable laws and principles that govern and maintain the existence of human society.

The storm lasted nearly an hour. The clouds finally rolled up like a scroll, and drifted off to the north, leaving a stainless expanse of blue sky, and a brilliant sunlight, that revealed to us a most remarkable panorama of mountain scenery. On the opposite side of a deep ravine, to the west, rose the peak of St. Catherine, lifting its head far above Sinai. To the south we had a glimpse of the Gulf of Akaba, and the sandy deserts that lie along it. Upon all other sides, nothing was to be seen but the ragged peaks, furrowed sides, and broken cliffs of the mountains, that were tossed about in such a grotesque and singular manner, as to answer precisely to the description of Sir Frederick Henniker, of the scenery from this spot:—"It would seem as if Arabia Petrea had once been an ocean of lava, and that while its waves were running literally mountains high, it was commanded suddenly to stand still." We descended from the summit of Sinai to the plain on which

stands the chapel of Elijah. Thence we descended by a steep declivity into the Wady el Leja, between Mount Sinai and Mount Catherine. We continued along this valley till we came to the deserted convent of the El-Erbæen (the Forty), so called from the forty monks who formerly inhabited it, and who were murdered by the Bedouins. A plantation of olive trees extends for some distance above and below this convent. A garden of fruit trees is attached to it, the apricots of which were in full blossom; a stream of water ran bubbling through it, and contributed to its cool and refreshing appearance. The mountains rise several hundred feet above the convent, on both sides of the valley, and are perfectly naked and bare of vegetation, presenting nothing but walls of bleak and sombre rock. Beyond the convent, we came to the rock from which Moses is said to have caused water to gush forth. This rock, which appears to have fallen down from the mountains, lies near the middle of the valley. It is of red granite, and upon its face are some ten or twelve crevices, through which water is said to have flowed, when Moses smote the rock with his rod. The crevices have every appearance of being artificial, and in all probability owe their origin to the ingenuity of the monks. We proceeded along the valley for some distance farther, passing many Sinaitic inscriptions on the rock, such as we had observed near the Jebel Mokatteb, until we turned around Mount Horeb, where we were stopped by the monks to see the mould in which Aaron cast the golden calf, and the rock where Moses broke the tables of the law. From this point we again entered upon the ravine which conducts to the convent of Mount Sinai, where we arrived at dark, after a most fatiguing but very interesting day's ramble among these early scriptural scenes.

On the third day, we sent a messenger to the Bedouins, to advise them of our intention to leave the convent on the morrow; they arrived early the next morning. At ten o'clock we bade the holy brethren adieu, placed in the hands of the superior a donation of 200 piastres for the convent, and, having received each a ring of silver, with the initials of St. Catherine inscribed on it, as a sign of our pilgrimage, we were let down to the ground by the same windlass by which we had been hoisted up.

We found the Bedouins awaiting us. They received us with much warmth, and seemed to be glad that they were again to be on the march. I parted with Dr. Spence and Mr. Bretell, as they were to return to Cairo, and I to pursue my journey to Akaba alone. We arranged our camels and baggage, and at twelve o'clock, with a heavy heart, I bade my

friends adieu, mounted my dromedary, and with the little caravan turned my face to the east, and set out for Akaba. In the company of the friends with whom I had travelled from Cairo, I enjoyed the pleasures of society in the midst of the desert; now I was to pursue a long and dangerous journey, with no civilised companion. My servant, Abdallah, was an Abyssinian; he spoke French and Italian, but not a word of English. The caravan consisted of four camels, three of which were to carry the provisions, and one, Abdallah, and the tent. I kept the dromedary which I had rode from Cairo.

The caravan turned up the Wady es-Sheikh. In one hour from starting, we passed the tomb of Sheikh Salih, one of the most sacred spots in the desert of Sinai with the surrounding Bedouins, and a scene of numerous pilgrimages in the date harvest. On entering it, we found it a simple hut of stones, with a few handkerchiefs and shreds of garments suspended against the wall as offerings. From Wady es-Sheikh we passed into Wady Sahal, a long, narrow, and sandy valley, gradually ascending between piles of rock. At night we pitched our tent upon elevated ground, and upon what appeared to be the head of the valley. This was the first night that I had passed in the desert alone. Abdallah, as usual, at the close of the day's journey, pitched the tent and prepared the dinner; I invited Twaylibb to dine with me, having obtained a lamb from the Bedouins near Sinai. With the aid of macaroni and potatoes, I lived very well for the first two days, after which time, rice, dates, potatoes, and macaroni constituted all my available stores. After dinner, I smoked a pipe with the sheik, wrote my journal, and about nine o'clock threw myself on the carpet of the tent, and, with the saddle for a pillow, fell asleep. Abdallah lay across the entrance of the tent, which was concealed only by a thin strip of cloth. The next morning, the caravan was in motion at daybreak. We proceeded down the sloping descent of Wady Sahal, and after twelve hours' march, encamped in a low, sandy valley, sprinkled with the gum-acacia trees, and tufts of wild bushes. The desert of Huddra, through which we had passed to-day, was the most dismal and dreary waste I had yet met since leaving Cairo. It was made up of deep ravines, cleaving the mountains, arid expanses of sand, and mountain passes strewn with broken rocks. The mountains rose to stupendous heights, without a shrub upon their bleak and barren sides. Naked rocks, overhanging the deep valleys and blighting, with their eternal shadows, the soil; not a human voice, or the scream of an eagle, to break the silence of the desert; death and sterility written upon the whole face of nature,—is the character of

this gloomy and frightful wilderness. We travelled through this wilderness without meeting any object to interest the senses: not a tree, shrub, bird or insect, nor a drop of water, did we see in the whole day's journey.

On the third day, in the afternoon, we entered Wady es-Sadeh, and through the singular pass called el Abweib (the little door), we debouched upon the coast of the Gulf of Akaba. The sight of the blue waters of the sea, gently heaving in the breeze, was very pleasing, emerging as we did from the arid wastes and mountain labyrinths of the desert of Sinai. We coasted along the gulf, and at night arrived at a deserted village of the Terabin Arabs, in a grove of palms. Here was a well of brackish water, which was very grateful to our parched throats, as it was cool and fresh. A solitary fisherman and his dog were the only inhabitants left in the village, which, however, was nothing more than a collection of some half dozen mud huts. The Arab received us civilly, and assisted in pitching the tent, and, what was more acceptable, brought us a string of fresh fish, that he had just caught in the sea. He was a most wild and uncouth looking creature, with no garments upon him but a pair of cotton drawers, and the skin of a leopard thrown over his shoulders, the latter of which I bought of him for 5 piastres (25 cents). We pitched the tent among the palms; the Arabs, as usual, built a large fire, and sat over it till midnight, amusing each other with long tales of their own invention, or the traditional fictions of the Arabian Nights.

We started with the sun, on the succeeding day, and coasted along the shore of the gulf. I amused myself with picking up shells, and in chasing the crabs into the water, which were crawling along the beach. All this day I walked, and left my dromedary to lead the caravan, without any burden on his back. In the evening we encamped within a quarter of a mile of the sea, among a thicket of bushes. The wind was so high, that it was with difficulty I could secure my tent. As I was about dining, a sudden gust ripped up the stakes, and prostrated the tent, carrying my dinner, baggage and wardrobe, along with it. Away they went, with the Arabs and myself in full pursuit; after a hard run for near half an hour, we overtook the runaways, on the edge of the sea, where, had we arrived a moment later, I would have seen my tent drifting towards the Straits of Babelmandel. As it was impossible to fix the tent firmly enough in the earth to resist the wind, I spread it upon the sand, and slept upon it for the rest of the night. On the afternoon of the fifth day, after a delightful ride along the gulf, we entered upon the plain of El Araba,

from which we beheld the head of the Gulf of Akaba, skirted with palm trees, in the midst of which we could dimly see the walls of the fort. Towards evening, the caravan arrived at the fort; we halted for a few moments on the outside, until we had received an invitation from the governor to enter the fortress, when we mounted our camels, and entered through the high gate way.

We halted in the middle of the court-yard, and unburdened the camels. I found the governor seated under a leaf-covered verandah, in front of his apartments. He arose from his seat to receive me, gave me his pipe, and ordered coffee. After the exchange of the usual "Salem Alekums," and "Aleikum Salems," "Peace be with you," and the "same to you," I stated to him the object of my visit, and that I wished to go on as soon as possible to Wady Mousa (Petra.) I requested of him to send a messenger to bring in Sheik Hussein from his tents, who conducted travellers on this route. After some delay, an Arab was found, who was willing to go. I contracted with the governor to give the Arab 100 piastres, the greater part of which I believe he got himself. The tents of Sheik Hussein were at some distance from Akaba, among the mountain plains, to the east of that place. I was obliged to wait four days before the sheik could arrive; in the mean while, time hung heavy enough. I passed most of the day either in smoking, dozing, or reading, upon a mat spread beneath the shade of the palms, outside the fort, upon the edge of the sea. The governor came out in the morning to smoke and take coffee with me. As he understood but little of Arabic, the only language in any degree known by both of us, I was not enabled to maintain any conversation with him, but through the interpretation of Abdallah, a tedious and unsatisfactory process. Like all the Turks, he was dignified and polite in his manners. The secretary of the fort, a little weasened Arab, had a most insatiable curiosity to know my objects in roaming about in the deserts of Arabia, so far from my home and country; I could not make him understand that there was any utility or pleasure in travel. He took a great liking to my portfolio, which I made him a present of, together with a powder horn, all of which he set down as "*Ingleese Tyeeb*," "English good," I told him they were of American manufacture, but as he had never heard of America, he could not comprehend what I meant. I showed him a map of the world, which astonished him not a little, and gave him, I think, some entirely new ideas on geography, and somewhat diminished the importance of Akaba in his estimation. Besides the secretary, I was constantly surrounded by some of

the Mögrebbins, soldiers of the fortress, and the Amram Arabs, who have a small village of mud hovels on the outside of the fortress. Everything of European manufacture was regarded with great curiosity by these children of nature, but nothing surprised them so much as a revolving pistol, and the percussion caps by which it was discharged. The rapid firing of six barrels, and the precision of the shot, gave them a higher idea of Frankish ingenuity and power than anything I could have exhibited. I opened a book, and read to them an account of Akaba, which contained a very good description of the place, with a rather censorious sketch of the inquisitive secretary. This pleased them much, as the secretary, being something of an informer, was rather unpopular; they turned to each other, and exclaimed "*kullo muktoob*," "all is written," and begged of me not to put them in a book, or if I did, to tell the "*Frangi*" to bring plenty of "backsheesh" along with them, as the Arabs liked nothing better.

The fortress of Akaba is at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, one of the arms of the Red Sea. The triangular peninsula of Sinai lies between the gulfs of Akaba and Suez. The castle is a large square building of stone, and though not very strongly built, displays much taste and good architecture, particularly in the gateway, a high portal, with the Saracenic arch, handsomely fringed with Arabesque work. Over the gate is a Moorish balcony, such as is seen in the cities of Spain. Two donjons abut from the wall, and serve both as an ornament and protection to the entrance. The walls are pierced with musket-holes, and at the four angles cannon are pointed upon the surrounding desert. The fortress is kept up as a kind of store-house, where provisions are deposited to supply the pilgrim caravans on their journey between Cairo and Mecca. Four similar fortresses, each containing a small garrison, are built along the route of the caravan between Mecca and Cairo. They all contain wells of water, and are provided with large warehouses, for the storage of grain, coffee, and other provisions.

The present site of Akaba was occupied by a large town from the earliest periods, under the name of Eziongeber. Its position at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, one of the arms of the Red Sea, and its vicinity to Palestine, being only about seven camel days' journey distant, gave it, in the earlier periods of history, great advantages as a port for the Indian trade. It was one of the naval ports of Solomon. It is related, in 1 Kings, ix. 26, that "Solomon made a navy of ships at Eziongeber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in Edou; and Hiram sent in the navy his servants, ship-

men that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon; and they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty-four talents, and brought it to King Solomon." Here also Jehoshaphat made ships to go to Tarshish. It was through the valley of Arabia, which runs from the head of the gulf of Akaba, to the southern end of the Dead Sea, that Solomon transported the gold of Ophir to Jerusalem upon camels. Eziongeber continued, under the Hebrew kings, to be a place of great trade, being, in fact, the only port by which the Israelites traded with the Indies, Suez being an Egyptian possession. On the Mahomedan invasion, A. D. 630, it was so much devastated and injured, that it never again rose to importance. The Crusaders, under Baldwin, A. D. 1116, penetrated to Akaba from Jerusalem, and took possession of it. They found it entirely deserted. The Mahomedan invasion utterly ruined the flourishing commerce of the Gulf of Akaba, and depopulated its shores, which were formerly inhabited by a race of active traders. The glory of Palestine was extinguished by this same invasion. When Omar built his mosque at Jerusalem upon the ruins of the temple of Solomon, it was typical of the burial of the ancient learning, wealth, and renown of Israel, beneath the ignorance and fanaticism of Mahomedan superstition. The site of the ancient Eziongeber and Eloth are still indicated by mounds of ruins on the edge of the sea. Upon this sea, where once rode the fleets of Solomon and Jehoshaphat, not a vessel now floats, nor is there to be seen the boat of a solitary fisherman. The shores of the sea have become a howling wilderness, roamed over only by the hyena and wolf, and the no less savage Ishmaelite of the desert.

While I remained at Akaba, I had my tent pitched in the court-yard of the fort. The gates of the castle were securely barred every night, and a vigilant watch maintained, rather to prevent the Bedouins of the desert from scaling the walls and plundering the storehouses, than from any apprehension of an attack from armed assailants. One day, whilst I was reading under the shade of the palm trees on the beach, the Arabs directed my attention to a movement in the sea, about half a mile from the shore. On looking, I observed a great commotion in the water, which was agitated into rolling waves by some object beneath the surface, from which issued a loud noise. Shortly afterwards a huge monster of the deep raised his back above the water, and made his way in a direct line across the gulf, swimming rapidly, and lashing the sea behind him into foam, snorting all the while like a mad bull. The length of this monstrous fish was apparently more than

sixty feet. His shape, as far as it could be seen, was that of a whale, though it is not probable that a whale would have ventured so far up an inland sea. To whatever species it might belong, it was the largest of the funny race that I ever saw or read of. As there are no boats or vessels upon the Gulf of Akaba, the waters swarm with fish of every kind. The Arabs told me that they had seen mermaids swimming near the shore, and had heard them uttering piteous cries, as if mourning the loss of one of their offspring.

On the fourth day, the Arab messenger returned, and on the morning of the next day, Sheik Hussein arrived with his camels. The Arabs halted in the palm grove at some distance from the fort, and remained in consultation near an hour: in the meanwhile, I had taken my seat with the governor and the topschi, (the gunner,) arrayed in their best costume, on a carpet, before the gate of the fortress. Here I received Hussein, who, attended by his brother Salim and the Sheik of Wady Mousa, advanced with much dignity. He was costumed in a silk robe of scarlet, and around his head was bound a cashmere shawl as a turban. His visage was of dark and sombre cast, but more prepossessing than the countenances of his companions, whose gloomy and sinister features were absolutely forbidding. They formed a strange contrast with the light and cheerful faces of the Tawurah who had accompanied me from Cairo. The sheik saluted me with the imposing obeisance of the East. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, and pipes and coffee served, I at once communicated to Hussein my desire to go to Petra, and thence across the desert to Hebron, on the southern frontier of Palestine. After a long conversation, he gave me to understand, that it would be impossible to proceed beyond Petra with my small caravan, as the desert was roused over by a band of marauding Arabs, with whom he was at war. He even hesitated to conduct me to Petra, but at last consented to carry me to Petra, and return to Akaba, whence I might cross the desert in a diagonal direction to Gaza on the Mediterranean. On the evening of the next day, after a long chaffering, we finally agreed upon terms. They were 3000 piastres for the whole journey to Petra, the return to Akaba, and the journey to Gaza—just double what I had anticipated, but which were in proportion to the doubled length of the route.

The next morning I parted with Twaylibb, who was returning to Cairo by Mount Sinai. I gave him a letter to Mr. Glid-don, and presented him with 200 piasters, as some compensation for the care and fidelity he had evinced towards me on the journey from Cairo to Akaba. The old sheik shed tears on

bidding me adieu. I was now left alone with my new companions, the Alawins. Sheik Hussein, who was sick, was to remain at Akaba until my return from Petra. His brother Salim and the Wady Nousa sheik were to be the leaders of our little caravan. I left all the baggage at Akaba but my tent and mattress, so that but one burden camel was necessary. The caravan departed from Akaba at noon, as usual, marching along in single file. We proceeded up the Wady Araba, a wild sandy valley, for about an hour, when we turned into Wady Ithm. Near the mouth of this valley I observed the remains of a wall that had once been built across it. Wady Ithm is a narrow mountain pass, rising from the Wady Araba until it debouches upon an elevated plain. We entered upon this plain at night, and, after marching across it for two hours, encamped with some Bedouins and their flocks, beneath the shelter of a sand hill. The second day's travel lay across the plain, which was covered with tufts of wild grass and shrubs. Bedouin tents, and flocks of sheep and goats scattered over it, gave it a pleasing pastoral appearance. In the evening of this day we obtained good quarters in a large cave among the mountains; we built a fire, and I passed the greater part of the night in talking with the Bedouins, and in listening to their wild and extravagant tales. The next morning, on rising from my rocky couch, I was surprised to see that we were again in a region of fertility. The bed of the little valley was covered with verdure, through which a rill of water flowed in a devious course, after tumbling down from the mountains in a little cascade, the noise of which recalled pleasing images of fertile lands and running streams. Here, for the first time since leaving Egypt, I heard the pleasant warbling of birds: the plaintive notes of the cuckoo, and the lively whistle of the partridge, mingled with the sighing of the trees and the noise of falling waters. The opposite hill was alive with cuckoos, whose accentuation of the word cuck-koo was as precise as it is uttered in the groves and woods of England. The red-legged partridges, called by the Arabs *Shinnar*, were hopping about from rock to rock, as if challenging me to the chase. Whilst the Arabs were marshalling the caravan in travelling order, I took my gun, and endeavoured to kill some of this fine game. The excitement of the chase led me from rock to rock, and would have carried me out of sight of the caravan, had not the Arabs recalled me, and admonished me of the danger of wandering alone in this dangerous country.

A heavy mist hung about our path until we had climbed up into the mountains. After a painful ascent of several hours, we attained a lofty summit, upon the edge of which was

an encampment of Bedouins. We halted for an hour, and, as it was the policy of our sheik to conciliate the Arabs on the route, we entered their tents, and distributed among them some powder and shot, and a few other things, which were very acceptable, from their rarity and utility. In return, they killed a lamb, and treated us to the best dinner I had found in the desert since leaving Sinai. Of course, each one tore off from the smoking carcass the part which suited his taste, and eat it without sauce or salt; but it is none the less grateful from the rude manner in which it was cooked and eaten. After leaving this encampment, we descended to the breast of the mountain. Here was another of those simple Bedouin cemeteries that we had seen in the deserts of Sinai. An interment was just taking place, and a most singular scene it was: the body, wrapped in a sheepskin garment, was being let down into the grave; a circle of some twenty Bedouins was gathered around, looking on in moody silence, every man with a gun slung across his back. No funeral ceremony was performed, and the whole affair was passed over with as much indifference as an every-day transaction. The gloomy scenery around, and the low moaning of the wind, were in unison with the melancholy scene before us. The burial over, each man turned off to his flocks in the mountains. Death, in its most appalling forms, makes no impression upon these savage children of the desert; their reckless habits, and the frequency and long duration of their quarrels, renders their life one of constant insecurity. They never venture from their tents unarmed, but keep them in constant readiness to meet a foe, who never makes an attack but from some covert ambuscade.

Leaving this cemetery, we scaled the summit of the lofty mountain which overlooks Petra. Here burst upon the sight the most singular sight I had ever witnessed. I looked down into the fathomless depths of the valley to our right, sombre, dark, and gloomy with the eternal shadows that rested upon it. Beyond this valley, towering sublimely upwards, and bearing its consecrated summit into the very heavens, rose the hoary peak of Mount Her, crowned with the sepulchre of the prophet Aaron. Beyond stretched the pathless desert. At our feet lay the accursed Edom, the monuments of her ancient glory yet existing, but withering and blasted under the curse of heaven. Nothing could exceed the terrific grandeur of these dark, deep-sunken valleys, and the broken, cleft-divided mountains. Silent, solemn desolation—savage, wild, untamed nature—hoary mountains, upon whose peaks rested the bones of the chosen servants of God—barren valleys, blighted by the curse of an offended Deity; all of these, seen from this emin-

ence, were calculated to affect the imagination in no ordinary degree.

The descent from this mountain into Wady Mousa was very rapid. We descended to the bottom of the valley, and then wound our way up the opposite hill, on which the tents of the Arabs of the place were pitched. The whole settlement came out to meet us. As I wore the Turkish costume, it was not at first perceived that there was a Frank in the party. My imperfect Arabic soon discovered me, and messengers were immediately dispatched to the sheik and the Bedouins, who were out with the sheep amongst the mountains, to announce our arrival. In the meanwhile, with a Bedouin urchin for my guide, I strolled out to examine the valley. It was a most delightful sylvan retreat. It was so narrow, that a stone could almost be thrown from side to side. The hill sides were cut into terraces, and, on the platforms, the young wheat was waving in the wind, while the air was perfumed with fig and almond blossoms. Through the bottom of the valley ran a noisy brook, and along its edge cattle and horses were grazing. This little valley is a charming oasis in the desert. Around it rise bleak and barren mountains, and beyond all is a desert waste of sand, with the exception of a few green valleys that lie at the foot of the mountain which dominates Wady Mousa.

The Bedouins came down at sunset with the flocks. A tribute of three hundred piastres having been paid for permission to enter Petra, we were well enough received. The encampment was in much alarm, as a party of hostile Arabs had made an incursion upon another encampment of the Wady Mousa Arabs, and in a midnight attack the preceding night, had murdered several persons, besides carrying off a large number of sheep and camels. This massacre had taken place only a camel day's journey distant, about 26 miles.

This added to the apprehension of danger I had at first entertained from the bad character of the Fellahs of Wady Mousa. I was obliged to strike my tent and pass the night in the tent of the sheik of the Fellahs. The night was raw and cold. Wrapped in a Gai capote, I threw myself upon a mat alongside of a blazing fire. The tent was full of Arabs, who had gathered together to join in the feast, which was to be given to the Alawins who accompanied me. A large wooden bowl, full of mutton, was brought in, around which the Arabs clustered to snatch each a portion of meat. The raw air of the night had excited my appetite, and I was not long in accepting the invitation to help myself. I thrust my hand into the bowl, and brought out a portion large enough for a week's

ordinary fare. We sat around the fire like a band of savages, each crunching his handful of meat, as if it was the last he was ever to receive. I had so completely divested myself of civilised habits and tastes, that my distinction as a Frank was lost sight of. I had moreover equipped myself in the Bedouin abba, (chak,) and enveloped my head in the kefish, or long kerchief of cotton, which is folded over the head, and coiled below the ears, like the head-dress of Isis at Denderah. My costume, and a little chatterbox of Arabic with the circle around, entirely identified me with this band of Ishmaelites, and in a short time I was regarded as one of them. I lit my pipe and withdrew to a corner of the tent, where I lay by the fire contemplating the singular group before me. The Arabs were all clad in sheep-skins, with the wool turned inside. This was their only garment. They were of a very tall stature, their limbs full of muscle and sinew, and their physiognomies were stamped with a most villainous and banditti-like expression. Their Arab was the best trusty of the desert. They are well known as robbers and assassins. I lay by the fire, watching the play of their features, the whole scene, with the bones that lay scattered about, reminding me of a pack of cannibals that had been feasting upon a human victim. Their conversation, which was of a very angry character, was interrupted with violent exclamations and cries, and the expression of their faces was the most hideous I had ever seen on human shoulders. I felt that I was alone among a band of ruffians, but I was somewhat assured on my own safety, from the fact that they themselves were insecure, and were every moment in apprehension of a visit from the Arabs who had massacred their friends. A sense of common danger made us friends and equals. By midnight the tent was cleared, and I was left alone with Sheik Salem, my servant, and the Fellaheen sheik. We were in momentary expectation that the enemies of the Witty Mousa Arabs would take advantage of the darkness, and make a *raid* upon the encampment from the neighbouring hills. A large fire was kept blazing in the middle of the tent, and a row of fires encircled the encampment, by which the Fellaheens kept watch. As usual in the desert, I merely unloosed the sash about my waist, and, thrusting my body into the folds of a slaggy capote, I turned my back to the fire to sleep. As I expected before morning to be aroused to defend my life, I placed a pair of loaded pistols under my head as a pillow, laid my gun at arms' length, and then, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I fell asleep.

Contrary to expectation, on waking the next morning, I found that the encampment had not been disturbed in the

night; yet, by some ingenious thievery or other, a camel and four sheep had been stolen, which showed that the foe was yet in a rather uncomfortable proximity. I could no longer restrain my impatience to see the ruins of Petra, so I took the sheik of the Fellaheen, and four other Arabs, and set out for the ruins. We descended to the terraces upon which the village of Eljy is built. It consisted of some twenty or thirty well-built stone houses, all of which were untenanted but one that belonged to a Copt, who, for some crime or other, had fled to this secluded valley from Cairo. We followed the course of a brook that runs through the valley, until we approached within a quarter of a mile of the ravine which conducts into Petra. Here the valley contracted, and on the right we saw a large tomb with pillars excavated in the face of the rock; following the course of the brook, we came to another tomb, upon a level with the bottom of the valley, the top of which was ornamented with three truncated pyramids. Our progress from this point was much obstructed by the thickets of oleanders and laurels that grew upon the edge of the brook. As we advanced, the rocks on either side approached closer and closer, until we reached the mouth of the narrow ravine that leads into the heart of the city of rock. Here, upon looking up, we beheld a triumphal arch thrown across the ravine, near a hundred feet above our heads; passing under this elegant arch, we entered into a gloomy cleft, wide enough to admit only two camels abreast and running through the mountains, the frowning and precipitous walls of which, roughened with sculptures and excavations, rose more than a hundred feet above us, occasionally lapping over at the top, and shutting out the light of day. It was with some difficulty that we picked our way through this narrow and obscure pass. The brook, swollen by the spring rains, had flooded over the pavement (for there was a regular stone pavement,) so as to render it impassable dry-shod. Upon both sides of the ravine, gutters had been cut in the rock to convey water into the city. After stumbling about in this singular pass for near an hour, light suddenly broke in upon us, and, looking up, we beheld the blue sky in a broad opening before us,—one step more, and we stood in front of the beautiful Temple of Victory. The effect produced by the instantaneous sight of this beautiful temple emerging as we did from the bowels of the mountain, with its rose-coloured columns touched by the light of the sun, appearing in bold relief from the overhanging rock, was indescribably grand. The clear blue sky above, the tall cliffs of black and broken rock that shut up this narrow opening, the dark and

gloomy walls of the ravine from which we had just issued, and the sculptured facade of the temple, glowing in the bright sunlight, with its roseate-hued columns and statues, formed a most singular contrast of savage scenery, exquisite art, and striking colours of architectural effect: nothing that I have seen of ancient or modern works of art, can surpass the position of this temple at Petra.

As I sat down in front of the temple to study its outlines, the Fellaheen sheik took my gun to fire at the vase which crowns the top of the edifice; the shot rattled upon it, and fell to the ground without making any impression upon its hard surface. He insisted with the other Arabs that it was full of treasure, and it was with no little difficulty that I could reason him and his companions out of the belief that I had the power to evoke from it its hidden riches. The temple has derived its name of Khasne Pharon (Treasury of Pharaoh) from the treasures supposed to be concealed in this vase. The whole front of the Khasne is cut out of the rock, the black masses of which overhang and surround it on either side. It is about sixty-five feet high, and consists of two stories. The portico, which is approached by a flight of steps, is ornamented by six columns, four of which, at the sides, are excavated entire from the solid rock: the capitals are of the most rich and ornate Corinthian; the cornice above the capitals, as well as the pediment, is carved with a light and delicate tracery work, the neatness and elegance of which corresponds with the high finish of the rest of the temple. Above the portico, in the centre of the second story, is a rounded miniature temple, at both sides of which there is a recess, on either side of which again are two projecting wings, supported by Corinthian pillars. The front of this story is ornamented with some half dozen statues, sculptured in half relief from the rock, and placed upon pedestals; the central figure is a statue of Victory, and, as first seen from the depths of the ravine, appears extended in mid-air, as if bursting in flight from the rock in which it is fixed. The excavation of the interior of the temple, out of the solid rock, must have been a work of prodigious labour. It is plain and unornamented, and is divided into four chambers—a large central hall, two small chambers on either side of it, and one, probably the adytum or sanctuary, immediately behind it; the height of each chamber is about thirty feet. Upon the walls I found the names of several travellers, and among others, those of three Americans, Messrs. Stephens, Robinson, and Smith; to which I added my own humble autograph, being the fourth American that had then visited Petra.

Besides these chambers, there are two others, running off in a slanting direction from the portico.

The preservation of this temple is indeed wonderful, hardly any portion of it being injured, except the features of the statues, which have been rounded off and worn down by time. One of the columns of the portico has also been thrown down by the Arabs, in their search for treasure. With these exceptions, this beautiful monument remains as perfect as if it had been finished but yesterday; even the foliage of the acanthus capitals, and the floral wreaths of the cornices, retain their minutest branches and folds. I returned, time after time, to admire this *unique* edifice, and upon every visit I experienced a new delight in contemplating it. It is cut out of the rock with as much neatness and precision as if it had been built up of stone, and afterwards placed in its present position. The proportions of the temple are not upon a grand scale; but the elegance of its embellishments, its delicate and elaborate sculptures, the nice touches of the chisel in its lighter ornaments, and the general finish and perfection of all its parts, gave to it, as a whole, a symmetrical beauty and grace that is remarkable. The Khasne, perhaps, derives some of the impression it produces upon the traveller, from its picturesque situation in the narrow opening before it, and from the remote and savage wilderness of rock and glen around it. The Bedouin looks upon it with the utmost indifference, nor has he curiosity enough concerning it, to inquire as to its origin or its founders.

Leaving the Khasne, we turned down a defile which runs in a north-west direction: it is bordered on both sides by excavated tombs and temples, forming a continuation of the immense necropolis of Petra, the beginning of which we had traced in the excavations beyond the mouth of the ravine, called by the Arabs the *Syk*. These tombs were all of a different style, some being simple excavations without ornament, and others being adorned with elegant portals, supported by Corinthian pilasters. Of this defile and its tombs, Burckhardt remarks:—

“From the Khasne the *Syk* widens, and the road continues for a few hundred paces lower down, through a spacious passage between the two cliffs. Several very large sepulchres are excavated in the rocks on both sides; they consist generally of a single lofty apartment, with a flat roof; some of them are longer than the principal chamber in the Khasne. Of those which I entered, the walls were quite plain and unornamen-

ted; in some of them are small side rooms, with excavations and recesses in the rock for the reception of the dead: in others, I found the floor itself irregularly excavated for the same purpose, in compartments, six or eight feet deep, and of the shape of a coffin. In the floor of one sepulchre, I counted as many as twelve cavities of this kind, besides a deep niche in the wall, where the bodies of the principal members of the family, to whom the sepulchre belonged, were probably deposited. On the outside of these sepulchres, the rock is cut away perpendicularly above, and on both sides of the door, so as to make the interior apartment. Their most common form is that of a truncated pyramid, and as they are made to project one or two feet from the body of the rock, they have the appearance, when seen at a distance, of insulated structures. On each side of the front is generally a pilaster, and the door is seldom without some elegant ornament. I think that there are two sepulchres in Wadi el-
 contrary, they vary greatly in some places, these sepulchres, then, and the side of the mountain seems impossible to appear being visible."

This defile terminates at the amphitheatre, which opens on the hollow in which lie the ruins of Petra. Ascending to the uppermost seats of the theatre, I sat down a moment to contemplate the singular scene before me. The ruins of the city here burst on the view in their full grandeur. This hollow, which occupies the site of Petra, is nearly two miles in extent, hemmed in upon all sides by lofty mountains and hills. On the eastern end rose a high precipitous mountain, while, on the west, the valley was shut in by a perpendicular wall of rock, very jagged precipices, broken by deep, jagged precipices, broken by deep, jagged precipices, broken by deep, jagged precipices. The faces of the rocks which shut up and circumscribed this area were covered with sculptures and the facades of towers and of the rocks made the scene of the valley was shrouded with the most interesting, as well as the most perilous part of my travels. I stood within the ruins of that city, which is no less remarkable for its peculiar architecture than for the terrible curses directed against it by an offended Deity. I be-

held before me the realisation of the words of the prophet Jeremiah, who, speaking of Edom, or Petra, says—"It shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes. Lo, I will make thee small among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." And again in Isaiah—"The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness; and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation of dragons. From generation to generation it shall be waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever."

The dreary, desolate waste before me, over which not a human being was moving—those temples, upon whose roofs the smoke of sacrifice once went up, now desecrated by the owl and the bat—this lifeless solitude, once animated by the busy throng of men—this city of magnificent temples and palaces, now without worshippers or tenants—all, I presented but the literal fulfilment of the inspired predictions of the prophets. The theatre is situated at the head of the valley, so that the eye can take in at a glance almost the whole circuit of the city, with the tombs and temples that look down upon the area from the sides of the mountains. The mind is no less puzzled by the immense number of these sepulchres and palaces, than by the variety and singularity of their architecture, hardly any two being alike. The theatre is scooped out of the rock, and, like the Greek theatres, rises in amphitheatrical form from the stage at its base. The seats, of which there are thirty-two rows, rise tier above tier, and are capable of seating 3500 persons. The bases of several columns still remain upon the front of the stage, and probably once formed a portico. What a singular taste is that which led the ancient inhabitants of Petra to the choice of this spot as a theatre, from whence the prospect on all sides was bounded by the sepulchres of the dead!

From the theatre I turned up the valley. Directly opposite the theatre, a broad ledge or street has been cut from the waist of the mountain, upon which is a long line of tombs, with high portals and ornamental facades. Below this street, on a level with the valley, and running up the face of the mountain, are the principal monuments of Petra. In this range I passed an elegant tomb, surmounted by an urn. The facade is

that of a Grecian temple, except that the columns are in raised relief, one half being buried in the rock, from which the other half has been chiselled out. The face of the mountain has been smoothed down, and cut away to a considerable depth, in order to obtain a flat surface upon which the workmen might cut out the front of this tomb or temple. The pediment is sustained by four columns, over forty feet in height, and it is adorned by neat and appropriate ornaments. The interior consists of a large chamber, lighted by an open portal, and openings in the wall. The sandstone roof of this chamber is variegated by an astonishing variety of hues, in which the pencil of nature has exceeded the brightest colours of the artist. The doors and windows are surrounded by nicely-finished cornices, and the whole front presents a facade of great beauty and neatness. Farther beyond is a magnificent tomb, of the Corinthian order, with a dome and wings, like the Temple of Victory. Beyond this again is a stupendous tomb, with three rows of columns, one above the other. The completion of the uppermost row seems to have been arrested by a very ugly break in the rock behind. The interior of this tomb is divided into four chambers, into which four large doors give entrance. An immense amount of labour must have been expended upon this tomb to excavate it from the rock, and to fashion the elegant columns which ornament its facade. One is lost in conjectures as to the purposes of these singular structures, and in wonder at the beauty and elaborate skill displayed in their decorations. Beyond this tomb is a ravine, running through the mountains to the north, and forming another entrance into the city from that quarter, but it is so narrow and steep as to be accessible to foot passengers only.

As I passed out into the open area on which the city was built, at almost every step I started some of the wild partridges called shinnar. These birds are said to be those designated by the Hebrew, and translated as cormoran, which were to possess the site of ancient Edom. Upon the uneven area between the mountains that enclose the valley on either side, the houses of the ancient city were undoubtedly built, as the whole space is covered with broken tiles and square building stones. Crossing the valley, I entered another ravine, both sides of which were bordered with multitudes of tombs, all exhibiting a countless variety of architecture. Many of these contained niches or stalls, in which the dead were placed. It is singular, while so many tombs exist at Petra, that no sarcophagus has ever been found, or any thing else connected with the dead, but the excavated tombs. No signs of its ancient inhabitants exist but their tombs and temples,

which are as imperishable as the living rock from which they have been excavated. No coin has ever been found from which some correct information might be derived touching the history of this mysterious and wonderful city, and we are left to conjecture, and a few scattered paragraphs in the Latin authors, for all that we know of its history.

From this ravine, we clambered up the mountain, the ascent being facilitated by steps cut in the rock. Both sides of this passage are bordered by funeral monuments, for some distance, after which it is enclosed by the high walls of the mountains. This splendid staircase, hewn out of the live rock, is near a mile in length, and leads up to the summit of the mountain, which I reached after nearly an hour's continued ascent from the valley. The staircase opens upon a broad platform on the summit of the mountain, where I suddenly came in front of the most remarkable work of art at Petra—the temple called el Deir. This gigantic monument has been hewn out of a perpendicular cliff of rock, and a broad esplanade levelled before it, so that a full view is had of it. Its architecture is nearly the same as that of the Khasne, but upon much grander dimensions. Like the Khasne, the second story consists of a miniature temple, surmounted by a dome, and flanked on each side by projecting wings. The first story contains eight pillars, supporting the pediment, and it is more than 120 feet in width. The interior, as that of all the other temples at Petra, by no means corresponds with the exterior. It is a plain chamber, with a niche in the centre of the wall, very much resembling an altar. A cross, cut in the rock above it, would seem to indicate that at some remote period it had been consecrated to Christian worship. It was probably carved by some of the crusaders who had forced their way hither from Palestine. The surrounding mountain is cut into staircases and terraces, which seem to have been connected with some large structures that crowned its summit. On ascending to the heights above the temple, we obtained a view of the wild mountain ranges of Arabia Petræa, stretching way before us as far the eye could see. Directly in front, the lofty peak of Mount Hor, surmounted by the tomb of Aaron, towered upwards above the highest of the surrounding summits. Among the distant mountains I could see the facades of other tombs, like those I had inspected in the valley. Indeed, this whole region is full of the monuments of the labours of the ancient population of this mysterious city; monuments which in themselves sufficiently attest its antiquity and advanced civilisation. I descended to the valley by the long flight of steps by which we had clambered up through the

gorge, that leads to the summit of the mountain. On crossing the valley, we passed by the ruined edifice, known as the *Kasr Haroon*, Palace of Pharaoh, which is the only built structure at Petra, all the temples and tombs being hewn out of the rock. Beyond this are the remains of a triumphal arch, the broken columns of which lie prostrate on the ground. From this point, the prospect embraces nothing but the mountain frame-work that encloses the valley, and the tombs and temples that look down upon it from the ravines, and terraced streets cut in the rock. The open portals give to the whole the appearance of habitations just deserted by their tenants. I can give no better idea of the appearance of this singular valley, than to represent it as a spacious hollow, sunk between the perpendicular walls of the mountain, such as might have been created by some terrific earthquake which undermined the base of the mountain, and submerged it in the bowels of the earth. It is separated from the great highway by the valley of Araba, which conducts from the Red Sea to the Dead Sea by a high range of mountains on the west, and, on the east, another range separates it from the sandy desert along which the caravan travels from Damascus to Cairo. The only entrances into the hollow are over the mountains to the west, and through the passage of the Syk.

I call the excavations in the rock at Petra tombs, in accordance with the nomenclature of the travellers who have visited Petra. To me, however, they appear to have been habitations. It is hardly probable that so much labour as was necessarily bestowed upon these excavations, would have been spent upon these tombs. There are no evidences of their being tombs. No Sarcophagi have been found in them, and from the inquiries I made of the Arabs and the Sheik of Wady Mousa, I learnt that they had never seen or heard of any. The Bible, in some degree, strengthens the supposition that they were dwellings, for it calls the inhabitants of Petra "dwellers in the clefts of the rocks." It was, in truth, easier to excavate a dwelling-place in the soft sandstone rock than to build one of brick or stone.

It was with great difficulty that I could induce the Arabs to conduct me over the valley, as they were in continual fear of a descent of their enemies. After a hurried glance of six hours at the prominent objects in this mysterious and deserted city, I returned through the syk to the encampment in Wady Mousa. The next morning I set out on the return for Akaba, pursuing the same route as that by which I had come to Petra. On the way we stopped at several Bedouin encampments, where we were received with great hospitality.

At each of these encampments a sheep was killed and a feast prepared, as at Petra, for the entertainment of my Arabian guides, in which I also, as an adopted child of the desert, participated. On leaving the necks of our camels were marked with the blood of the sheep, as a remembrancer of the entertainment we had received. On the evening of the third day, I arrived at Akaba, where I was cordially greeted by my old friends, the governor and his garrison, who had been speculating in the interim as to my object in visiting Petra, and had been by no means certain of my return alive. The day after my return was passed, in a profitless altercation with Hussein, as to the fulfilment of the terms agreed on between us. At Cairo I had estimated the cost of the journey as accurately as the accounts of previous travellers, and the information of the Arabs would allow and had drawn for just sufficient money as would pay my expenses to Jerusalem. The refusal of Hussein to conduct me directly from Petra and Hebron, had obliged me, instead of crossing the desert from Petra to the frontiers of Palestine, to return to Akaba, in order to go over to Gaza, on the Mediterranean. This unexpected prolongation of the route doubled the expense. Before leaving Akaba for Petra, I had paid Hussein 1,500 piasters, being one half of the sum that I had contracted with him for the whole journey. On my return he demanded the other 1,300. As I had but 100 piasters left, I refused to give any more, telling him plainly that I could not pay him the entire sum until I should arrive at Gaza, where I expected to raise money on my letter of credit, which was drawn upon the American consuls at Beyrout and Damascus. I also intimated to him, that if I had the money, I would not pay it to him until the end of the journey, and that such was the custom of the desert. This refusal to pay led to an angry quarrel, during which he threatened to leave me at Akaba, and return home with his camels. I put him at defiance, by telling him that he might abandon me, and I would wait for the caravan from Mecca, which was to return in about twenty days, and go with it to Cairo. As a last resource, I ordered my servant to read the pasha's firman to the governor, in which he was enjoined to show me all civilities, and assist me in the prosecution of my journey. The governor, who before remained entirely neutral in the quarrel, now took an active part in my behalf, and, after representing to the sheik the loss that might accrue to him from deterring other travellers from going to Petra by the example of my bad treatment, he induced Hussein to accede to the original contract.

The next morning, just as I was mounting my dromedary

to depart for Gaza, a janissary rode into the fortress, who was the *avant courier* of a large caravan, consisting of fourteen Franks, on their way from Mount Sinai to Akaba and Petra. To my inexpressible joy, I learned that my travelling companion in Egypt, who had been driven back from Alexandria to Cairo by the plague, was in this caravan, and that there were also four Americans in the party. As Hussein agreed that the terms should remain the same, I at once determined not to go to Gaza, but to await the caravan, join it, return to Petra, and, as the force was now sufficient to remove all apprehension of danger, to cross over Idumæa with it to Palestine. In two days more the caravan arrived. Next, to my old *compagnon de voyage*, the Americans of the party were to me the most acceptable acquaintances. They were Mr. Humphrey, of Boston; Dr. Olin, of Georgia; and Mr. Cooley, of New York, and his lady, who, with something more than the ordinary spirit and courage of her countrywomen, had ventured to cross the dangerous deserts of Idumæa. A day more was passed in a vexatious dispute with the sheik upon the terms.

On the second day, the caravan, now amounting to near eighty camels, and as many persons, got in motion for Petra. We took a different route from that which I had pursued to Petra. This new route lay along the Wady Araba, which we followed until we came to the mouth of Wady Aaron, a long narrow pass, running into the heart of the mountains that separate Petra from this desert. Crossing over these mountains, we descended into the hollow of Petra on the west side. In the evening, the Arabs of Wady Mousa, who had heard of our arrival, came into the valley, bringing with them figs, milk, and other provisions. In this second visit to Petra, which lasted three days, I explored almost every part of this desolate and gloomy place. I chambered up to the Acropolis, built upon the highest point of the mountains that encompass Petra, and examined the reservoirs upon the sides of the mountains, where the rain water was collected for the uses of the city. Every day increased my curiosity at the works of the ancient inhabitants of this city of tombs and palaces, and my admiration at the elegance, skill, and taste displayed in the beautiful facades that ornament the face of the mountains. In many places I found steps cut in the rocks, leading up to the tops of the mountains, but whither leading, the anxiety of the Bedouins would not allow me to examine.

The ancient writers give but meagre accounts of Petra. Pliny says—“The Nabataei inhabit a city called Petra, in a hollow somewhat less than two miles in circumference; surrounded by inaccessible mountains, with a stream running

through it." *Nat. Hist.* lib. vi. 28. Strabo says—"The capital of the Nabataei is called Petra. It lies in a spot which is in itself level and plain, but fortified all around with a barrier of rocks and precipices. With it is furnished with springs of excellent quality for the supply of water and the irrigation of gardens. Without the precinct, the country is in a great measure desert, and especially towards Judæa." *Strab.* lxxvi. Of this tribe of Nabatheans, and the progressive civilisation of Petra, Laborde, and other writers, in substance, give the following information:—"The tribe of Nabatheans, according to the Arabian authors, at a very remote period, had made great progress in science and civilisation. They remained almost unknown, until the period when, either by the extension of their commerce, or a succession of events of which no record remains, they acquired sufficient importance to enable them first to protect, and then to form into one body the other smaller communities."

Petra, which was the city and place of refuge of the Nabatheans, served as a *depot*, in which were deposited the articles of trade which the surrounding tribes had to offer. Diodorus Siculus speaks of this:—"A great part of the Nabatheans are occupied in conveying along the coast of the Mediterranean incense, myrrh, and other valuable articles of produce, which they receive from tribes who bring them from Arabia Felix." These tribes, instead of going as far as Tyre and Sidon on the Mediterranean, deposited at Petra their merchandise, which, according to circumstances, were sent to the towns which lay between Petra and the Mediterranean, and Palestine. Petra thus became a kind of market for the riches of Arabia. To this market the Phœnicians, those enterprising merchants and navigators, naturally resorted. Hence it became the seat of a great commerce, and a kind of exchange, where the Phœnicians brought the wares and stuffs of the more civilised countries on the shores of the Mediterranean, to exchange for the products of Arabia. The caravans from Babel passed through Petra, and the caravans which traded between the Red Sea and Palestine also passed through it; so that this city in the desert became the theatre of an extended and eminent commerce. Commerce brought with it riches and civilisation. Then the rude tribe, who first sought refuge in the rocky hollow of Petra, began to change their modes of life, and think of a more permanent establishment. Houses of stone, and dwellings hewn out of the living rock, began to take the place of tents. From rude caves, which first sheltered them, they passed to elegant dwellings and palaces, in which were exhibited all the graces of architecture. Commerce, then, was the origin of the wealth of

Petra, of which its splendid temples and palaces that now survive give such abundant evidence. This wealth, in the palmy days of its prosperity, must have been very great, as it attracted many expeditions against it by the Romans, one under Antigonos, another under Elius Gallus, who was sent expressly to ravage and plunder it, and the third under Trajan, by whom it was taken. The long resistance, however, held out by the inhabitants of Petra against their enemies, shows their skill in war, and the possession of serviceable military weapons and engines.

The ultimate ruin of Petra, however, is to be traced to the diversion of trade from its old channels. The Indian trade, owing to the wise patronage and liberality of the Ptolemies, was drawn to Suez, and thence to Alexandria. The caravans from the Persian Gulf abandoned the southern route through Petra, and opened another to the north through Palmyra, and finally, the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese, by withdrawing the Asiatic trade from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, gave the finishing blow to the little remaining trade of Petra. With the fall of its commerce the city also went down. It became abandoned by its former inhabitants, who sought elsewhere to indulge that commercial spirit which had enabled them to raise up this city of palaces in the desert. Civilisation and commerce expired together, and the barbaric tribes of the desert usurped the dwelling-places of a polite and cultivated people. A more remarkable instance of the civilizing influences of commerce is probably not to be found than in the history of Petra and that of Palmyra. The awful prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel have been thus fulfilled. A thousand years of prosperity led the Edomites to believe that their treachery and violence against the chosen people of God would be forgotten, but their silent and desolate city remains to attest the divine declaration:—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Space will not permit a minute account of the Scriptural history of Edom. Under this name was included almost the whole country lying between the southern border of Judea and the Red Sea. It belonged to the children of Esau, who seem to have cherished from their ancestor a violent hatred against their brethren, the descendants of Jacob. They were subject, at different periods, to the Jewish kings, but were almost always in a state of rebellion. They combined with their neighbours against Jehosaphat, and under Jokhum they again rebelled. Forty-five years after this rebellion, Amaziah made war against Edom. "He slew of Edom, in the Valley of Salt, 10,000, and took Selah (Petra),

by war, and called the name of it Joktheel." During the decline of the Hebrew power, the Edomites took possession of several cities that belonged to the Jews. When the Chaldeans besieged Jerusalem, they united with them against their brethren, and incited the Chaldeans to raze the city to the ground. Their conduct on this occasion produced the most terrible threats of divine vengeance. In the sublime prophecy of Obadiah, is the following allusion to this event:—"For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off for ever. On the day that thou stoodest on the other side, in the day that the stranger carried away captive his forces, and foreigners entered into his gates, and cast lots upon Jerusalem, thou wast as one of them." After the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, another war broke out between them and the Edomites, in which the latter suffered much. The son of Simon Maccabeus, 120 B. C., finally subdued them, and forced them to adopt the Jewish religion and rites. Upon the siege of Jerusalem, by Titus, their old animosity against the Jews again displayed itself, when 20,000 Idumæans entered the city, and committed havoc and rapine, and offered to betray it to Titus. The government of Judea, by the Herods, was particularly obnoxious to the Jews, from the fact that they were of the race of their implacable enemies—the Idumæans. After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Idumæans disappear from the page of history as a distinct people. In their eagerness to extend their possessions towards Judea, they left their capital, Petra, exposed to the encroachments of the Nabathæans, a tribe of the race of Ishmael, by whom it was wrested from its ancient owners, 300 B. C. Before it passed into the hands of the Nabathæans, however, there is abundant evidence in Scripture, of its being a place of great wealth. The principal tombs and temples must have been constructed under the Roman dynasty, as their architecture is altogether Roman, unless we agree with Sir Isaac Newton, that Edom was the nursery of the arts and sciences, and the centre, whence civilization and the arts radiated to the shores of Phœnicia, and were thence reflected to Greece and Rome.

Petra remained unknown to the modern world till 1811, when it was discovered by Burckhardt, who travelled as a Turkish effendi, under the name of Sheik Ibrahim. He was not permitted by the Arabs to remain in it a longer time than was just sufficient to obtain a general view of the ruins. His account, notwithstanding the shortness of his stay, is one of the most satisfactory given by any traveller. Several travellers, previously to Burckhardt, had made many unsuccessful

efforts to reach it. Seven years after Burckhardt, Petra was visited at great personal risk by four English travellers, and ten years subsequently by Messrs. Laborde and Linant, whose beautiful designs of all the princely monuments first gave to the world an adequate idea of this wonderful region. Since their time it has been visited by a few travellers at distant periods.

On the afternoon of the third day, our caravan departed from Petra for Palestine; in six hours we reached a plain among the mountains, from which rose the lofty peak of Mount Hor. I ascended it with three gentlemen of our party. The ascent, though rough and steep, was very easy compared with the climbing of the precipitous sides of Mount Sinai. Upon approaching the summit, we saw the remains of sacrificial fire, where the Arabs had been sacrificing to Aaron. Winding round the platform from which springs the pillar-shaped peak of the mountain, we attained the summit. Here the Bedouin guide removed the sandals from his feet, took the guns from our hands, and placed his fingers upon his lips, to intimate, that we should respect the sanctity of the place by silence. The solitude of the scene itself was imposing; the lofty summit, upon which we were standing, rose high and full above all the peaks of the surrounding range. Not a sound was heard but the moaning of the wind among the crags and crevices of the rocks, and in the whole prospect not a single tree or verdant spot of earth was to be seen. We advanced to the door of the mosque that crowns the mountain. For some time the guide resisted all our attempts to enter, being apparently unwilling to be accessory to the profanation of the shrine by our infidel presence. Impatient at his obstinate delay, I moved the pile of brushwood that obstructed the entrance, and entered the mosque. Immediately before the entrance is a stone altar, which we found covered with cloth, stained with the blood of lambs; around the walls were suspended the usual offerings of ostrich eggs and beads. Upon the north end of the pavement of the mosque, we observed a staircase which led to the vaults beneath. With great difficulty we prevailed upon the Bedouin to kindle a light to descend into the dark and subterranean chamber, where lies the tomb of the prophet Aaron. We at last succeeded in firing a bunch of dry bushes, which, upon being thrown down the steps, cast a sufficient light to enable us to see our way. At the bottom of the steps we found a recess, on entering which we observed two iron gates swinging from the roof, at the farther end. Removing these aside, we entered within the enclosure, and touched the tomb of the pro-

ther of Moses. Our feelings were of no ordinary character: we stood upon a spot, which history, tradition, and all human testimony had established as the place where one of the chief prophets of God had been: and enshrined by the divine command in the presence of the mighty host that he was conducting to the promised-land. We touched the rugged pall that covered the hallowed tomb, and turned away, feeling that we were upon a spot consecrated in the eyes of God and man, and which had been religiously respected and honoured by generation after generation of the children of the desert for uncounted ages—a spot revered alike by Jew, Christian, and Mussulman—the scene of an event, as has been remarked, the earliest in the annals of mankind to which an exact local identity can be assigned.

The burial of Aaron upon Mount Hor is thus related in Numbers:—"And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh and came unto Mount Hor. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people; for he shall not enter the land which I have given unto the children of Israel. Take Aaron and Eleazer his son, and bring them up into Mount Hor. And strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son, and Aaron shall die there. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them on Eleazer his son, and Aaron died there on the top of the mount, and Moses and Eleazer came down from the mount." The prospect from the summit of Mount Hor embraced nothing but the barren and arid ridges of mountains, and the sandy wastes that lay to the north and west. The atmosphere was clear, but we sought in vain for a glimpse of the Dead Sea, which Mr. Stephens had the good fortune to see from this spot. We descended the mountain, and rejoined the caravan, which was winding its way along the Wady Haroon.

We had not been in the track of the Israelites since leaving Sinai. From Mount Sinai they seem to have directed their course to the north, so as to reach Palestine by the shortest possible way. When they reached Kadesh Barnea, they became alarmed at the report of the strength and numbers of the Amorites, a warlike people dwelling upon the frontiers of Palestine. Here they halted, and sent forward spies to bring them an account of the country. These spies penetrated to the valley of Esheol, undoubtedly the same verdant valley which the traveller meets on the verge of the desert, behind Hebron. This valley is remarkable to this day for its vineyards and grapes. Of the spies it is said, *Num. xiii.*, "And

they came unto the brook of Eschol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff: and they brought of the pomegranates and of the figs." Their report to Moses and the people encamped in the wilderness of Paran, near Kadesh, which I take to be the spacious sandy plain of Arabia on the outside of the mountains that enclose Petra - was, "We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey, and this is the fruit of it. Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great, and moreover we saw the children of Anak there." Caleb, one of the spies, exhorted the people to go up and enter the land, but the other spies discouraged them, and said, "We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we. The land through which we have gone to search, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof, and all the people we saw on it are men of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers; and so we were in their sight." Upon these representations the people refused to continue the march towards the promised land. A rebellion arises against the authority of Moses and Aaron: they are attacked, and the plague breaks out and decimates 11,000 of the people. The anger of heaven is kindled against them, and the terrible decree is uttered, that they shall wander forty years in the wilderness. From the scene of these events they return into the desert, where they wander until the thirty-eighth year, when they cross over to the borders of Edom. This desert in which they wandered is called by the Arabs El Tih, desert of wandering. They ask permission to pass through the territory of Edom, but Edom came out against him with much people and a strong band. Thus Edom refused to give Israel passage through his border: wherefore Israel turned away from him. Aaron upon Mount Hor, to the south, "by the way of Eziongeber (the valley of the great waters)." They continued on their way to Mecca. Here Moses received the divine command - "You have compassed the mountain long enough. Turn you now northward." They then passed on the east border of Edom, but were ordered not to trouble their heathen brethren. Their journey thence lay to the east of the Dead Sea, until,

from Mount Pisgah, Moses described the plain of the Jordan and the hills of the promised land. Here, full in view of the land he had prepared his people to possess, by forty years wandering in the deserts, he died. Joshua conducted the children of Israel across the Jordan, and there, 1451 years before Christ, laid the foundation of the Jewish kingdom.

In the evening of the day of departure from Petra, we encamped in the valley of Araba, at the mouth of Wady Haroon. Upon rejoining the caravan, I found that my servant Abdallah had been robbed of 400 piastres, and of all the baggage upon his camel, which having wandered from the path, had been stripped by the Arabs of Petra. The journey now lay through Wady Araba, which runs to the Red Sea from the southernmost point of the Dead Sea, and which once undoubtedly formed the bed of the Jordan before its waters were arrested in the lake of Asphaltis. On the second day, we left the valley, and struck into the deserts of Idumea.

The journey now became exceedingly perilous, as this portion of the desert is roamed by a tribe of Arabs, who live by plunder and outrage. In one spot, an unpleasant testimony of the dangers of the desert presented itself. In a stony pass between the ~~mountain~~-hills, we passed some forty graves that covered the remains of Kerek Arabs and Alawin, who had here fallen in battle a few years before. The Alawins had been attacked by the Kereks, and a severe contest ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the Alawins, and the loss of several of their tribe, besides the carrying off of their camels, which bore the water. Though we were in strong force, the sheik by no means felt secure; scouts were continually kept ahead to scour the desert, and advise us of the approach of an enemy. Twice during the second day horsemen were descried flying far off, upon the edge of the desert. The sudden return of the scouts spread a general alarm through the caravan, which was not a little increased by the order of Sheik Salim to close up the ranks, and dispose ourselves in battle order. For more than an hour the caravan marched in silence, in as compact a mass as possible, until we ascended an elevated tract, from whence a single glance commanded, at a sweep, the whole surface of the desert before us, but not an object was visible on the naked expanse.

I have been now sixty-five days in the desert. We had all become weary of the privations and fatigues of desert life, and, more than all, of the inanity and drowsiness of mind, which is produced by the absence of agreeable and diversified objects in nature. On the fourth day from Petra, we passed the ruins of several cities, which once stood upon the

edge of the desert, and whose remains still strew its surface with fragments of ancient structures. Towards the evening of this day small patches of verdure were seen bespangling the sandy ocean around. The next day, the further we advanced, the verdure increased. On the sixth, the hills and valleys were clothed with a rich coat of grass, and flocks were seen grazing upon their pastures. On the seventh day, clusters of trees appeared, and we stopped by the side of well-beaten camel paths, to drink the limpid waters of mountain springs. Early in the afternoon, we came in sight of orchards of fig and olive trees, enclosed by stone walls, and the golden fruit of an orange grove was glowing in the rays of the sun, when, as we turned a sharp angle down the mountain, the towers and minarets of Hebron burst forth upon the view, glittering in the rays of the setting sun. Our sensations can be more easily imagined than described. After wandering for more than sixty days, in the most dangerous and unfrequented deserts of Arabia, we had now, once more, reached the confines of civilisation. That night we exchanged the canvass of our tents for stone walls and good roofs, and once more resumed the habits of civilised life. We had followed very nearly in the track of the Israelites since leaving Egypt. We could conceive of the ecstatic joy with which they must have hailed the first sight of the promised land, after forty years wandering in the mountainous deserts of Arabia Petrea, when they descried the then blooming plain of Jordan from the mountains to the east of the river. We found it, like them, a land flowing with milk and honey; and to heighten the contrast with the dreary aridity of the desert, all nature was decked in the brightest livery of Spring—the valleys were covered with rising crops of grain and orange groves, while the hills were crowned with olive trees, and their sides covered to the topmost heights by vineyards. In this region, Abraham fed his flocks, and here are the sepulchres of Joseph, of Isaac, and of Jacob. We were now on the threshold of the Holy Land—of that land, whose historians are the inspired penmen of Scripture—that land which was selected as the abiding-place of the chosen people of God.

“Those holy fields,

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,

Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd;

For our advantage, to the bitter cross.”

At Hebron we parted with our trusty companions, the Arabs the Desert, whom we had found constantly faithful to us, and

ready to defend our persons and property at the risk of their lives. My experience of the Bedouins, as manifested in the character and conduct of the Arabs with whom I had travelled from Egypt, was very favorable, and I parted with them as old friends with whom I had formed an affectionate attachment. At Hebron, we exchanged our camels for mules. From Hebron, after a day's delay, we set out for Jerusalem. On the way we passed by the reservoirs of Solomon, three large artificial basins of water, supplied from mountain springs, whence water is conveyed to Jerusalem by subterranean conduits.

From Bethlehem, after viewing the Convent of the Nativity, I travelled thence to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Nazareth, &c, to Beyrout, whence I embarked for Alexandria, and returned to Europe by way of Malta. Should these volumes merit any favour from the public, I may be induced to describe the Tour in Palestine, which I am reluctantly obliged now to abandon, from the narrow limits of the present narrative.

FINIS.

